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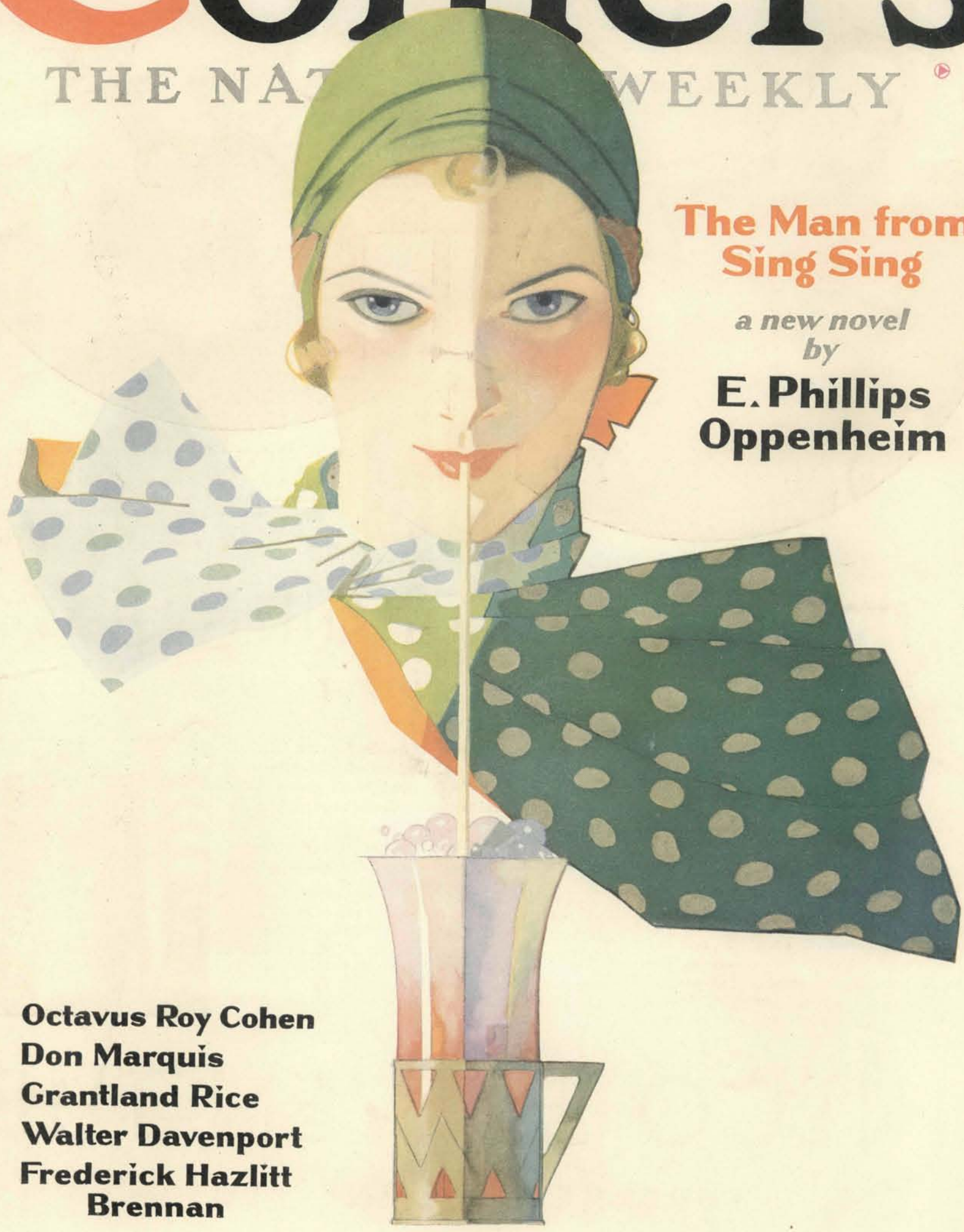
August 29, 1931

Collier's

THE NAT WEEKLY



The Man from Sing Sing

a new novel by

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Octavus Roy Cohen
Don Marquis
Grantland Rice
Walter Davenport
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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Just as the picture at the left represents the *distorted* tone, the blurred reception of partially balanced radios, the "station strip" with this picture shows the gaps, the overlapping of stations found on the ordinary set.

At right, you see the *undistorted* tone, plus selectivity, secured with every Philco Balanced Superheterodyne. Even in *daytime* each station is distinct and separate—each program clear and vivid.

In this greatest of all radios . . .

PERFORMANCE BEYOND THE AVERAGE OWNER'S NEEDS

Yet this 11-Tube Philco costs you little if any more than an ordinary radio

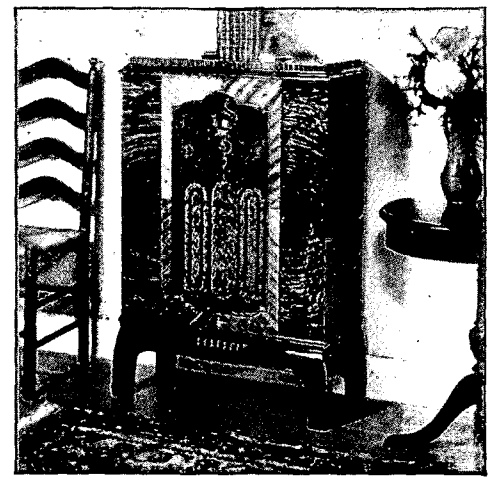
Supreme selectivity of the Superheterodyne—enormous power of the Screen Grid—glorious tone and realism of Balanced-Unit construction—all realize their full scope and brilliancy through Philco's exclusive Automatic Volume Control. Here is performance that vaults the utmost limits of yesterday—gets and *holds* programs, near and far, without *fading,* without blasting and consequent nerve shock while tuning—and with absolute selectivity, even under present-day crowded broadcasting conditions. Tone-Control gives you personal expression of all these radio delights, permitting four degrees of tone quality, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" or "Deep." And for the first time, in these cabinets by Norman Bel Geddes, foremost American designer, radio takes its place with the fine furniture of the world's classic periods. See and hear this greatest Philco at your dealer's. It is built and balanced to outperform any radio at any price—and is thrilling beyond anything you have known. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa.; Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada. World's Largest Radio Manufacturers.

Choice of Three Beautiful Cabinets

DESIGNED BY NORMAN BEL GEDDES

11-TUBE LOWBOY, as illustrated. Executed in finest woods . . . . complete with tubes	$149.50
11-TUBE HIGHBOY . . complete with tubes	169.50
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH, with Automatic Record Changer . . . . . complete with tubes	295.00

(Slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West)



PHILCO ELEVEN-TUBE

SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS

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MODERN SYMBOLS OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT

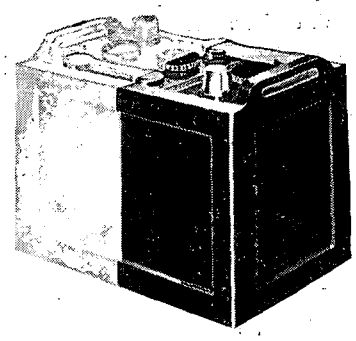
DOMINANT

Just as the new Empire State building expresses the last word in modern architecture, so the USL Super-Service battery gives motorists the utmost in quality and long, dependable service. Other USL batteries—each the leader in its class—are available at surprisingly low prices. The sturdy 13-plate USL "Frontier" battery costs only $6.65 (exchange). The USL Trade-in Plan adds to the motorists' savings.

In every field of human endeavor some one achievement always stands dominant. Outstanding quality has placed USL in the forefront of the battery field—quality achieved as the result of thirty-two years' experience and maintained by the full resources of six great USL factories.

18,000 USL dealers, through courteous and intelligent service, insure the maintenance of USL quality to motorists in every part of the world.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION . . NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Other factories at Oakland, California · Toronto, Canada
Sydney, Australia · Manchester, England · Paris, France



Thousands of "half-dead" batteries are giving service today, but may "quit cold" tomorrow. Don't let yours be one of them. The USL service station near you is pledged to help you get the most out of your present battery, regardless of its make. It will pay you to let him check your battery now!

USL BATTERIES
Long Life
Dependable Power

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

HORSE-RACING is called the sport of kings. But there was nothing regal about Alfred Ellis Bewell. He was one of those scraggly men who go through life attracting no attention at all from the casual passer-by. He drove a ramshackle delivery truck, lived in a blowzy rooming house; yet horse-racing was his sport and, more than that, his reason for existing. All morning as he drove about town his mind was open to receive whatever hint Fate cared to give him regarding the afternoon's races. The hunch invariably came.

But he lost more often than he won and he came to believe that all he wanted in this world was the sight of an evening racing final in the morning. A crazy wish, of course, but one day it came true, with dramatic and moving results. Richard Connell tells the story in "Racing Final."

IN THE late period of reckless speculation when nearly everyone was a financier there grew up in this country a game which we will call The Real Estate Mortgage Racket.

The scheme has the simplicity of greatness. Mortgage is piled upon mortgage and the interest is paid from new "sucker money." When the supply gives out interest payments stop and wails are heard.

The Department of Justice continues to discourage this form of philanthropy, and Mr. Nugent Dodds, Assistant Attorney-General, who has had charge of the prosecution of several such racketeers, tells how the dodge works, what happens to the victims and how to guard against becoming one in "The Mortgage Racket."

—

YOU will cheer James B. Connolly's new Gloucestermen story, "After You." It's a yarn of the kind for which he is famous—about the hardy men who sail in the trawling vessels for the Grand Banks; men to whom hardship and danger are as commonplace as courage and self-sacrifice; who never make the front pages or speak self-conscious words into a microphone.

—

WE PAY tribute in a series of articles to a group of gentlemen too long neglected by a careless world. Sport is king today. Massed thousands pay high prices to view its spectacles; millions talk sport and read about it. But it was not always so. Sport has come on golden days largely through the selfless labors of men who have never thought of reward except as much of the "gate" as possible. Pillars of Sport, we call them, and we have asked John B. Kennedy to limn their careers.

The first appears next week and concerns the activities of Mr. John Leo McKernan—Jack Kearns to you.

—

FRANK BUCK tells another good animal story; George Creel, Octavus Roy Cohen, Kathleen Norris and E. Phillips Oppenheim hold up the fiction standard; Grantland Rice, Dr. Work, Mr. Foster and others are present, making most pleasant noises.

THIS WEEK

August 29, 1931

Cover—Robert O. Reid

Page 7—E. Phillips Oppenheim
THE MAN FROM SING SING, Part I: Mystery, intrigue and romance—the new novel.

Page 10—Walter Davenport
UNCLE SAM'S HIGH HAT: As seen—and resented—by Canada.

Page 12—Talbert Josselyn
REVENGE: Close figuring on the golf course.

Page 14—Kathleen Norris
IRISH EYES, Part V: Sheila and Peter—abducted.

Page 16—Arthur Somers Roche
THE WRONG WIFE, Conclusion: Cordova's triumph.

Page 18—Sol Metzger
GORTON—BOGEY MAN: Bobby's great scare.

Page 19—The Short Short Story
NEVERMORE: By Octavus Roy Cohen.

Page 20—Emma-Lindsay Squier
QUEEN OF PEARLS: Romance on the Gulf of California.

Page 23—Grantland Rice
JOB HANDLERS: Without fuss or feathers.

Page 24—Commodore Herbert Hartley and W. B. Courtney
THE OLD WHALE BLOWS: What a commodore thinks about.

Page 26—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan
GET THAT SQUAREHEAD! Incorruptible and undefeated.

Page 30—Don Marquis
BUSY BOLSHEVISM: Practically speaking, ubiquitous.

Page 35—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Squeeze for the score!

Page 40—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
THE GAME COX: Bigger and better than ever.

Page 53—Freling Foster
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD: Here's how.

Page 54—Editorial
WE RE-ENTER THE WORLD.

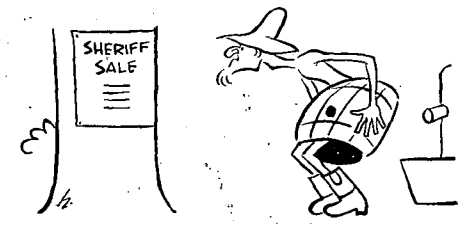
Any Week

"ANYWAY," writes Mr. Ossie Balmer of Phoenix, Arizona, "our government did not apologize to former Secretary Fall. That's progress."

—

"WHEN the Republican Party undertook to relieve the farmer," says Charles F. Taylor, Jr., of Bowling Green, Kentucky, "wheat was about a dollar a bushel. Now look at—"

But you catch Mr. Taylor's drift, don't you?



MISS FLORENCE FAYNE of Brooklyn, New York, complains that a week is "too long between issues of Collier's" and that she finishes reading us too soon to suit her. She thinks we ought to publish more stuff. We ask Miss Fayne to be patient. If she thinks we are pretty good now—well, just stick around for a while. We're modest enough, but not falsely.

—

WE DON'T wax enthusiastic at the suggestion of Mrs. Mary B. Heintzelman of Dayton, Ohio, that we publish our portrait. We are reminded forcefully of our first meeting with the Hon. Huey Long, Governor of Louisiana and United States Senator too.

"Mighty glad to see you," said Huey. "I've just this minute finished reading you. By golly, you don't *look* bright either."

—

"SPEAKING of laws, as you frequently do," writes Mr. Elwyn R. Shaw of Freeport, Illinois, "why not suggest to the President and Congress to repeal the law of supply and demand . . . thus abolishing instantly all future economic depressions?"

—

WE ASK you to ponder on the dreadful mistake Mr. William W. Laughlin of Camden, New Jersey, almost made.

"A couple of weeks ago," says he, "I thought to myself, I guess I will cut Collier's out, so I stopped reading you for a week. But last week I looked over your magazine again. I'm licked. I guess I will have to read it every week. I can't afford to take chances."

—

IF ALL dissenting readers were as fair as Mrs. A. K. Millay of Colville, Washington, our problems would be so simple. Some of you, when we offend, are for blotting us out and leaving nothing and nobody to carry on. But Mrs. Millay, who objects to a few things W. R. Burnett wrote in his "Mr. Litvinoff," enjoys the theory that we may be awful but that Collier's is good. Therefore, writes she:

"If you fire the man who accepted that story, I'll be glad to fill the vacancy."

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"When I had Pyorrhea—"

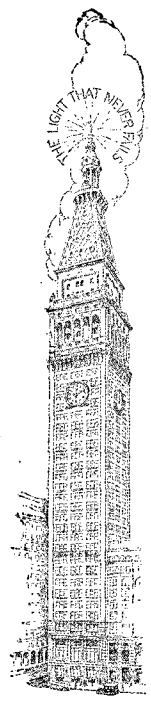
"Don't worry. The day Dr. Blank told me I had pyorrhea I was scared. I thought it was some kind of incurable disease which meant the loss of all my teeth. But I didn't lose one and the pyorrhea is cured."

MOST people instinctively dread pyorrhea. They know that it is an unpleasant disease of the gums and bony sockets of the teeth—a disease that causes the gums to recede and the teeth to loosen and fall out.

But they may not know that even more serious than the loss of their teeth is the menace to health and even life which may follow the absorption into the blood of the poison of pyorrhea.

There are several causes of pyorrhea. Overfeeding and improper diet are responsible for the majority of cases. A diet lacking milk, green vegetables, fruit and sufficient hard food to chew upon so as to bring a free circulation of blood through the gums, may lessen the resistance of the tissues to attacks by mouth bacteria.

Several other conditions cause pyorrhea. It may come from injury to the gum by the careless use of toothbrush or dental floss. An accumulation of tartar at the gum-line may be partly responsible. Crooked or missing teeth, ill-fitting crowns or bridgework that cause extra strain and pressure on certain teeth may bring on pyorrhea.



Bleeding and tenderness of the gums are usually the first signs of pyorrhea and call for prompt action. But in some cases these warnings are absent and only X-rays can detect the destruction of the bony socket in which the teeth are held—a destruction that may proceed painlessly and relentlessly until the teeth are lost and invalidism results.

In its early stages pyorrhea can be cured by expert treatment, and can often be checked even when further developed. But if the disease has progressed too far for cure, the affected teeth should be removed in the interests of health.

Visit your dentist regularly and have your teeth X-rayed if he advises it, so that in case pyorrhea is developing it may be treated before becoming serious.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, without charge, the booklet "Good Teeth—How to get them and keep them." Ask for Booklet 931-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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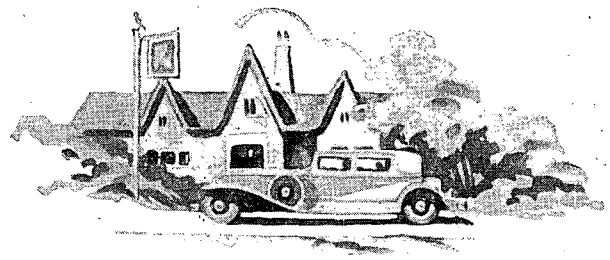
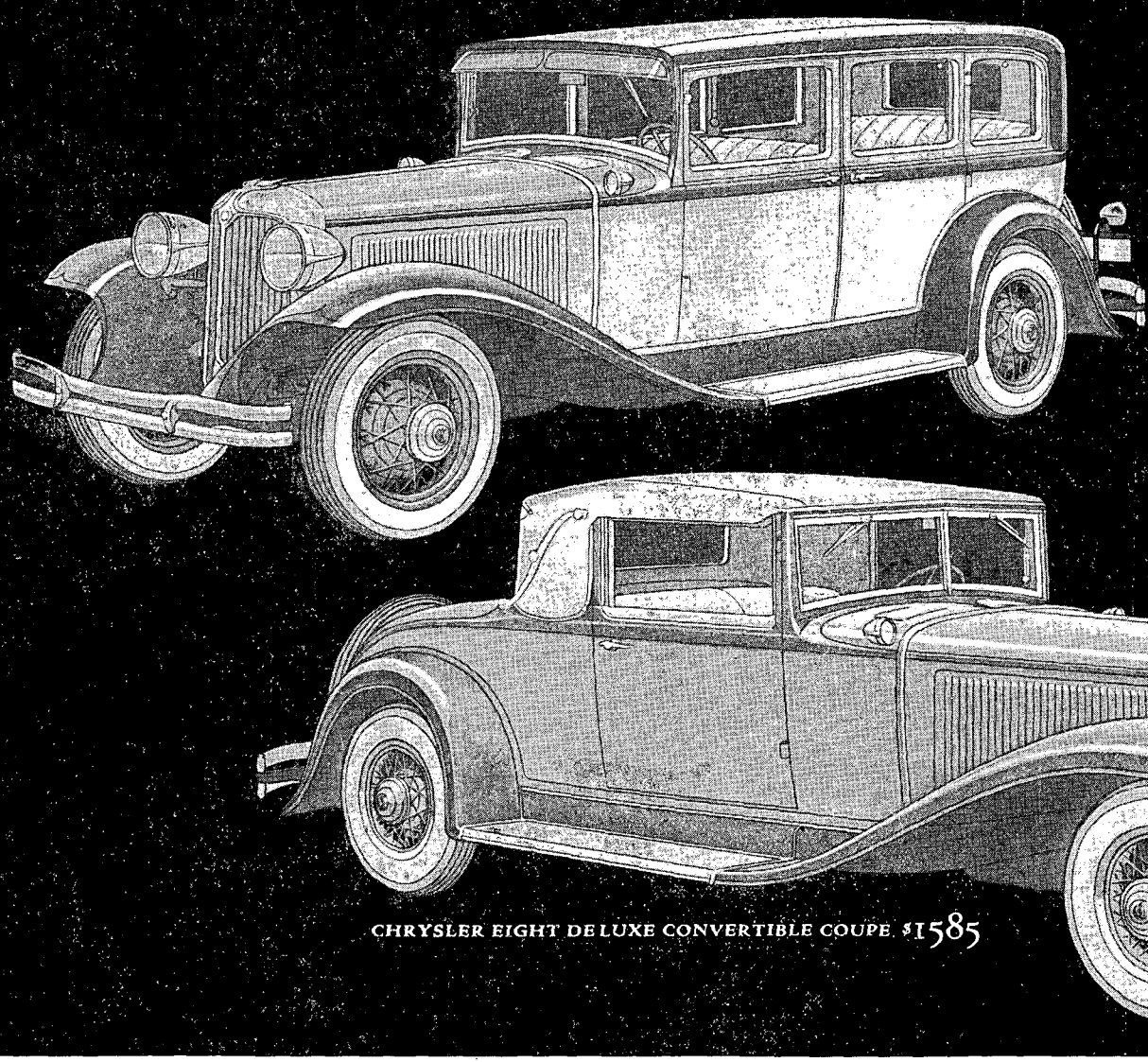


CHRYSLER
EIGHTS & SIXES



A Chrysler spoils you for anything else

THERE'S something about a Chrysler that gets into your blood and stirs your pulse—spoils you for anything else.

The genius of Chrysler engineering has made all the difference in the world between a Chrysler and other cars.

Chryslers are so brimful of life and action. They are so instantly responsive. They are so snappy in pick-up. They are so powerful and so silky-smooth. They are so steady and safe at all speeds. They are so easy to control.

DRIVE a Chrysler Six: A beautiful car and a sterling value. A fine, big Six of 116-inch wheelbase; with a staunch double-drop frame and low center of gravity; with a very quiet 78-horsepower engine and quick, easy gear shift; with safety bodies of steel; with self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes—and with Chrysler's highly perfected Free Wheeling optional at slight extra cost.

For those who want a larger, still finer car, there is the new Chrysler Eight De Luxe: A completely *de luxe* car from start to finish—in style, in construction and in performance. Luxurious upholstery and appointments. Smart divided windshield. A 124-inch wheelbase. Low center of gravity. Great stamina and sturdiness. A superbly smooth 95-horsepower straight eight engine with fully counterweighted crankshaft—80 miles an hour if you want it, and as steady on the road as a train on rails.

And for those who want the very finest, there is the Chrysler Imperial Eight—finest, fastest, largest Chrysler ever built. 145-inch wheelbase. 125-horsepower. Winner of *twelve* official A.A.A. Contest Board speed records.

Both the new De Luxe Eight and the Imperial Eight have Chrysler's exclusive Dual High gear transmission. Both cars give you the added driving pleasure of TWO high gears—and you can shift from either high to the other, at *any* car speed, without clashing. One high gear for flashing action in traffic. Another *still higher* gear gives faster car speeds at *slower* engine speeds.

Own a Chrysler and you'll never want to change to anything else—you'll never be satisfied with any other car. *DRIVE* a Chrysler and learn the difference.

CHRYSLER SIX	$885 to $935
CHRYSLER "70"	$1245 to $1295
CHRYSLER EIGHT DE LUXE	$1525 to $1585

(Five wire wheels standard; six wire wheels $35 extra)

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT	$2745 to $3145

(CUSTOM MODELS $3150 to $3575)

All prices f. o. b. factory; special equipment extra

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Collier's — The National Weekly for August 29, 1931

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

begins a stirring new mystery-romance: the story of a strange betrayal, and the singular intrigue which followed it with most weird and dramatic results—

The Man from Sing Sing

Argels took particular care to make no movement. "You told me you left the rough stuff to others," he said, reproachfully

THE steamship Fernanda was three days out of New York before Reuben Argels left his stateroom. To his steward, who seldom read the newspapers and had a profound contempt for the illustrated press, his passenger was an enigma. He, the latter, took his bath in his private bathroom at seven o'clock, ate a hearty breakfast at eight and spent the rest of the day, with brief intervals for lunch and dinner, which he also partook of in the seclusion of his stateroom, in the fretful perambulations of a caged tiger. At midday he invariably rang for the steward and demanded particulars of the wireless news. When he had heard what the man had to report, he asked always the same question:

"Anything about Moran Chambers—the man who was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude last week?"

The steward's reply was invariably in the negative. On the third occasion of his receiving the report, which was evidently a relief to him, Reuben Argels came to a decision. He completed his toilet with care, glanced at his watch—it was a few minutes after midday—opened the drawer of a small cupboard which stood by the side of his bed and drew out a flat, vicious-looking automatic, the steel of which shone blue in the sunlight. He examined the breech, placed it at safety, slipped the weapon into his coat pocket, and strode boldly out onto the deck with the air of a man prepared to face anything which might be coming to him.

As he stood there, his feet firmly poised, apparently gazing out to sea, but in reality sweeping the deck with long, keen glances, Reuben Argels was undoubtedly, according to some standards, a good-looking man, and certainly a man of presence. His rounded figure was inclined toward embonpoint, but he carried himself well, and his features, although small for the size of his face, were shapely and regular. His lips were a little protuberant, and full-colored, but they were partly concealed by a slight black mustache, which had a tendency to droop. His hair, parted in the middle, was also jet black and luxuriant in growth. His eyes were dark and brilliantly clear.

There were indications of mental disturbance about the man as he loitered there, uncertain whether to pursue his enterprise or to return to the shelter of his cabin. The shadow of some undefined apprehension lurked in his furtive glances. The fingers playing with his mustache only partially concealed slight twitchings of the lips. A psychologist would have understood that Reuben Argels was afraid.

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The shipboard life flowed equably about him. Passengers strolled by indifferently. Acquaintances were ripening into friendships, flirtations into transitory love affairs, and the sting of the Atlantic wind and the fire of its sunshine were potent aggressors against the vice of curiosity. Reuben Argels remained unnoticed and unmolested. He began to realize the sentiment of shipboard isolation. Nobody cared about him. He was on a tiny ship in the middle of an immense ocean. There was no one there whose eyes could look backwards to that gloomy, thickly populated court, with its weird mixture of dignity and horror, its atmosphere heavy with human sweatings. He wondered dimly whether the nightmare of that scene would ever leave him.

HE RECALLED the line after line of white, staring faces, all turned toward him, listening to the poisonous lie which had just left his lips so calmly—worse even than that, the slim figure at the table, so indifferent, so scornful of the drama which counsel, with the thunder of their rhetoric, had created around him, slowly turning to face a lying witness. Their eyes had met! No power on earth could have aided Reuben Argels in his futile effort to resist the challenge.

Then that awful thing had happened. A smile had dawned on Moran Chambers' lips—a smile which was to haunt the life of the liar, a smile which was to linger like a graven gesture through the avenue of time until the day of reckoning. All in the court must have seen it—the judge, the crowd of lawyers and counsel, the police, the gloating sightseers. Those who saw it might well have been haunted by its memory for the rest of their lives, but for him for whom the smile was meant, whose eyes like the eyes of a terrified rabbit were drawn toward the eyes of that still figure before him—the underneath meaning of that strange parting of the lips, the message of horror, more poignant than any spoken word or gesture of hate was for him.

The smile of Mona Lisa has intrigued generations, and not even the greatest of art critics can claim that he has properly interpreted it. The smile of Moran Chambers, which puzzled every person in the teeming courthouse and supplied headlines on the following morning for the whole of the New York press, paralyzed the nerves and seared the heart of the man against whom it was leveled. Three days out upon the Atlantic, and Moran Chambers behind the walls of Sing Sing! Yet fear—cold, grisly fear—had chilled the whole being of Reuben Argels when he left the courthouse, and had remained with him ever since—his woefully undesired traveling companion. . . .

With furtive glances here and there, Reuben Argels commenced his promenade. Halfway between his cabin and the door of the smoking-room he came to a sudden halt. His fingers stole into his coat pocket. In the face of danger, or what might have been danger, his instinct of self-preservation made him almost a brave man. He waited.

Slowly along the deck there came toward him a familiar figure—a man of later middle age, tall, with a melancholy visage, lank and thin, almost hatchet-faced. He saw Reuben Argels rooted in the middle of the deck with his hand straying toward that hidden pocket, and he recognized the situation. On board a crowded steamer he did nothing so melodramatic as to throw up his hands. He stretched them out wide on each side and came lumbering along like a gaunt signpost. Arrived within speaking distance, he addressed the perturbed but motionless figure.

"That's all right, Reuben," he assured him smoothly, speaking with a pronounced Scotch accent. "I'm not taking it that way. You ought to know me better. I've never in my life even handled firearms for a serious purpose."

Reuben Argels, although his lips were fresh from the task of telling the poisoned lies which had sworn away a man's liberty, nevertheless knew the truth when he heard it. His features relaxed. His right hand came out.

"Glad to see you, Andrew," he exclaimed, with a nervous effort at enthusiasm. "I thought somehow you might be on the boat."

Andrew Pulwitter looked at the outstretched hand but made no movement toward taking it. He shook his head.

"Reuben Argels," he confided, "I'd have you understand that I'm a Scotchman, and a man of peace. I'm not for risking my life or liberty by punishing you as you deserve, but to shake hands with you is not in my mind for the moment."

"What I did saved your bacon anyhow," Argels pointed out.

"Verra possibly," the Scotchman assented. "I didn't ask you to do it, though. I'd rather have gone to prison than have done it myself."

"YOU hadn't the nerve," Argels rejoined.

"Granted," the other acquiesced calmly. "I shouldn't have had the nerve. I'm not so good at lying at any time. A scheme like yours would have been outside my comprehension. What I didn't realize until afterwards was that you had made a deal with the prosecution. I didn't realize that, nor, I think, did anyone in court until it became evident that there was to be no cross-examination."

Reuben Argels shrugged his shoulders.

"This world—especially the moneyed world of New York," he said cynically—"wasn't made for philanthropists. I was offered a chance of saving my liberty and my money. We couldn't all get out of that unholy mess. Someone had to suffer. It was Moran's own scheme. He led us into it. Why shouldn't he pay?"

Andrew Pulwitter stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"You've put a problem up against me, Reuben," he admitted.

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"Problem be damned!" was the irritated rejoinder. "We have made a great deal of money together, the three of us, and mostly honestly. This time we went, perhaps, a trifle too far, but if we did, it was Moran's fault more than ours. We brought off a big coup, and we've got our money. But listen here, Andrew, we'd never have touched a cent if I hadn't taken the line I did. We should all three of us have been in Sing Sing at the present moment. Moran Chambers had enemies of his own who had no grudge against us. I was offered a deal, and I took it. You benefited by what I did, just as much as I have. Come and have a drink, and let's forget it."

"It's not my wish to quarrel with anyone," Andrew Pulwitter observed. "You know my opinion of your behavior, Reuben, but you'll get what's coming to you without my denying myself a free drink. The dry martinis in the double glasses here beat Mother Hitchcock's down on Forty-first Street to smithereens."

They strolled toward the smoking-room.

"Mother Hitchcock's!" Argels scoffed. "Thank God we have done with those beastly speakeasies. I am going to spend the rest of my life in civilized countries, Andrew. I am going to touch the London suckers for what I want. And afterwards—"

"Well, afterwards?" his companion asked curiously.

Reuben Argels shrugged his shoulders. They were comfortably ensconced in the bar, with two large, clouded glasses in front of them Already the world was a brighter place.

"FRANCE for me!" Argels exclaimed. "A permanent *appartement* in Paris, summer at Deauville, or Le Touquet, winter at Cannes or Monte Carlo. That's the life for you, Andrew. I've dreamed of it, all my days."

"Kind of making plans ahead, aren't you?" the Scotchman murmured.

"And why shouldn't I?" his companion demanded, setting down his half-empty glass. "I believe in knowing what you're out for in life."

Andrew Pulwitter's hard, blue eyes

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Springfield, Missouri

Seated only one table away was the woman whom he had last seen struggling to reach Moran Chambers as he was led from the court-room

gleamed underneath their bushy white eyebrows as he faced his neighbor.

"Reuben," he asked, "might you have noticed that smile on Moran Chambers' face when he looked at you in the witness box?"

"Of course I did; so, apparently, did every journalist in New York. What about it?"

Andrew Pulwitter stroked his chin.

"If Moran Chambers had smiled at me like that," he confided, "I shouldn't have been troubling about making plans too far ahead."

Argels lost his temper, as men sometimes do when in deadly fear.

"What the hell do you mean, Andrew?" he demanded. "We've fixed Moran up all right."

"You have," said the other.

"Very well, then, I have. He got fifteen years. What harm is Moran Chambers going to do to me, or any one of us, from inside that steel-walled cell of his? Think, man. Use your common sense."

Andrew Pulwitter stared at his glass for a moment, as though wondering what it contained.

"Reuben," he said, "I'm a man of intelligence, I hope, but common sense doesn't get very far with me when I think of Moran Chambers. He is the one man I know who I should say was capable of performing impossibilities. If he had smiled at me as he smiled at you when they led him away, I should make my will, even if the walls of his cell were eight feet thick."

There were two or three little beads of perspiration upon Argels' forehead. He thrust his trembling hand into the breast pocket of his coat, and produced a handful of radiograms.

"You are talking claptrap, Andrew Pulwitter," he declared angrily. "Look at these! I'm in touch with one of the guards at Sing Sing. He's sent me a wireless every night since I have been on board. I'll get another tonight. Read these." Argels offered the papers.

The Scotchman carefully adjusted his steel-rimmed spectacles, and spelled out the typewritten characters of the first of the sheets he handled:

PRISONER 1790 PERFECTLY NORMAL ABSOLUTELY SAFE GUARANTEE ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE WALKER

"THERE you are, Andrew," his companion almost shouted. "They are all the same. Straight to me from a guard I can trust. What have I to fear? What can there be to fear? He is there for fifteen years, with at the most five years' remission—ten years. That's good enough for me. I could make myself safe in ten years from anyone."

The words were confidently spoken, but there was anxiety in Argels' eyes as they searched his companion's. The latter nodded dubiously.

"Reuben Argels," he confided, "I am not what they call a superstitious man or given to fancying the impossible, but I tell you as man to man, lad—I didna like that smile."

Reuben Argels, fortified by several visits to the smoking-room, went down to dinner that night, and, with a bold front, faced for the first time the two hundred and thirty-eight passengers who filled the saloon. Things, however, went ill with him from the start. The second steward regretted that the place he had asked for at Mr. Pulwitter's table was already taken. It was, as it happened, unoccupied, but that was because the passenger was late and might appear at any moment. He affected not to see the note which fluttered tentatively in Argels' fingers, and led him toward a solitary table at the far end of the room.

Argels was taking his place—the steward, indeed, had bowed himself away—when he received the second and more poignant shock of this momentous day. The floor heaved up beneath his feet. The knuckles of the hand which gripped the back of his chair were tensely white. Seated only one table away, looking at him, as it seemed at first, with indifferent eyes, was the woman whom he had last seen struggling to reach Moran Chambers' hand as he was led from the court—Ambouyna Kotinzi, the world-famed cinema actress, whom New York had pronounced the most beautiful woman in the world.

AN UTTERLY commonplace incident forced Reuben Argels back into touch with his surroundings. A waiter stood by his side, an extended menu in his hand.

"What can I get for you, sir?"

Reuben Argels subsided into his chair. The man leaned sympathetically toward him.

"Not feeling very well, sir?" he inquired. "Shall I get you some brandy? She has started to roll a bit the last half an hour."

Argels recovered himself.

"I'm all right," he declared. "A glass of champagne would do me more good than brandy, I think."

He ordered his dinner, selected some wine and unfolded his napkin. Fate had dealt ill with him in his choice of a steamer. Andrew Pulwitter—Moran Chambers' greatest friend—he had been prepared to meet, but this woman, the object of his own infatuation, whom all New York declared to be madly in love with Chambers—her presence seemed to him far more menacing. He summoned up his courage and ventured to look at her. She was so beautiful that, afraid though he was, he could scarcely glance at her without a twinge of emotion.

Her skin, almost destitute of color, had an exquisite smoothness. Her deep blue eyes were fringed with silky black eyelashes. The dark rims underneath seemed to detract nothing from her loveliness. He hated himself as he remembered the beginning of his infatuation for her. There had been letters, flowers, a jewel case, all returned unopened. Then at last he had met her in Moran Chambers' apartment, her arm around his neck, her devotion blatant. He knew very well, although he had seldom acknowledged it to himself, that from that moment he had hated Moran Chambers. He had had his revenge, but much good it was likely to do him so far as this woman was concerned.

He had caught her eye for a moment, as he had descended from the witness stand. He had passed close to her, and she had drawn her skirts aside, as though from some loathsome animal. . . . It was a cruel stroke of fortune to place him within a few yards of her here. Perhaps—but there was no chance of that. All the world spoke of her fidelity. He was the last man upon whom she was likely to cast even a glance.

He tried to persuade himself that revenge was worth having. Tonight Moran Chambers was wearing prison garb and eating prison food. He poured some champagne into his glass

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Uncle Sam's High Hat

Our Canadian neighbors are a little fed up with us. The Bennett tariff is an indication of their state of mind—it's an experimental brickbat aimed at our high hat. We're too big, they think, and too self-important to be a companionable neighbor. Here Mr. Davenport shows you why they think so

By Walter Davenport

IF YOU spent your boyhood in a locality where the tall silk hat, better known simply as the high hat, was not only a novelty but a challenge, your understanding of the current relations between the United States and Canada will be clear and graphic.

Of course you may unhappily have been a little gentleman, forbearing for a time to join the rabble (and thereby winning sharp unpopularity and probably some bodily harm) in its joyous assaults upon all such badges of wealth, refinement and exquisite gentility. But presently you probably shied your snowball or brick at the shiny, offending thing; and even if you did not hit it or even ruffle the calm of its wearer, you felt somehow as if you had done your bit in defense of your social position.

Even if the owner of that high hat withheld the compliment of recognizing your presence; even if he didn't tell your mother; even if he didn't chase you until you had found several new streets; even if he went right on wearing it with haughty composure and elegant disdain, even so your heart probably leaped in your young bosom and warmed with righteous satisfaction. Attend then.

If you should wander about Canada asking druggists and wheat growers (poor things), bankers and smugglers, twenty-dollar mill-hands and prime ministers what they think of the United States and why, you would be apt for a time to suffer confusion. Your early sensations would be akin to the frustration you felt the first time you read an insurance policy. A bit hashed. You may suspect that you've learned something; but you're not quite sure what.

Personally you will have experienced a feeling of welcome, provided of course that your deportment is of the sort that anybody might welcome. It will be an orderly, decorous, impersonal welcome. The Canadian is still traditionally British enough not to be effusive. But unless you are hopelessly dumb, to say nothing of stone deaf, you'll gather that the Canadian's attitude toward you might be a trifle less defiant, a little less accusing, if you were, say, a Scot or a Dane or even an Englishman. You will realize that Canada doesn't love your native land. And having arrived at that, you may proceed without fear. You will have established a fact. And the reasons will fall into your lap.

Canada's New Nationalism

While you are on this voyage of discovery, you'll learn that neither does the Canadian love an Englishman. But here you enter complications which had better be examined briefly and passed by. Unless you are the sort of traveler that any decent-minded native of the land you are visiting would dislike, the Canadian will accept you with courtesy. And, when he is sure your name is neither Hawley nor Smoot and that you have no intention of singing The Star-Spangled Banner in public places or letting him in on the details of how you and a man named Wilson won the Great War, he will go far to make you comfortable. His candor and directness will immediately become apparent. He likes *you*, but not your government. You speak his language. He speaks yours.

"Look here," I said to an Ottawa lawyer. "Why do you people always make the distinction between Americans and Canadians? You are forever speaking of 'you Americans' and 'we Canadians.'"

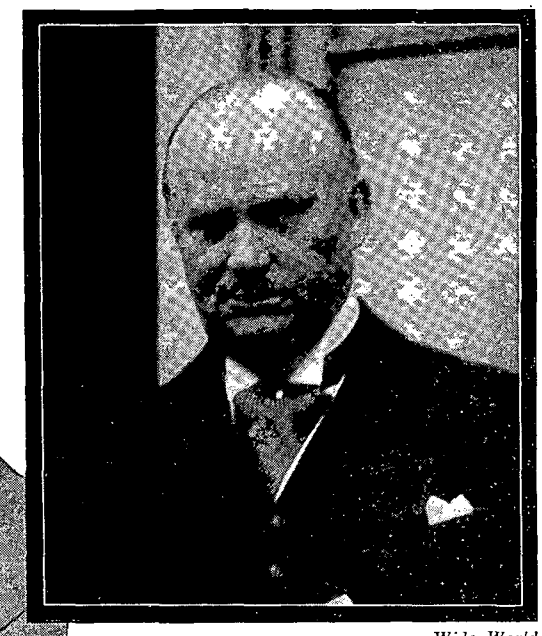
"Just a product of this new nationalism you people have forced upon us," he replied. "Or forced us to adopt. Until a few years ago—say until the end of the Taft régime—we called ourselves Americans. Very seldom did I hear the word Canadian used as a noun. But little by little you people have made it so apparent to us that you yourselves are the only real Americans and that we are just poor cousins—and not so very deserving either—that we decided almost subconsciously that you could have the proud title, Americans, and that we'd be just Canadians. And we've grown rather fond of the distinction. I'm a Canadian. You're the American. See?"

The Canadian is never as frank as that with the Englishman, particularly the Englishman who "comes out" on a holiday or the young fellow who arrives to join the Canadian branch of a home commercial organization. It has been the practice of such to patronize the Canadian. The Canadian is a colonial and in the Englishman's mind that's a misfortune. His attitude is too apt to be that of the London journalist who grew homesick before he had reached Winnipeg. When asked there by a local patriot what he thought of Canada, he said:

"Quite unobjectionable if it weren't so damned populated by colonials. If you asked me I should say Downing Street should do something or other. Leave colonials to their own devices and what happens? Nothing, I assure you, but more colonials."

Our Neighbor Builds a Spite Fence

It is the prevailing fashion to blame the current lack of Canadian cordiality toward the United States in general on the Hawley-Smoot tariff. There you have an easy explanation—easy because it's obvious, ready-made. Doubtless our latest tariff and Canada's retaliatory schedules are somewhat to blame for surface conditions; but these towering (and here and there tottering) duty structures are effects rather than causes. The American tariff takes on the aspects of the rich man's stone wall, the hermit's barrier. The Canadian reply has many of the characteristics of the spite fence.



Wide World

Conservative Prime Minister Richard B. Bennett, an advocate of the new Canadian Nationalism and high tariffs

Were America a bit more neighborly there would have been no Bennett tariff in Canada now; indeed, it is possible that the Right Honorable Mr. Bennett would not today be Prime Minister. Not just yet anyway. The Conservative Mr. Bennett won handsomely over the Liberal Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, his predecessor, because the country at large believed that a Conservative administration, heavily tinctured with nationalism bolstered by high tariff, might be the cure for the hard times that had fallen upon Canada even before the world-wide depression set in.

It was time, in other words, to try the tariff cure which had been prescribed back in the seventies by that stalwart Conservative, Sir John A.

Canada has discovered that its newest idea is a waste of time as far as we are concerned

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Macdonald, author of the Canadian national policy.

There had been a succession of American high tariffs—the Fordney-McCumber law having been notably objectionable to the wheat-raising prairie provinces. Conservative governments and Liberal followed each other in proper succession in Canada, each making preëlection promises to foster Canadian industrialism by boosting tariff schedules and, by the same process, to save Canada from being absorbed, body and soul, by the United States and relegated by that ogre to the position of a mere raw-materials depot.

We Turn Our Deaf Ear North

The latter promise was scarcely more than a bogey-man issue, very popular with politicians on both sides. They had a more dignified name for it—Nationalism. But in Canada the professional politician differs in no essential and very few mannerisms and mental processes from the American species. Nor, for that matter, from the English, French, German and Russian.

At any rate, the Fordney-McCumber tariff, coming directly after a war in which America played an important if belated part, hit Canada rather hard. It didn't injure the industrial and maritime east so much as it deprived the western provinces, the agricultural domain, of many millions of dollars. Its imposts on farm products were adopted ostensibly in the interests of the American farmer. In spite of such protection the American farmer, rapidly losing his true identity and becoming a political issue, became poorer and poorer.

Keystone View

Liberal Prime Minister Mackenzie King, who failed of reëlection because of his supposed friendliness toward Washington

Whereat Canada began to ask Washington embarrassing questions.

"You," said she, "are an industrial country, we are largely agricultural and mining. We can use your manufactures and you can use our products of the farm and mine. If we can be assured of large consumption of our farm products in the States, you need not bother much about competition abroad from us in corn, wheat and so on. If we can't work it out that way let's fall back on Mr. Taft's old reciprocity plan. We've always been in favor of that. The only reason that it was never effective was, frankly, that politicians on both sides of the border lied. We all discovered that too late."

Discussion on that basis went on idly for some time. For so long, in fact, that important Canadians (to say nothing of hungry politicians) began to ask indignantly whether Canada was scared of the United States. Mr. Mackenzie King, for example, was accused of having gone quite American; of being forever running down to Washington, practicing various ways of saying "Yes" en route. All of which was largely political claptrap and viciously unfair to Mr. Mackenzie King.

Nevertheless none of the succeeding governments did anything about tariffs. America kept raising hers while Canada's remained practically stationary. The demand in Canada that something retaliatory be done reached its greatest height while Washington was still considering the Hawley-Smoot bill and Mr. Joseph R. Grundy of Pennsylvania was talking about backward states and letting it be understood that Canada was not even advanced enough to be backward where tariff was concerned.

Mr. Mackenzie King was then Prime Minister. Whatever the worth of his policies may be, Mr. King is a more engaging and apparently stronger character than Mr. Bennett. Mr. Bennett will do almost anything his advisers suggest. All that he needs to spur him to action is a hint that an embargo here or a forbidding impost there would be popular somewhere. Mr. King has his own ideas; and, right or wrong, he sticks to them.

Conservatives in increasing numbers besought the Liberal Mr. King to observe the American Congress, to read Grundyism and be warned, to behold America once more getting ready to ignore Canada. They asked him to beat America to it, to draft a tariff bill so staggering that it would attract the attention of Washington and give, as they say, Washington pause. Canada, they warned him, was not going to take Grundyism and like it. But all that Mr. King did was to beg for patience.

"After all," said he in effect, "Washington hasn't adopted the Hawley-Smoot bill yet. I am assured that Mr. Hoover is opposed to it and will veto it and that it will be returned to him much modified. Be patient!"

Alas, Mr. King was far too trusting. He was wrong. But he didn't know it until valiantly but mistakenly he took the issue before the people and lost his job.

Cartoons by C. H. Sykes

Our northern neighbor hasn't been entirely sincere in her efforts to help us enforce our prohibition laws

The Roots of Resentment

So much for the tariff situation. We have given you a little more detail than we intended; but it happens to be necessary in order that you may appreciate the other reasons for Canada's lack of enthusiasm for us.

Historically, Canada has borne no affection for the United States since the American Revolution. At that time there was no considerable English-speaking population in the Dominion. Such as it was, it was placidly loyal to the Crown. Certainly it was not concerned with the troubles of the thirteen colonies below the St. Lawrence. And it had little or nothing to do with local government because the French had usurped that; and the French had dreams of their own.

Keystone View

Former President William Howard Taft earned Canada's everlasting respect with his so-called "reciprocity" plan

But when, presently, England gave up further efforts to keep the American colonists in line, quitting the fight to retain them, the colonies did something very similar to what Russia did after the overthrow of the Romanoffs and the establishment of the Soviet Republic. The victorious Americans proceeded to hound the loyalists, the royalists and the hard-shell Tories out of the country. A few, being slow afoot, were lynched in various ways. Others fled to Canada.

In all, about 40,000 persons precipitously abandoned the borning United States. They halted only when well within the confines of loyal Quebec, where they began to bombard the new government with letters demanding that their property be purchased by the United States and the money sent to them without delay. The new nation laughed hoarsely. The abandoned property was confiscated and turned over to patriots.

Ancient and Modern Grudges

When the indignant expatriates demanded of England that she see to it that the brigands below the St. Lawrence be forced to disgorge, England heaved a tired sigh and footed the bill herself. She gave to the impoverished loyalists huge grants of land in Canada and about 4,000,000 pounds sterling and asked them to keep quiet.

There are Canadians—many of them—today who have never forgotten nor forgiven that. They are still insisting that the United States owes them millions—billions even, because some of the abandoned property has become the centers of such cities as Boston, New York and Philadelphia. I mention the subject just to illustrate how ancient is Canada's grudge.

It would be more or less idle for us to make much of why Canada has not grown in wealth and population with the United States. Climate enters into it. Tradition—the cherishing of ancient ideals and methods—contributes. The lure of something new in government—the adventure of it—attracted millions upon millions of fortune-hunters from Europe. Canada, nursing the old in government and embracing the familiar tradition, did not dazzle the European peasant. Therefore he did not come out to Canada. He struck for the liberty-singing United States. One could be as independent, as comfortable,

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Wherein The Hawk and The Pig meet an easy mark—the story of a golf match that was played for money and—

Revenge

By Talbert Josselyn

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

The small man turned on Bob. "You owe me two thousand five hundred and sixty dollars. And

HAD the golfing friends of Steve Doyle been there, on the first tee of the Grand Hills hotel course that morning, they would have said that old Steve had suddenly been taken drunk or crazy.

In the year and more that he had been a member at Fairview, he had never been known to bet on a game of golf. Never had he put up a seventy-five-cent ball as a stake; and as for anyone interesting him in the bet of dollar, dollar, dollar, or syndicate, or the dizzy realms of five, five, five, they might just as well have talked to the Wall of China. He didn't bet.

And now, here he was on the first tee of Grand Hills, gone hog-wild, eyes aglitter and voice taut, a money madness seething over him that he was trying to dissemble, and which wouldn't have fooled a five-year-old child. Least of all the two men with him.

"Now let's get this straight," old Steve was saying to the two. "I'm playing your best ball for five, five, five—and when I say five, I don't mean five dollars. I mean five hundred. Five hundred on the first nine, five hundred on the second, and five hundred on the whole match. The time to have our misunderstandings, if any, is right now. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sure," agreed the two, laughing gayly in return. "Five hundred three ways is right. Our best ball against yours."

"Not that I expect us to have any misunderstandings," hastened old Steve. "We're just out for a good friendly match, same as those games of yesterday, with the ante hiked a little. With the tabasco put in, as you said." And Mr. Doyle nodded at the smaller of his companions.

"Exactly," said the smaller man.

"I suppose I'd better drive first," went on Mr. Doyle, "since I shot the best game yesterday, if you can call an eighty-seven very good. Although I don't know as I'm going to do anywhere near as well today." And here Mr. Doyle turned away, striving to hide the gleam in his eyes that told how he expected to do a great deal better.

Which turning aside enabled the Doyle companions—the small man and a large man—to exchange glances. They were the glances of men who were at that moment carrying in their collective plus-four pockets a sum of money sufficient to choke a Percheron horse. Money that had reposed in another optimistic golfer's pocket a scant three days before.

Yes, the companions of Mr. Doyle exchanged glances—and let Mr. Doyle drive. As near as mortal man could prophesy, by noontime the talkative Mr. Doyle's cash would have added itself to the already replete pockets of these two gentlemen.

There was just one fly—a small fly—in the ointment of their belief. And of this they unfortunately were unaware. The money now lining the pockets of their plus-fours had, but three days previously, lined those of none other a person than the nephew of Steve Doyle.

WHICH takes us back, for the moment, to the Fairview Country Club and two days before. About to get into his roadster was Steve Doyle, a man of wide shoulders, heavy-set, quiet. One with so tranquil a face that it would have been difficult to tell whether he was only forty or had reached as far as fifty-five. So much had twenty years and more of the Orient cast their inscrutability over his features.

He had just shot the Fairview course in seventy-five, and was telling himself that after so long a layoff—he had played but few games in the past twenty years—the old game in the last twelve months was surely coming back. Then his attention was attracted to a figure striding down a flower-bordered gravel path and kicking gravel as he came. It was his nephew, young Bob.

"Hello, Bob," greeted Steve.

"Hello," said young Bob, and without further words would have passed on.

"Well," said the uncle, detaining him with a hand, "and what did you eat that sets all wrong?"

And young Bob told him.

He had, it seems, driven down to the Indian Hollow hotel to see a girl. She had been delayed in arriving, and he had gone out to the hotel's golf course. On the first tee he had met two men, pleasant chaps, and he had gotten to talking with them while waiting to start. He didn't have anyone to play with, and they, who had just arrived at the hotel and didn't know each other, had been waiting for someone to come along who was acquainted with the course, so that they could play it the better. Young Bob knew the course. The three had teamed up and had had a most enjoyable afternoon, but even though Bob had told them about the course as they played, they had shot poorly and each had lost a dollar to him, which were the friendly stakes that had been put up.

"CHEAP for learning the course," they had told him smilingly, and they had all agreed to play together the next day.

They played, and along about the seventh hole the smaller of the two, in taking out a handkerchief, dropped a roll of bills; large denomination bills. He had seemed angered at this, cramming the roll back into his pocket with a scowl, while the other, a laughing,

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don't try to tell me, like Fatty here, that you haven't got the money!"

heavy man with a fat face, gibed at him, saying that it looked as though he was trying to throw his money away, and if he was, why not throw it away on the game?

At this the two had words on sportsmanship and betting and golf, but they finally got back on a friendly footing, and the smaller man then suddenly said, "All right, I'll play you for five dollars a hole," whipping out his roll and riffling through it to find a bill as small as a five, which he handed to young Bob. The other did the same, and when the hole was over and Bob, as stakeholder, started to give the money to the heavy man, he waved it away, saying, "No, that's yours. You won the hole."

Apparently both men seemed under the impression that Bob had been in on the bet, too, and had won, since his had been the best ball. Bob tried to explain, and the upshot was that the two told him that the best way out of it would be to keep the money and bet it on the next hole. Which he did, and won again.

HERE the stakes were doubled; were doubled each hole, and the two had by now become so venomous toward each other that their game went sky high. Bob won every hole. Won until the seventeenth, where a lucky putt by the fat-faced man caused a tie; a tie, and a carry-over, with the bets still doubling. At which the smaller man said unprintable things to the other and snapped into his game with a savageness that was breath-taking. He won the final hole with a birdie, and rounded on the fat-faced man with a snarl.

"Now," he said, "pay up and pay up quick!"

The fat-faced man's mouth flew open. He started to speak. But the small man cut him off, and now his face was deadly.

"If you've been using me as a come-on, and haven't got the money, I'll call a cop so damned quick—"

The other, fat face like dough, hands shaking, fumbled in his pockets, took out a roll, paid bill after bill, trying to talk, but no words would come. And the small man turned on Bob.

"You lost that hole, too," he said.

Young Bob, in a whirl of emotions, paid out all that he had won. "I guess," he said, mouth dry, "that that will cover it."

"COVER hell!" said the small man. "You owe me two thousand five hundred and sixty dollars. And don't try to tell me, like Fatty here, that you haven't got the money!"

Nightmare from then on enveloped Bob. He was known at the hotel. He went to the hotel, to the desk. He cashed a check—explaining lamely that it was for a business option—and he paid the money. With the small man sneering at him, with the fat man God-blessing him for not having drawn him into a scandal, he left. . . .

"The money," concluded young Bob, looking bleakly past Steve Doyle in the pathway of the Fairview Country Club, "was from a joint checking account of mine and Mother's. All the spare cash we have."

He finished. There was silence.

Steve Doyle had listened to the recital without a change of countenance. His face had been a mask; the sort of a mask that Orientals, trying to read, had so often read—and wrongly.

Long he stood, looking at his nephew, and then he spoke:

"I guess it's time to tell you of something I haven't talked of in years and years. Before you were born, I won the state golf championship. Nice local honor. Nothing more. You probably have heard of it. But what you haven't heard of, maybe, was that at that same time I learned how to bet at golf from an old curly wolf of a golfer. And I took 'em down the line—all of 'em." Steve Doyle looked far away. "Yes, took even my best friend. For much too much. Didn't learn about it until later. Damn' near ruined him. That's why I haven't bet at golf since."

He put a hand on the youth's shoulder. "So I guess I sort of understand."

Young Bob took a deep, shuddering breath, and ran knuckles across his forehead.

"Gee, I'm glad somebody sort of understands. I've been bugs! I've been going crazy! I've got to pay that money back. Mother's away. She'll return next week. If that money isn't back by then, why, her trip . . . her trip . . ."

STEVE DOYLE concluded for him. "You mean that she won't have any trip."

"But she will!" cried the youth. "She's got to! I'll get the money, somehow!"

"Yes," said Steve Doyle, "she'll have her trip."

His eyes, for the briefest of instants, took on flames that had caused men, in hard corners of the world, to step hastily back and to mutter prayers.

"She'll have the trip," he repeated. "I'll loan you the money. No—don't thank me! Thank the past. And now I've got to go. I'm late already."

Twice, on his way to his apartment, he spoke aloud to himself: "Crude as hell. Poor damn' fool kid. . . . But just a kid." And again, "They'll probably have gone—but they'll have gone somewhere."

The desk clerk at the Indian Hollow hotel, when Steve Doyle had gotten him on the long-distance telephone, was sorry. Yes, the men whom Mr. Doyle described had checked out. Mr. Gerald Newcomb and Mr. Charlie Bowers. No, he didn't know where they had gone.

Steve tried another resort hotel, and another. And then he tried Grand Hills. Was a Mr. Gerald Newcomb staying at Grand Hills? Why, yes, Mr. Newcomb was. And by any chance was a Mr. Charlie Bowers staying there? Yes, he had just registered. Should the clerk tell either of them that someone had called? No. No, thank you, said Steve Doyle. He'd see them in person, later.

He hung up, an odd little humming sensation going through him.

He packed a bag. He visited an all-night-and-day bank where he had an account and drew out from it a veritable sheaf of bills. "They *might* take me," he said. He headed his car toward Grand Hills.

And as he drove through the evening, the old curly wolf of a golfer who had taught him how to bet—how to chisel-bet; how to use the sharpest of tools—came slipping out from the shadows of memory to settle himself by his side.

Steve Doyle began to whistle a tune.

THE next morning, on the first tee of the Grand Hills hotel course, a wide-shouldered, thickset man put in a beaming and prosperous appearance. A man of indeterminate age, who might have been forty and yet might have been fifty-five, smoking a cigar after the possessive manner of one who owns that cigar, all of a quarter's worth, body and wrapper, and who is going to get everything out of it to the last puff, and who has others—a dozen others—peeking out of vest pockets, all ready when that one is gone.

Indeterminate he might have been as to age, but there was nothing indeterminate as to his intention of enjoying life to the full on the golf course that morning. He fairly radiated well-being and a jaunty optimism that was there for all to see.

Two golfers there were, practicing short approach shots to a little green at one side of the tee, who saw this genial gentleman and who thereupon exchanged mutual glances.

One of these two was small and slender, wearing a dark brown sweater and oversized, dark brown plus-fours, with a pencil line of mustache and

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Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

DURING a brief vacation, at the seashore, Sheila Carscadden spends a few enchanted hours with a boy she knows only as Peter. She does not see him again. But she remembers him—wonders who he is, longs for him.

Sheila, energetic and competent but a trifle rebellious, loses her job. The Carscaddens—Sheila's widowed mother, her invalid sister, Angela, and her brother Joe—are dismayed. While discussing the situation, Sheila produces a handbag, which she had purchased for ten cents at a rummage sale. In it, tucked away, in a tiny pocket, she finds fifty dollars!

The former owner's initials are on the bag; also, her address—an exclusive one. Sheila, returning the money, is greeted by the wealthy Judge McCann, who, touched by her probity, introduces her to the members of his family: his wife, his daughter, Veronica, his foster-daughter, Gertrude Keane (to whom the bag had belonged), and his son Frank. Another son enters the room. Peter—the boy Sheila loves! And, in a few days, Peter is to marry Gertrude.

Judge McCann discovers that Sheila's father had been one of his boyhood friends. A kindly man, he resolves to help the little family. . . . The following day, Sheila meets Peter secretly at an old law library. It gradually dawns on her, listening to the boy's chatter, that far from being the Peter she's dreamed of, longed for, adored, Peter McCann is, instead, merely a light, egotistical boy. Their conference ended, they move to the door. It is locked. They call. No one answers. The place is deserted!

"We *must get out!*" exclaims Peter desperately. "No one knows where we are. They'd never find us."

Going to a window, he opens it. Fifteen feet below, snow covered, is the roof of the adjoining building. "I'll be back," he says. Then he jumps.

She descended carefully, snow falling all about her and powdering her head and shoulders

V

SHEILA rushed to the window and screamed into the blackness, the whiteness, outside. Nothing could be seen. Talking to herself, muttering frantically, Sheila turned back into the room and extinguished the light.

This done, looking down, she could see the dim, white expanse of the roof below and see, against the grayish-white, something black, prostrate.

"Oh, my God, he's killed himself!" Sheila whispered. "Oh, God, help him!" And leaning out, she shouted, "Peter!"

Her voice was muffled in the snow. But the wind was not so high now, although the flakes were falling thicker and faster.

"Peter!" she called. "Are you hurt? Are you all right?"

The black shadow moved convulsively, and a groan came up to her.

"Peter!" she cried again, in agony. Oh, he would die there, with no one to help him. And she couldn't get down! She couldn't get down to him!

Sheila rushed about the dark room wildly, praying aloud. She was back at the window again. Peter was groaning feebly.

"Oh, God, help us both, get us out of this!"

She was groping in the dark for the dangling chain of the light when she heard a sound close to her that was like a long sigh. A smothered shriek burst from her; someone was there, going to throttle her—it sounded like a great animal sighing just at her ear.

Not conscious of what she was doing, she ran to the window, gripped its deep sill as best she could, climbed over it with almost the swiftness of a leap, and was dangling out in the snow.

"Oh, God, forgive me my sins!" sobbed Sheila, and dropped.

A shocking instant of descent rushed by her; she landed on something soft, sprawled helpless on the snow.

"Get off me!" shouted Peter. "My God, you've killed me!"

SHEILA, snowy, breathless, panting, gathered herself together, rolled over, scrambled to her knees, to her feet. She bent over him.

"Oh, I've hurt you! And I'm not hurt at all! I'm down, and I'm not hurt at all! You broke my fall!"

"I'll tell the world I broke your fall!" Peter agreed, groaning and twisting. "You knocked the wind out of me! Oh, my *leg*—"

"Get in the back of the truck, here," Ken said, leading her to it over the

"Is it broken?" She was pulling, lifting, trying to make him sit up.

"I think it is. But what got me," he said, feebly struggling to his knees in the darkness and the raw, soft coldness of the snow, "what got me—ouch!—was that I thought I had a couple of ribs in my lungs. I thought I was bleeding to death, inside. Oh, *damn* it!"

"But, Peter, we're down!" Sheila exulted, supporting him, staggering a little as his weight stumbled against her. "You're all right, aren't you? You can walk, can't you?"

"My ankle hurts, and I kind of turn it under when I walk on it!"

"But walking on it is the best thing in the world for it," Sheila assured him eagerly, blowing the feathery coating of snow from her eyes, the better to see the direction in which she was guiding him. "Ma says that the only thing to do is to get the blood started back."

At the mention of her mother her heart sang. She would be safe at home in twenty minutes now, safe in the miracle of warmth and love and understanding that was her mother's kitchen. She could have whatever had been left from supper, and a cup of tea—

"Gosh, I certainly thought I wrecked myself!" Peter shouted, limping along beside her. Sheila supported him with both arms; they were making their way toward the two hooks of the fire escape, just visible in the gloom. The snow whirled softly about them, wet their faces.

"Peter, go carefully. It would be awful to walk right off the edge of the roof!"

"I can't hear you."

"Take care!"

"I didn't think I could walk as well as this, even."

"Oh, you'll be all right."

"Be awfully careful going down the fire escape. We're up on the third floor."

They fingered its wet iron rails, in the gloom.

"Take it easy now, Sheila!"

"I'm going awfully slow."

She lowered one foot cautiously over the edge, gripping the railing tightly. Backing, she put down the other foot, and so descended carefully; snow falling all about her and powdering head and shoulders, and the already piled snow dislodged and falling away below her fingers and feet.

FOLLOWING her, Peter was surprised to discover, as she had discovered, that the fire escape went down only one short flight and ended on another dark, snowy roof, among chimneys and skylights.

"We're all right now!" Sheila called joyfully, as he joined her. "There's sure to be a door here, or we can yell and stamp and they'll come up."

There was a dim light from the flaming and fading, flaming and fading sign above the restaurant. At punctual intervals it somewhat lighted the roof, and they could investigate the dim, bulky objects that were disguised and transformed by the snow. And presently Sheila called triumphantly, "Here it is! Here's a door."

A hooded door rose from the roof level. Peter fumbled with her at the latch, and it opened at once. It admitted them to gloom and to the heavy smell of a badly kept house, but

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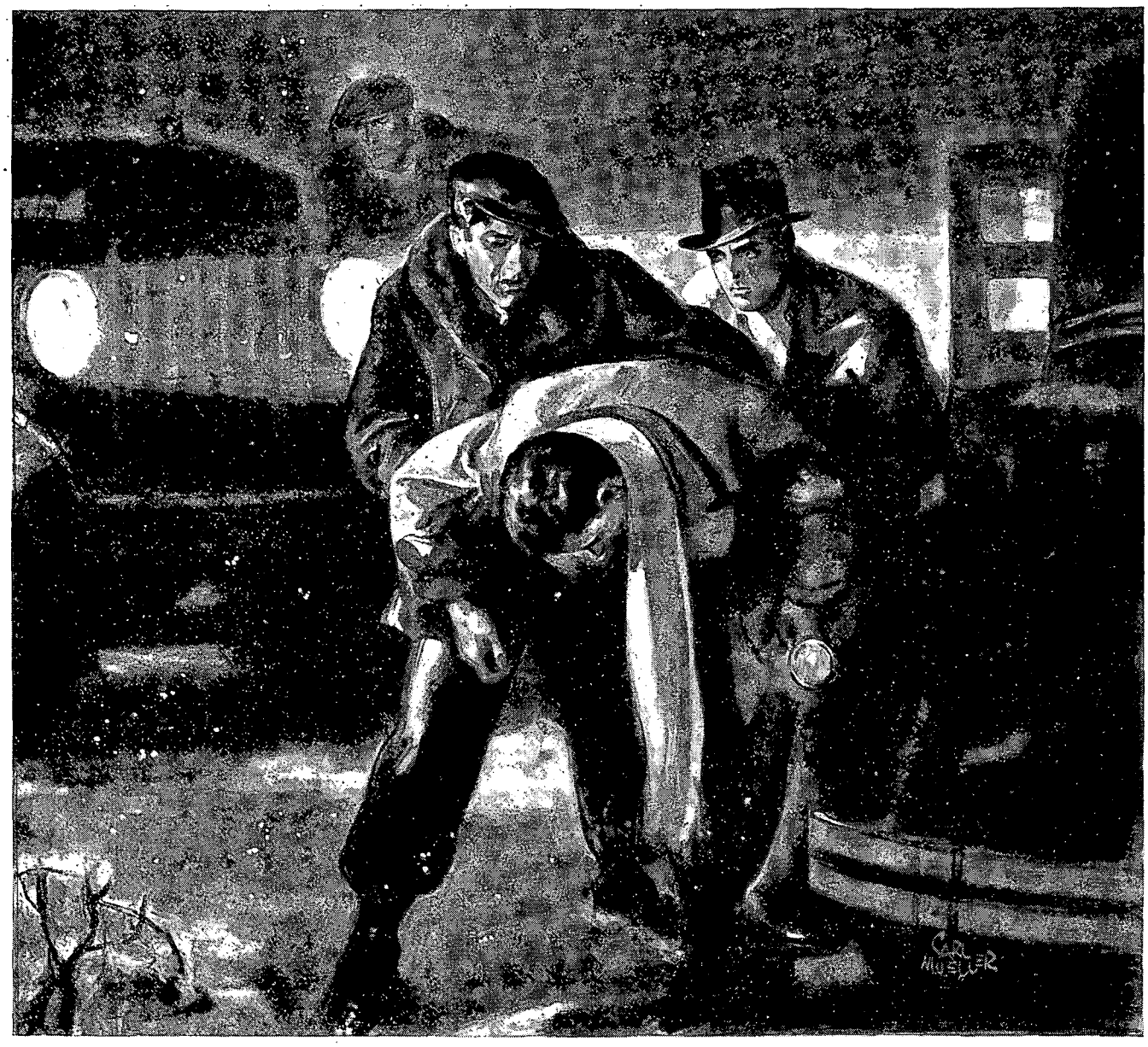

virgin snow. She clutched his arm. He was no friend, but was at least closer to her than these murderous strangers

they were in out of the snow and the bitter cold, at least. They took hands cautiously to descend narrow stairs.

"Is it a hall down there, do you suppose?"

"It mightn't be."

She called: "Halloo! Down there! Halloo!"

There was no response. They descended farther, struck solid level flooring and could see the sign lights flaming and fading still through a high skylight.

"There must be—don't bump yourself there, Peter!—there must be lamps—"

Sheila's groping wet gloves found one as she spoke; the room broke into dim light.

They could see each other's sooty faces and snow-streaked coats. A wisp of red hair hung straight down in Sheila's face; her blue hat was powdered, the fur collar of her coat powdered.

They were in a studio; Sheila had never seen one before, except in movies, but she knew it at once—recognized the easel and the unfinished canvases as well as the more familiar tables and couches and chairs. The room appeared to be quite empty.

"Look for a telephone, quick!" Peter directed, stuffing his cap and his gloves into a coat pocket, and flinging the coat itself over a chair.

"I'll be home before I could telephone Mamma; we have to call the corner drug store," Sheila had begun to say, when the lock of the studio door clicked and they both whirled about guiltily to face whoever was about to enter.

Two men backed in, crouching, watching the hallways rather than looking into the room; a tall man and a small man, both young. As Sheila began somewhat timidly: "We had to come in through your place—" they both sprang about, and she heard a quick whispered oath.

Then the four were facing one another, Sheila and Peter aghast and terrified, and the two others hardly less taken aback.

"Shut up!" the smaller man whispered fiercely.

"Listen!" Peter persisted, in a voice that was not loud, but that was not afraid.

He fell silent, staring with fascinated eyes in a whitening face. The shorter man had shown a shining, sleek revolver. Sheila caught at her breath childishly; there was no other sound.

"COME here!" the tall man breathed, inaudibly. They sensed rather than heard his words; they followed him across the studio, and he opened a door that gave upon a small storeroom or closet.

"Give me the rod, Inky," he said, taking the pistol. Instantly he closed himself into the closet with Sheila and Peter. "Don't either of you speak," he said. "They'll get me if you do, but I'll get you first."

It was said so grimly, so menacingly, that Sheila could not have spoken to save her soul; she gathered, from the way that Peter clung noiselessly to her, hardly breathing, that he felt the same way. Their jailer himself could not have been more agonizingly conscious of danger than she was, or more anxious not to be discovered; she hardly breathed.

There was a long pause, during which they all clung close together, motionless. Then Sheila heard voices in the studio. There was talk of greeting and of the weather, and mention of cigarettes.

"What's that yure paintin' now?" a big warm Irish voice said. She missed the answer; she heard a chair creak, a murmur of talk. Then a voice that was not the Irish voice said, "I do not know. And if I do know I not tell on my friend, Mr. Garrity."

"You've got some queer friends!" Garrity said. There was more conversation in lower tones, more scraping of chairs. Then the caller evidently departed; the door slammed.

After that another fierce warning held Peter and Sheila, and the man who was huddled close into their shelter with them, more silent than ever. Ages passed; every muscle in Sheila's body was lame. She, and the holder of the pistol, and Peter, continued to rest against one another's bodies, to breathe one another's breaths. They could hear the man in the studio whistling, smell his second cigarette. After a while he apparently crossed the floor.

"Come on out, Ken," he said carelessly.

Ken, stretching himself, but cautious and noiseless still, was out of the closet like a cat.

"Gone?" he asked.

"Yep. He walk down the street. I see him go. Who—" asked the man called Inky, eying Peter and Sheila, as they came blinking and panting from their hiding-place, "who your friends?"

"I never see them before," Ken said. "How *did* you and the lady get mixed into this, young feller?" he asked, scowling at Peter.

Peter explained, pointing at the roof stairway, jerking his head toward the Law Library.

He started glibly enough, even laughing at their predicament and adventures. But something chilled his blood as he proceeded; there was that in the men's quiet eyes that was not healthy, there was menace in their very presence, and Peter knew, as Sheila had known for some time, that the night's perils were not over. His voice died away into silence and his face took on a strange pallor.

"THIS ain't your wife, then?" Ken asked.

"No, sir. That's what I was telling you," Peter said. "I'm to be married on Tuesday to—to another girl. That's why I'd be so much obliged if you'd let me telephone."

The men glanced at each other.

"No rush," Ken observed mildly.

"I'm afraid my mother will be worried, it's getting on to eight o'clock!" Sheila exclaimed anxiously. And the sudden thought of that comforting and protecting mother, her love and tenderness, brought tears to the girl's eyes.

Ken shifted a cigar on his rather full underlip.

"Listen, Sister," he remarked, carelessly, "you've got no call to look so scared!"

It was not much, but it was exquisite balm to Sheila. She managed a rather white smile.

"Thank you!" she said.

"You give me your name," Ken directed, drawing a piece of paper toward him across the table and taking a fountain pen from his pocket, "and I'll let your folks know. But you'll be home pretty soon," he added comfortably.

He and the other man then broke into a conversation, low-toned and monosyllabic, in a tongue Sheila did not know. That they were talking of Peter and herself she knew from their glances. Inky, who had worn a paint-stained old smock when they emerged from the closet, had now changed back to his other coat and had removed the old curtain that had been carelessly thrown over Peter's coat on the chair.

"Come on, let's get going," Ken said. He glanced at Peter and Sheila, standing bewildered and fearful together. "Nothing'll happen to you," he told them scornfully, carelessly. "But you busted in here, d'you see? We never asked you folks in here."

"WELL—" Sheila began briskly, her eyes wide, "we hadn't any intention—"

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right!" Ken interrupted her as he buttoned on a heavy coat and drew on gloves. "But it may delay you a little bit getting home, see?"

"But you'll let my mother know?" the girl asked anxiously. He looked at her oddly, as if he were curious about her.

"Sure I'll let your mother know."

"Oh, all right then!" she said, relieved.

"Just a minute—" Peter said boldly. But Ken, after favoring him with a bored sort of stare, took Sheila's arm and led her downstairs with no further words. Sheila heard the door behind her slam upon Peter's protest, "Say, what the—say, what are you trying to do—"

The words were cut off there. She looked inquiry at her companion.

"He'll be down with Inky," Ken told her.

They went through a back passage, Ken gripping her arm tightly. A side door opened into a narrow alley: they were out in the night.

(Continued on page 32)

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The Wrong Wife

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

DUE to the crooked manipulations of *Grenfell* and *Martine*, aides of former Senator Daniel Carmichael, the Builders and Drovers Trust of New York fails. Whereupon, having succeeded in making Ganley, the president, the scapegoat, the three men evolve an ingenious plot. They plan to offer the young Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case—the wealthy Richard Cordova—some great public office and, having aroused his ambition, force him to mismanage the prosecution.

Carmichael, who is summering with his two charming nieces, Deborah and Delmar Carmichael, at Lake Warumkeg, Maine, invites Cordova to visit him. Cordova accepts, and on his arrival is informed by Carmichael that he will be the next mayor of New York City, *if* he can win the case! Thrown off his guard, thoroughly misled by the proviso, Cordova is delighted—promises to convict Ganley. . . . Back in New York, Cordova's thoughts revert constantly to Delmar Carmichael. Then, realizing that he loves her (although he hardly knows her) he writes to her to tell her so. His letter, somewhat illegibly addressed, goes to Deborah. And Deborah, fully conscious of the error, reads it, keeps it, goes to New York to tell Cordova she will marry him! . . . Cordova is in a quandary. Obviously, the girl adores him. He loathes the thought of telling her the truth; nor does he do it. He marries her!

En route to Lake Warumkeg, where they plan to spend their honeymoon, Deborah confesses. Quite calmly they agree to secure a divorce—after the election. . . . Ganley is at the camp. He pleads with Cordova for leniency. Cordova, adamant, promises nothing.

Back in New York, Grady, a friendly newspaper man, gives him some shocking news. Ganley has killed himself at Lake Warumkeg! Not, however, until he had written a confession implicating Grenfell and Martine. With Grady, Cordova flies to Warumkeg, takes possession of the confession. Carmichael, aware at last that Cordova can be neither bribed nor intimidated, comes to him. "My young friend," he announces, "you've been put out of office. Why not forget about that case?"

"Thanks," says Cordova. "I'll think it over. . . ." That night, Delmar Carmichael steals into his suite. "Dick, darling," she whispers, "you don't love Deborah—you love me."

"Get out!" orders Cordova. "I'm through with politics. I'm through with your uncle. I'm through with *you!*" Delmar smiles. "And through with Deb?" she asks. "No," says Cordova, "I'm not through with Deborah—*yet!*"

Conclusion

"MY LAST argument," said Carmichael, "seems not to have prevailed."

A servant had brought Cordova word that his host would appreciate his presence at breakfast. Cordova, harassed by a sleepless night, but somewhat refreshed by a plunge in the lake, revolved the request in his mind while the servant waited for an answer.

He didn't want to see the senator again; he didn't want to see Del Carmichael again. Through the night his cheeks had burned with embarrassment for her, for upon her departure the implications of her visit and speech seemed more shameless than at the time.

And there was nothing to discuss with Carmichael. Last night, in a burst of disgusted resentment, he had told Del that her uncle had won. He had meant it at the time, and he still meant it after hours of thought upon the subject.

He was a sound though not too experienced attorney. He knew that Ganley's farewell note was not good evidence in a court of law. A judge could not possibly permit its introduction, even though Cordova managed to dig up other evidence involving Grenfell and Martine in the failure of Ganley's investment trust company.

The only use that Cordova could make of the note would be to hand it over to Grady. Or he could give it to the local police, and, unless Carmichael brought about its suppression, it would then be part of a public record and could be printed in the newspapers.

But to what good? Grenfell and Martine would be smirched, and Carmichael—because the other two men were known to be his closest associates—would also be dragged into the mess. All three of them, on Ganley's dying statement, would be ruined politically.

There was no question in Cordova's mind as to the guilt of Grenfell and Martine. Ganley had raved of politics. Cordova was beginning dimly to see that politics might easily find their way into a bank or trust company. Powerful politicians can do favors for certain corporations. Corporations can return the favors. Contracts can be awarded to concerns whose stock may happen to be held by investment trusts. And Ganley, having pyramided—Cordova guessed—nothing into a lot, may well have laid himself open to demands from politicians.

Carmichael's implication was less sure in Cordova's mind. Somehow, it was hard to believe that Daniel Carmichael profited, financially, by politico-banking arrangements. But the gale that blew down his two friends must also blow him over. Carmichael, Cordova was sure, would wink at dishonesty though he might not be guilty of it himself.

But Cordova was essentially just. Ganley had not been subject to cross-examination. Ganley, feeling that the end had come, might well, in rage, have implicated Grenfell and Martine. Not that Cordova believed this, but—it was *possible*. A living Ganley might have been refuted easily by the men whom he accused, whereas a dead Ganley could not be asked to prove his charges.

Better that a thousand guilty men escape than that one innocent man be unjustly punished. This was the maxim upon which our criminal law was founded. And whether or not the principle was practical, it was decent.

FROM the mud which a dead man has thrown there is no possible escape. The great public assumes that a man facing death will be awed into truth. Whereas there is no reason to believe that a liar is any less a liar because soon his lying must end.

There was one chance in a million that Grenfell and Martine were innocent.

Suppose they were? All through his life Cordova would be haunted by doubt. The reputation-ruined Grenfell and Martine would be specters at every banquet.

If he could take the matter into the courts, make them defend themselves. But he couldn't. He held no office. And no public prosecutor would charge the two men on Ganley's note. All that Cordova could achieve, by turning the note over to the police or to Grady, would be to crush, for a time, these men and the party to which they belonged.

And he couldn't do it. Morally certain though he was, he could not find it in his heart to start filthy scandal which he could not prove. So, when he answered Carmichael's summons, his mind was already made up.

"I thought it had prevailed," he replied. "I told your niece that she had won."

"Won what? Your silence about Ganley's insane note? But, Cordova, I am not utterly without judgment. The man I picked to be the next mayor of New York would never use, in any battle, so vile a weapon as unsupported scandal. I meant—I had lost my battle to give New York the kind of mayor I think the city should have."

"And if you had won?" said Cordova. "What would I next be asked to do?"

Carmichael smiled.

"Nothing that I would not consider for the better interests of the city."

"And if my judgment did not coincide with yours?"

Deborah stood a moment before a tall mirror. "Will you tell me that Del didn't make it clear that she found you not disagreeable?" she asked. Cordova flushed painfully

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"The matter could be debated," said the senator.

"And if I found it not debatable?" persisted Cordova.

"But you are a reasonable man, Cordova," said the other. He drank deeply from his coffee cup, then set it down. "Cordova, men must be practical. There are two moralities, Cordova."

"I know only one," said Cordova.

"Because your experience has been limited," said the senator. "Great affairs must be done in great ways. When a railroad is constructed through a jungle, the men behind that railroad know, of a certainty, that they are sending scores—perhaps hundreds—of men to death. The petty-minded would maintain that this is deliberate murder, that men have no right to send other men to death by disease, by accident, by privation. But the railroad must be built, for civilization cannot stand still; it must move on or back, and men will not suffer it to recede. The practical must always supersede the chimerical, the utopian.

"Good government cannot be achieved by mere goodness. It can be achieved only by an understanding of the evil in men, by yielding to it, by compromise."

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Which makes me unfit for government," said Cordova.

"Then—you cannot be persuaded?"

"I cannot be persuaded."

"A pity," said Carmichael. "With me behind you, you could go far. Well, that is ended. Now—what about Delmar?"

"I DON'T think I understand you," said Cordova stiffly.

"I think you do," said Carmichael. "Delmar has told me everything."

"Everything?"

"Delmar and I understand each other," said the senator. "Delmar is for that larger world which you do not seem to comprehend, Cordova. You made an error. Deborah made an error. It is, however, an error that can be repaired. You love Delmar; she loves you, and—"

Cordova stared at him incredulously.

"Senator, do you love your niece Deborah?"

"Ask her," replied the senator.

"But you would permit her to be dragged through a scandal—it could be nothing less if I let her divorce me and then married your other niece—"

"I would permit Deborah, as I would permit Delmar, to do anything in the world that she chose to do, provided she broke no law for which she might be punished."

"But there are decencies, Senator," expostulated Cordova.

"And I am grateful to you for reminding me of the fact," said Carmichael. He eyed Cordova almost speculatively. "Cordova, I am a realist. I have tried to make realists of my nieces. I succeeded with Delmar. I doubt if I have completely succeeded with Deborah."

"Thank God," said Cordova.

"Why? Does the romanticist attain greater happiness? I wonder. You are a romantic, Cordova. You may persuade Deborah to be a romantic. She leans that way. But Delmar is like myself. And because you prefer to blind yourself with so-called ideals unworthy of a man of brains, please do not be too hasty in your talk of decencies. Decencies, like everything else, are relative. It is decent to have one wife if there are not too many women in the world. But if there were one man for every ten women, then it would be indecent to have but one wife. Do you follow me?"

"AS COMPLETELY as my poor brain can," said Cordova.

"A sneer at another's beliefs is hardly argument," commented Carmichael. "We differ on the decencies. I, loving Deborah, would cheerfully conspire with Delmar to take Deborah's husband away from her. Because I would feel that if Delmar and I could succeed, then Deborah was well rid of you."

"And would approve my marriage to your other niece?"

"Why not? What is not good for one might be good for the other." He smiled icily. "But let us not assume too much. Delmar's heart, Cordova, is not too deeply involved. Ambition, perhaps. But ambition may be gratified by another husband. She has said as much to me."

"I think," said Cordova, "that you are the most evil man I have ever known."

"And I think that, in the larger matters, Cordova, you are not the brightest youth I have ever encountered. Your plane, I am told, is ready. A motor-boat will take you to Haydon's Landing. I have expedited the local machinery of the law. You may give your testimony—such as it is—at ten o'clock, and then leave. In the meantime—if you would permit me to destroy Ganley's note?"

Silently Cordova handed it to the senator. Carmichael snapped a cigarette lighter. The charred ashes drifted down into the wreckage of a dish of scrambled eggs.

The senator leaped to his feet. He thrust out a hand.

"GOOD-BY, Cordova. If you are not sparing Deborah's pride, as Delmar seemed to think, and really care for her—I wish you well, Cordova, I shall be happy to welcome you here—or in New York. You are an extremely admirable young man, Cordova."

"Despite certain juvenile qualities?" jeered Cordova.

"Did I say that? I withdraw it, if I did. Cordova, I may not be able to use a man—I may be forced to destroy him—if he doesn't see eye to eye with me. But there are other careers than the political. There are what you term the decencies. If those are a man's ambitions, I shall not decry them. I can even respect a man who sticks to them. But I do not consider him of potential greatness. He is one of the many, not of the few. Good luck to you, Dick."

Cordova stared at the man. He possessed, Cordova felt, all the qualities of evil. Yet, somehow Cordova felt that it was an impersonal evil, an evil

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that moved on to great ends, to great achievements. He remembered what Deborah had said about Napoleon and Genghis Khan, and this time he did not sneer at recollection. He took Carmichael's extended hand.

"It would be a lot of fun fighting you, Senator," he said. "Some day I hope to have that fun."

"I can only say, speed the day," smiled Carmichael. "You are, if you don't mind my saying so, the kind of son I would wish to have, if my son were not exactly like myself."

Cordova walked down the great stairs, through the enormous living-room, and out upon the lawn. Standing on the little dock were Jeb Stone and Grady. He joined them.

"Well?" said Grady.

"Ganley left no note," said Cordova.

Grady lighted a cigarette.

"And you, Dick?"

"Will remain a private citizen," said Cordova. "But no court would permit the introduction of that note, Fred. And what's to be gained by printing a document, no matter how true, which cannot be substantiated?"

"A swell story for the Banner," said Grady, grinning.

"A filthy story for the Banner," corrected Cordova.

"You may be right," admitted Grady. "Anyway, let's forget it."

IT WAS noon before the formalities of the coroner's court had been complied with, and half an hour after that when —having made an engagement to go hunting with Jeb in the fall—Cordova and the others took off from the lake. They landed on Long Island before five o'clock, and Grady and Cordova left Kipper to tinker with his plane, while they engaged a taxi to take them to Manhattan.

"And thus endeth," said Grady, "the adventure of the young crusader and the wicked giant."

"I suppose it does," said Cordova.

A long silence followed. Their taxi had crossed the bridge and was pulling up before the Hotel Tremayne.

"Dick," said Grady, abruptly, "I heard the way you talked to your wife yesterday from your office. Remember this: if kindness don't win 'em—try being harsh."

"Much obliged for the advice," said Cordova, stiffly, "but—"

"Now don't get sore with me, young feller," said Grady. "I'm your friend, Dick, and sometimes friends get a little fresh, with good intentions."

"It's all right, Fred," said Cordova. "Only—a telephone conversation—one side of it—seems rather slight ground on which to base opinions, or offer such advice."

"Sorry," said Grady. "Only," and he grinned irrepressibly, "advice to stand up for yourself, to let 'em know you're sore when you *are* sore, is always sound advice. I'll be seeing you."

Cordova responded to the infectious grin.

"Within a day," he promised.

HE ENTERED the hotel, and started through the lobby for the elevator. He got off at the eleventh floor and, finding that he had no key with him, rang the bell of their suite. A strange face appeared in the doorway.

"Mrs. Cordova?" said Dick uncertainly.

The woman shook her head.

"Not here. This is Mrs. Wilson's apartment."

Cordova, coloring, withdrew. He descended to the ground floor and approached the desk.

"What rooms did Mrs. Cordova change to?" he asked a clerk.

"Mrs. Cordova checked out this morning, sir," replied the clerk.

This was a bit thick. To take advantage of his departure and run away. . . . But she couldn't have done a thing like that. She must be—well, where? He walked out, stepped into a taxi and gave the man the address of his apartment. During the brief ride he refused to think. Deborah didn't love him, but she wouldn't humiliate him. No conversation that Carmichael could have had with her over the telephone would cause her to subject her husband to the embarrassment—and the possible public scandal—that flight from him would inevitably mean. There would be some message with Webbing. . . .

He rang at the door of his apartment, and Jennie answered the call.

"Miss Deborah—madame—isn't in yet, Mr. Cordova," she said, following him into the living-room.

"When is she expected?" he asked.

"By six, sir, at the latest. You're dining with the Cragins tonight. Mr. Carmichael telephoned from the camp that you had started in the plane."

"I see," said Cordova. "Webbing in?"

"Right here, sir," said his man. "I'll draw your bath, sir, if you wish."

Cordova stepped into his bedroom. The room bore a distinctly feminine air. Upon his dresser were fripperies of toilet that were unfamiliar to him. A tiny pillow, all silk and lace, was perched coquettishly at the head of the bed. He glanced into a closet.

"I've had to move some of your things into the linen closet, sir," said Webbing mildly. "As it is, there's not nearly enough room for madame's things."

Cordova stared at the limp sport dresses, the billowing evening gowns.

"So I see," he commented dryly. "Never knew a woman needed so many shoes, Webbing."

"Oh, there are a dozen more pairs in a trunk," said the man.

CORDOVA whistled softly. In his veins a pulse began to beat, softly yet insistently. Webbing disappeared into the bathroom and Cordova heard the sound of water running in the tub. He glanced over his shoulder, saw that the door was closed and began undressing.

There were bottles in the bathroom whose uses he only vaguely comprehended. Toilet water—well, he knew that—creams, lotions—he stepped into the tub and tried to relax. But his mind was a welter of confused thoughts. And he did not dare to ask himself any questions, lest he arrive at answers that might not prove to be true.

He was bathed and dressed, save for his dinner jacket, when he heard the doorbell ring. One sleeve in the coat, he waited. He heard voices, heard Deborah's sweet cool notes above the others, and then the half-opened door was opened wide.

"You're presentable?" she said.

His hand went through the sleeve.

"Absolutely," he said.

"Then dash right out of this room and let me get ready for dinner."

"It's rather early for that, isn't it?" he asked mildly.

The faintest color appeared on her cheeks.

"It's the Follies. With the Cragins. We're dining at the Casino at a quarter past seven."

"Oh," he said.

HE FOUND himself in the living-room, staring unseeingly out the window. Webbing spoke to him, offering the evening paper. He saw headlines with Ganley's name. He read the article. A guide named Jeb Stone had discovered the financier's body. A former—Cordova winced at the adjective—assistant district attorney of New York, who had been prosecuting Ganley, had left by plane for Maine. But he had avoided reporters at the coroner's inquest. The paper doubted that Ganley's partners would be prosecuted now. And there was no hint that Grenfell and Martine were involved. And only incidentally was it mentioned that Carmichael had been the dead man's host. More was said about Cordova's recent marriage to the senator's niece, and about Cordova's social position and financial impregnability, than about the suicide.

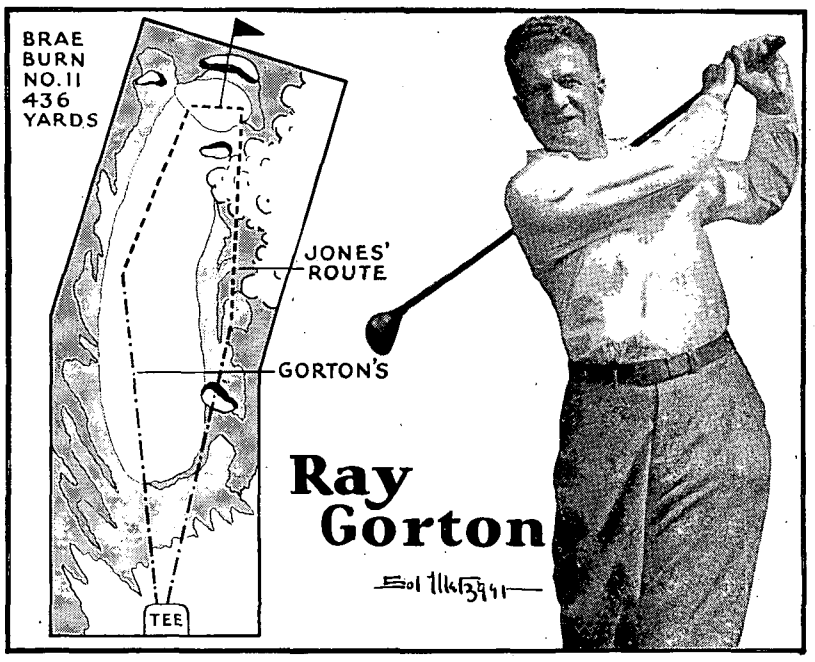
He put the paper down sadly. Of course, he had not been responsible for Ganley's death—Grady and his own common sense had rid him of that dangerous belief—but—it was all too sad. He looked up at Deborah's entrance into the room.

She wore a frock of yellow and black chiffon. And the smart little wrap she wore came barely to the hips and was gathered coquettishly in front.

"I hoped somebody would bunch me," she smiled.

Cordova grimaced.

(*Continued on page 48*)



Gorton—Bogey Man

By Sol Metzger

BOBBY JONES' defeat by Goodman at Pebble Beach is an old, old story. Bobby's great scare is not. It occurred in a short-route round that left him groggy, an experience that more than any other compelled the self-analysis that eventually freed Bobby of his bugaboo for 18-hole matches and enabled him to close his career in lasting glory. The scene was the 1928 Amateur at Brae Burn. Ray Gorton, his opponent, was responsible for this finishing touch to Jones' golf.

When they met in the second round, few recognized Gorton as the veteran who had carried Bill Fownes, former champion, thirty-seven holes in the 1914 Amateur. So the crowds sought excitement elsewhere. Came the news that Bobby was 2 down. Thousands rushed to see, unable to believe. What had happened?

"Bobby's woods were off. . . . They're all right, now. . . . He's even," we were told. The world had been saved for the Democracy of Atlanta. But had it? Both hit tremendous drives on par 5, No. 10, of 491 yards. Jones took a birdie 4. Magnificent! But the Bostonian putted as though a vital seven-footer for an eagle 3 was child's play, to go 1 up. "Luck," they said.

No. 11 is a 436-yard, dog-leg affair. Gorton played down its middle. Jones went far into the right rough. Ray pitched 17 feet from the pin. Now attention to Bobby in long rough, 190 yards from home, 1 down, his line blocked by a grove of tall elms short of the green! Was the master to fail? His lofted iron over these trees, 2 feet inside Gorton's, remains one of golf's classics. Surely Ray must quail, as all did, facing this wizard. His response was a birdie 3. It took all Jones' concentration to halve.

Bobby picked up the lost hole. All even on No. 18 tee. Down an elm-lined aisle here, the carry is 212 yards over a bunkered ditch to reach the fairway. The human Mr. Jones, under breath-taking pressure, pushed his drive behind some trees jutting into the fairway at the right. Like pressure caused Gorton to hook into the woods.

Gorton was compelled to play out toward the tee to reach the fairway, a position which made it impossible for him to reach home on his third. In consequence, Jones took no chance on playing through the trees for the green. His second was out to the fairway in position to get him home on his third, a stroke ahead of Gorton. The latter's fourth went ten feet past the pin. But his rallying downhill putt for a half left everyone numb. Miracle upon miracles! A grave Southerner steeled himself, to win on the extra hole!

On the eve of Bobby's departure for England in 1930, a friend asked, "How about the 18-hole matches of the British Amateur?"

"I've learned something," the Georgian replied. "I used to strive for birdies on the opening holes to gain the lead. That put me under pressure. From now on I'll take them in stride and play the card." He did. Hence his great farewell year, due to a lesson taught him at Brae Burn in 1928 by Ray R. Gorton, the gamest competitor ever conquered.

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Nevermore

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen

He walked from the dining-room, and as she stared after him a queer little ache tugged at her heart

Illustrated by Seymour Ball

EVEN the quiet and unobtrusive waiter could not suspect that the young couple he served faced a climax. He saw only two young persons: well-groomed, attractive and very intent on each other; a man and a woman who talked in low, earnest tones and might—for all he knew—have been discussing matters of utmost triviality.

Husband and wife—they had reached a parting of the ways. The vast, quiet restaurant was neutral territory.

"You may as well understand, Doris—I'm through."

Her lips tightened. "You said as much this morning."

"I was in a fury then. Since, I've had time to think—and I'm repeating. That's why I asked you to meet me here. We can't go on."

"I'm not objecting." Her laugh was cold and sharp as steel.

"I shall go from here to the house and pack my things. From five o'clock on you'll have the independence you seem to crave."

"You are very thoughtful."

He rose and bowed. He walked from the dining-room, and as she stared after him a queer little ache tugged at her heart. But she fought it back. This was what she had asked for—and dreaded.

They were both headstrong, impulsive and proud. It was not their nature to quarrel, to say bitter things . . . and then to salve their wounds with a few soft words. Words which had been said could not be unsaid; hurt which had been given—cruelly—could neither be forgiven nor forgotten.

She went to the writing-room and took pen and paper:

Dear Jim:

We're through. After what we have said to each other, it is better so. I shall not return home until after you have left, but honesty impels me to write this note to meet you at the house. I want you to give one last thought before you act. We were once in love with each other; temperamentally, we are the same. If you leave the house—we are through. Your own pride would not permit you to come back; my pride would not permit me to receive you. If, then, when I return at six, you have gone—I will understand definitely that it is the end.

DORIS.

A bleak little note: masking the fear which bit at her. She called a messenger and sent it to the house. The hours dragged interminably. Then she returned home.

His things were gone.

She tried to tell herself that she didn't care. She tried to make herself believe that she was glad.

BUT the house was ghastly empty. There was an air of horrible finality about this. No matter what either should want now, the breach could never be healed. She knew that nothing short of a miracle could make him return to that house—ever; that nothing conceivable could induce her to receive him.

The evening dragged away. It wasn't the first time she had been alone in that house to which she had come as a bride, but it was the first time she had been so irrevocably and permanently alone. The slow, insistent ticking of the old clock was unduly loud—it suggested the thought that perhaps both had been hasty; that a sudden flash of bitterness had destroyed their perspective.

Until actually reaching her home she had not entirely believed that he would go. The note which she had written at the hotel and sent to him here had been a plea . . . however formally she had worded it. The maid told her that Jim had received it personally—that he had read it and put it in his coat pocket. Then he had resumed his packing.

He wasn't coming back; that much she knew. His pride equaled hers. For a moment she hated that pride; their love had been very beautiful.

The loneliness appalled her. She dragged upstairs and made ready for bed. There was no sense of elation, or of victory. Once she even regarded herself boldly in the mirror and said aloud that she loved Jim and wanted him. There was a perverse satisfaction in stating this fact . . . yet she knew that she would not let him return even if he wished to do so.

She lay wide-eyed, listening to traffic noises; adventuring in her thoughts to wherever Jim might be. No doubt he was enjoying his freedom.

She heard a taxicab cough to a halt in front of her home. Instinct took her to the window. She saw the taxi driver dragging an inert form up the brownstone steps. The bell rang insistently.

Color flamed to her cheeks. She slipped a dressing gown over her pajamas and sped to the front door. The taxi driver deposited the limp figure of Jim on the floor.

"Your husband, ma'am?"

Stark fear stabbed her. Jim was hurt, perhaps seriously. In that moment things assumed their true proportions. Pride vanished. Jim was injured and had been brought home to her.

". . . he passed out," the taxi man was saying.

Now she noticed the reek of alcohol. She was shocked—and surprised. Jim was not a drinker—just simply didn't like it, and didn't indulge. Yet here he was, stupefied by liquor.

SHE saw the whole picture now: Jim had felt as she felt—he had suffered and sought to drown his sorrow. It was all she needed to know; it told her unmistakably that he cared. As soon as he recovered consciousness she'd confess that she had been a fool. She knew he'd meet her more than halfway.

The taxi driver carried Jim upstairs and placed him on the bed. He was inclined to chatter.

"Yes'm, he just kept hangin' round and hangin' round, an' drinkin' an' drinkin'. We seen he wasn't used to it, neither—and we tried to make him quit. He was just sittin' there drinkin', and readin' a letter. 'Bad news in that letter,' says I. Anyway, he passed out—and I brung him home."

A miracle? Perhaps. . . .

"How did you know where to bring him?" she inquired.

"I went by the address on that letter he was readin', ma'am. If it hadn't been for that we never would have known where he belonged."

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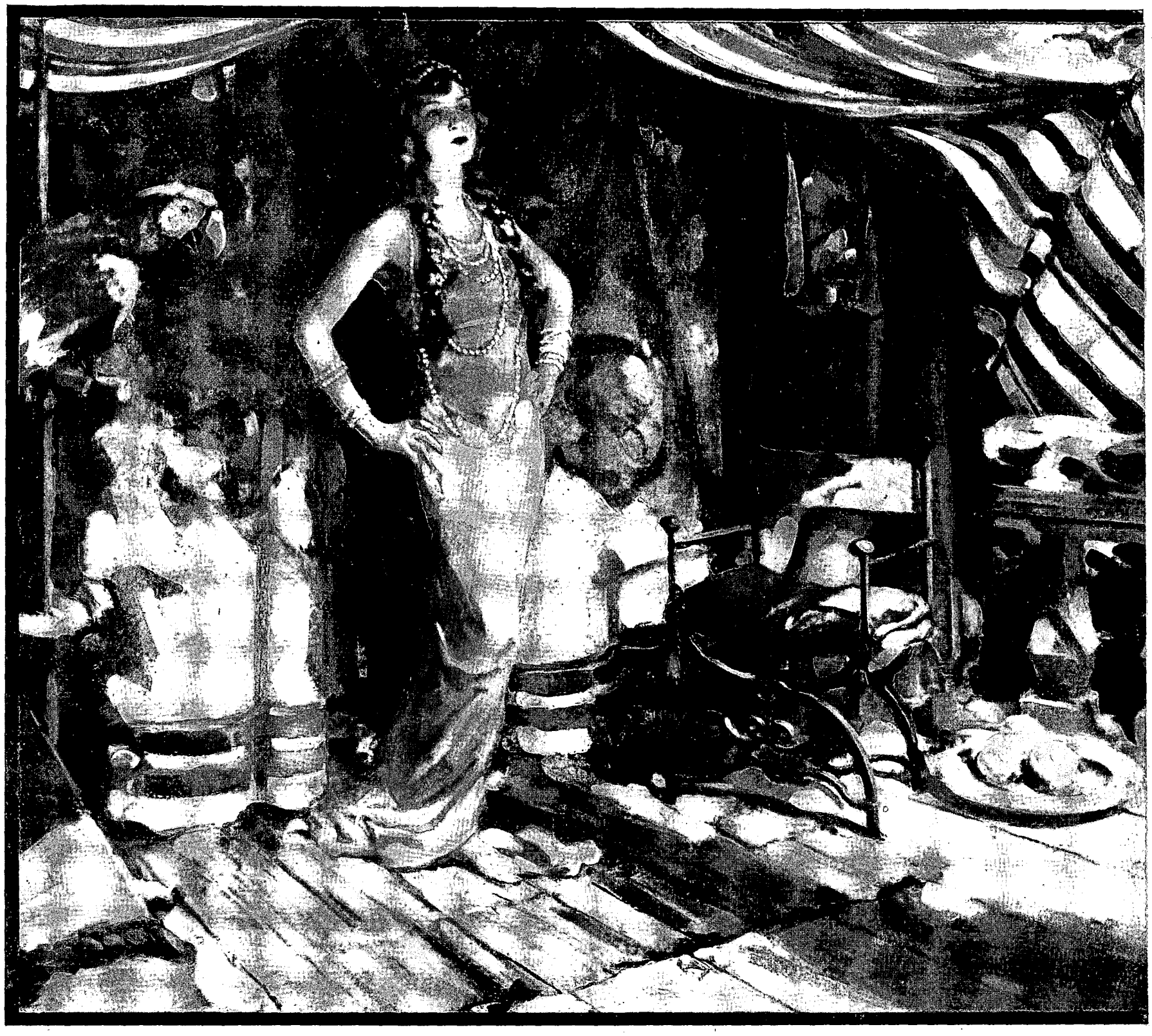

"Yes, show it to me," she said. "I would like to see

Queen of Pearls

The glorious adventure of a gentleman of

SLOWLY Don Armando de las Riveras, lying bound in the bottom of an Indian canoe, recovered consciousness.

Then he remembered; and with remembrance came a flood of conflicting emotions: rage, chagrin—and, most of all, despair. He had come into La Paz, the day before, with a treasure in the leathern bag underneath his doublet. Then—he had been filled with elation. He was the possessor of a pearl, the like of which, for both size and perfect luster, had not its equal in New Spain. Yesterday, he thought he had come into the fortune he had so optimistically promised Doña Maria Carmen of Mazatlan three years ago. Now—he twisted desperately, trying to free himself of his bonds. But they held firmly. And the gigantic Moor, sitting cross-legged in the long canoe, gold hoops in his ears and head swathed in crimson silk, made a sound of derision.

"You were foolish, my fine caballero," he said mockingly, "not to take my advice in the first place. What says the proverb of your native country? 'A bed of pearls does not make sleeping easy.' Had you come with me, as I asked you, civilly—"

Don Armando stared at him with eyes cold and dark. He was young, and three years of arduous living among the Indio pearl divers had given him a physique that was a match for anything other than overwhelming brute strength—such as that possessed by the giant Moor who had blocked his path as he was on his way to the street of the pearl merchants. Besides—he could see that his long, Toledo-bladed dagger was still in its case at his belt. And—in turning slightly—he felt the pressure of the leathern bag of pearls beneath his doublet, seemingly unopened. He decided to struggle no more, but to bide his time.

"WHITHER do you take me?" he asked levelly.

"To where I first invited you, caballero—to the Little Queen of Pearls. She wished to see the marvelous pearl which they say was a reward from heaven because you had saved an Indio diver's life when a shark attacked him. You would not come—so I brought you."

The thick lips spread apart in a malicious chuckle.

Don Armando lay quiet, staring up at the sky. He had heard much of the woman whom the natives called *La Reina de las Perlas;* of how she came at intervals into the harbor of La Paz with her boat, buying and selling only the finest of the milky-white gems. He had thought her a legend; and even when the huge, ill-favored black man had addressed him, purporting to come from her, he had thought it but a crude trick to get him away from La Paz and rob him.

The looming hull of a ship suddenly slid between him and the light. There were voices above him, calls, and a rope ladder was flung down. The giant Moor leaned down and gave a twitch to the thongs that bound Don Armando's arms, so that they loosened somewhat.

"Up you go, my fine one," he said laughing, "and if you think to jump into the water for escape—look first at the hungry brethren who will be waiting for you!"

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the gem that is the symbol of so beautiful a love"

Spain, who had to learn the price of love

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

The blue, transparent water was swarming with sharks. Their long, knife-like dorsal fins scudded hither and thither like black, wind-driven sails.

"I will go up," said the young man grimly, "but you and I, Black One, will have an accounting some day!"

The Moor laughed loudly, and stretched out his great arms.

"Say you so? It will take one taller and broader than you, gentle caballero, to conquer Bebir!"

THE deck of the vessel was strangely clean. There were no odorous piles of shells, nothing to suggest the occupation of its owner. On the raised deck, aft, a large pavilion of crimson and blue cloth made a barbaric pattern against the cloudless sky. On a wrought-iron perch beside it—a long lance that had been fitted with a crosspiece of metal—a great macaw, brilliant of plumage, sat like an Oriental vizier and watched the approach of the two coming up the steps from the waist of the ship.

The Moor halted outside the pavilion.

"Reina," he called out in a voice that had suddenly lost its insolence, "the man is here with the pearls."

There were short, eager footsteps. . . .

Don Armando drew a deep, startled breath.

A girl was standing in the shadowed tent's doorway like a young sea nymph risen from the ocean's depths. She was young—younger than he; dressed in a single clinging garment of jade green that reached beyond her heels. The tropical sun struck fire from hair as gloriously yellow as gold. Across her slender shoulders the thick braids hung down, plaited with strands of small, perfect pearls. There were huge, matched pearls around her throat, and on her arms there were many lovely bracelets set with the softly gleaming jewels.

She was gazing at him from eyes that were blue as sapphires—and as hard. Her lips were coral red. An instant they stood thus, staring at each other. Then she spoke:

"Bebir, thou fool—untie this man!"

THE huge black flinched as if she had struck him. His lips twisted into an ugly grimace as he obeyed her.

"Now go!" Her eyes had never left the face of the tall young caballero in his shabby doublet and hose of black velvet.

"You did not come willingly?" Her voice was soft, with a golden flute-like quality to it; but it was the voice of one accustomed to obedience. "Why not? All others come to me—even those I do not wish to see. And you, with such a treasure—"

He interrupted her, and his tone was rude. It was a defense against the unexpectedness of her charm. He was trying hard to remember Doña Maria Carmen—she, whose rich, voluptuous beauty had stirred him so in Mazatlan. She who had said that if he made a fortune, she would accept him as her betrothed.

"I have no treasure to sell; some pearls of good quality, yes; but none that can equal those which I see upon Your Grace's person. The great pearl which it was my luck to find is not

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for sale. It—it is to be an offering of love."

"Oh—I—understand," the girl said slowly. Her eyes fell away from his, and she stared out across the water to the distant red-tiled roofs of La Paz. "Or rather, I do *not* understand. I thought everything in this world was for sale—for so my father told me. He was not of this land—he was of Denmark. But he married here, and I was born . . . and a man, whom he thought his friend, betrayed him. He was left with only this boat—and me. He taught me how to drive hard bargains. And that one lives by taking that which one desires—in any way it can be obtained!"

"Nay, life is not all of such a pattern," Don Armando said earnestly; "there are true hearts and noble souls in the world. Such are the heart and soul of the woman to whom I am carrying this pearl of priceless perfection. I will gladly show it to Your Grace if such is your desire."

SHE hesitated, looking at him, then nodded. Her voice was wistful. There was no hardness now in her blue eyes.

"Yes, show it to me. I would like to see the gem that is the symbol of so beautiful a love. . . ."

He unfastened his doublet and drew forth the leathern pouch that hung from a cord about his neck. He opened it; and there came tumbling out into the palm of his hand a little cool trickle of pearls. They were all lovely—some a flushed pink as if the first light of dawn had stained them; others of a luminous gray, and still others of alabaster whiteness. But at these she did not even glance. It was upon the central gem that her eyes were fastened as by the pulling of a magnet.

It lay among the other, lesser pearls like an Oriental queen in a bevy of slave girls. It seemed as if a fragment of the moon must have been caught within it.

The girl lifted her eyes to his, and her voice was shaking. There was a crimson flush in her cheeks.

"Nay—sell it to *me!* Sell it to me and name whatever price you wish!"

He stepped back from her, and thrust the precious globules into the pouch with a gesture defensive and brusque.

"No!" he said with an effort, "it cannot be! Any of the others that Your Grace desires I will gladly give you. But this one pearl—such a one as may never be found again—is a fulfillment of my vow!"

"She will never love it as I would have loved it," she said slowly, "but tell me her name, so that I may know the most fortunate of women, who is the mistress of such a treasure of jewels—and of such love."

Don Armando was glad to speak aloud the name of his beloved. It was like uttering the name of a saint as a precaution against charms and spells. "She is Doña Maria Carmen, daughter of Don Agustín de Merina, and her home is in Mazatlan—"

He stopped, startled. For the golden-haired girl had given a sharp, incredulous cry.

"The daughter of Don Agustín de Merina! Listen, poor faithful fool—*Doña Maria Carmen is to wed another!* Three months ago when I put into the harbor of Mazatlan, the rich old silver-mine owner, Don Adolfo de Lascaro, came out to my vessel to buy pearls to make a coronet for her hair so that she might wear it at the court of the Viceroy at Mexico City!"

Don Armando stood as if stricken with the palsy. The blood ebbed out of his face, leaving it white and haggard. He tried to speak, and could not.

Then, suddenly, the girl's gasping laughter drove him into a rage. He reached out and caught her arms savagely, so that the laughter died away on her lips, and she was staring defiantly into his eyes.

"You lying wanton!" he ground out. "You are trying to trick me as you have tricked the others! You think to snare me into parting with the pearl! Your father taught you well, little Reina de las Perlas, but not well enough for this one time!"

There were footsteps hurrying along the deck. Bebir, the giant Moor, was in the lead. Behind him came running the men of the crew—fierce-eyed, armed with knives and cutlasses.

Don Armando, realizing his danger, released her so suddenly that she stumbled back against the barbaric curtains of the pavilion, and clutched at them to keep from falling.

"Seize that man!" she cried.

Don Armando sprang to the wide railing of the gunwale that enclosed the poop deck. But with one lithe spring the girl was beside him, her arms wound about his body.

He tried to fling her off—and lost his balance. Together they fell outward, arms entwined, a twisting spiral of bodies—down, down, into the sapphire-colored waters!

His breath went crashing from his lungs at the first stunning impact. Dimly he realized that he was alone; that the clinging embrace was no longer tangling his limbs. He fought his way up to the surface, and breathed deeply of the air. Then he saw, beside him at a little distance, the white, set face of the Little Queen of Pearls. She was swimming with long, swift strokes, and her eyes, fixed upon his, were hard and hate-filled. But it was not the sight of her that made his breath come in a strangled cry of warning. Bearing down upon her from behind was a black, triangular fin that cut through the water like a knife.

SHE heard his cry and looked over her shoulder. The black menacing sail was almost upon her. . . . Don Armando jerked loose the dagger from its sheath. With one powerful dive he was beneath the surface. The body of the girl slipped over him as he dove. He was beneath the long, terrible sea monster—he could see the gray-white of its belly above him . . . he plunged the double-edged knife in up to the hilt. The great shark leaped high into the air, and fell back with a splashing struggle. Then Don Armando swam, with all the power of his being, for the rope ladder. The girl was clinging there.

"Hasten!" she cried out, pantingly, "thou art in danger!"

The water around him was suddenly alive with darting fins— He drew himself up not a moment too soon.

It did not occur to him, until they had climbed up to the deck, that he had forfeited his one chance of freedom. Even now, Bebir, the huge Moor, had only reached them, having run the full length of the ship. He fell upon his knees and clutched at the dripping limbs of the Little Queen of Pearls.

"Reina! Reina! I thought thou wert lost!"

"No thanks to thee, Bebir, that I live. Thank the caballero who risked his life for mine!" More than ever like a sea nymph was she now, with her jade-green tunic clinging wetly to her young slender form. The pearls upon her throat and arms gleamed like bubbles of foam. Don Armando stood before her, dripping, breathing deeply, his eyes still filled with the bitterness of the hurt she had dealt him with her mocking laughter. She measured him slowly.

"Señor," she said with a dignity far beyond her age, "though you named me thief and wanton, I will repay you for your service to me. I will take you to Mazatlan. If I was wrong in what I told you—then will you have your heart's desire. Bebir—command the lifting of the anchor! We sail within the hour!"

At sunset the long, swift vessel was moving southward across the Gulf of California. In the red-gold light the sails were like the wings of some great tropical bird.

Came Don Armando, slowly, to the raised deck, aft. And there, at the top of the steps, he paused, and his breath caught in his throat. He had told himself he hated the blue-eyed, imperious girl with the soft, flute-like voice and the body of flexed steel. But now, seeing her as she sat outside the crimson and blue pavilion, her golden hair, unadorned, spread to the warm, balmy breeze, he knew that there was no hate in his heart. Her sea-blue eyes suddenly smiled into his, and all the anger went out of his soul. He sank down on the woven mat beside her.

"I—am sorry," he said with difficulty. "I beg Your Grace's forgiveness."

"Nay," she said simply, "I ask yours. I was disappointed—I wanted the pearl! It may well be that I was wrong. Perhaps Don Adolfo but thought to win her hand with the gift he was planning to give her."

He shook his head. Her words had not dispelled the doubt in his mind. He had been remembering the things men had said of Doña Maria Carmen; that her heart was to be won with the song of gold rather than the strum of the guitar.

They sat silent. From somewhere forward came the throb of a guitar, and then soft rich voices, singing a song—a love song—of Spain.

"I do not know your name," she said softly.

"Nor I yours," he answered her. In the cloudless sky above, the stars were beginning to shine like jewels. Enchantment was all about them. He was trembling, and did not know why. . . .

"MY FATHER called me Reina—" she replied in a dreamy voice that was a part of the magic of the night, "and like a queen I have lived, without anyone to dispute my will—until today. I have never been lonely before . . . but now I think I will be, when you have gone to Mazatlan. You brought the feel of far-off, vigorous things that I have never known. You gave me, too, the knowledge that there are things in life beyond the amassing of a fortune. For that I thank you—"

"Armando," he supplied.

"*Don* Armando," she corrected him, and her face, so near his, sent a dizzy thrill through his being.

The thought of Doña Maria Carmen smote him like a heavy hand. He rose, and took deep breaths of the warm night air, trying to calm his whirling emotions.

"Listen," she said swiftly, "I will tell you something that Bebir revealed to me. He is a Moor, and knows many strange secrets of his people—charms and potions, for both good and ill. Long ago he told me that a certain way of making love faithful was to crush a pearl—and it must be a priceless one—in a goblet of wine. The woman who takes the drink from the hand of him who offers it will love him forever. You have it in your power to win the love that you so desire! If you will sacrifice that wonder pearl, Don Armando, the lady of your heart will never think again of Don Adolfo's silver mine. . . ."

"No!" His voice was hoarse and strained. "Love that can be bought is not love at all. Either she is faithful to me for myself, or—" He found himself without words.

"Good night, Reina," he said unsteadily.

"Good night, Don Armando," she replied. Her voice was like a little flute in the darkness.

(Continued on page 35)

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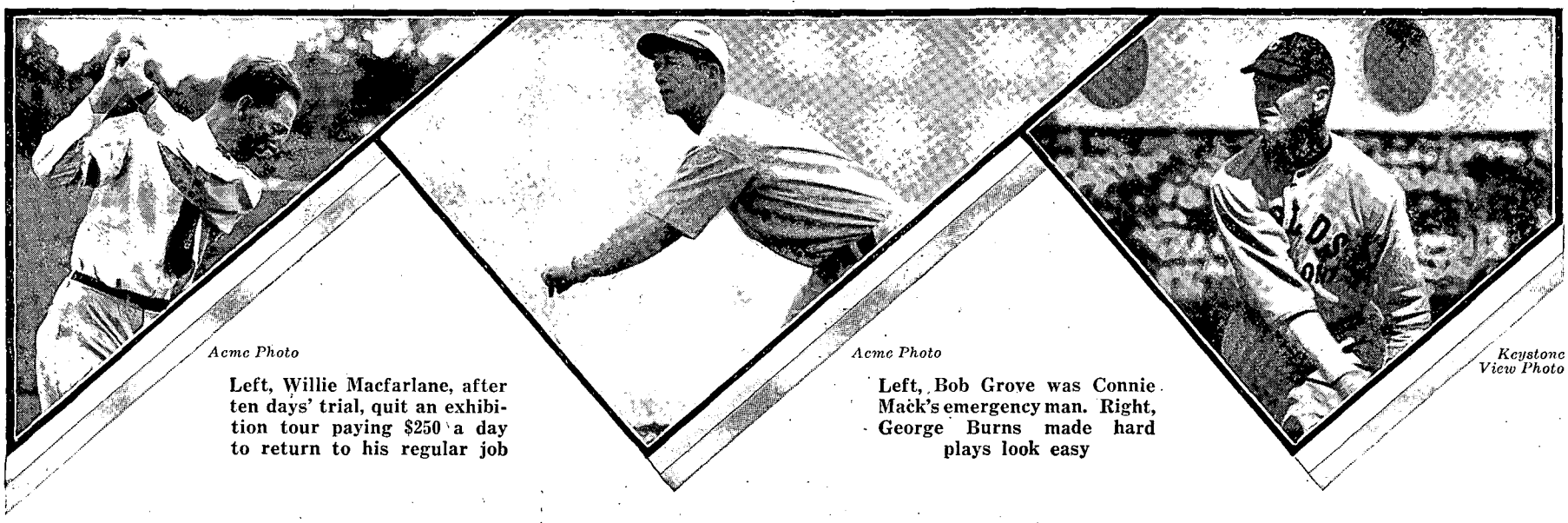

Acme Photo

Left, Willie Macfarlane, after ten days' trial, quit an exhibition tour paying $250 a day to return to his regular job

Acme Photo

Left, Bob Grove was Connie Mack's emergency man. Right, George Burns made hard plays look easy

Keystone View Photo

Job Handlers

Without fuss or feathers the job handlers in sports, such as Jack Quinn or Willie Macfarlane, live up to their title by simply doing their work willingly and well. They probably draw less publicity than the showman type of hero, but they deserve just as much credit

By Grantland Rice

THERE are two breeds in sport who ride the crest of the game. One is the showman type, the colorful personality which the present age has become accustomed to look for. In a sense the public has been spoiled in this respect, for in the last ten years it has known a Jack Dempsey, a Babe Ruth, a Bobby Jones, a Bill Tilden and a Johnny Weismuller, to mention a few.

The fact that a competitor might have skill, ability and a type of quiet courage without any great crowd appeal has been overlooked. Yet this more recent type, which you might call the "job handler," is always right on top of the job.

George Burns of the Giants is an example. George was a great outfielder, a great ball player. But he was a quiet, modest, unassuming type who made hard plays look easy and who never received the credit he deserved.

Two recent samples of the job handler are Max Schmeling, the heavyweight boxing champion, and Billy Burke, the Open golf champion. Neither is a showman. They are both painstaking, hard-working, careful, conscientious job handlers.

To illustrate the contrast, suppose we consider two left-handers from baseball: Rube Waddell, from the old Athletics, and Bob Grove, from the present Athletics.

Waddell was one of the greatest showmen in the game. And it was a natural gift. He might jump his team for a fishing trip or to tend bar for a few days or he might be calling in his outfield as he struck out the side. But he was always a story.

Bob Grove was twenty-five years old before he moved from Baltimore to the Athletics' camp. And then it took him two years to hit his true stride, in spite of blinding speed and the old hop combined.

In 1928 this tall left-hander finally battled his way through the fogs and won 24 games, losing only 8. In 1929 he won 20 games and dropped but 6. He had a pitching average well over .750 for two years and was the team's star workman. Then the world series with Chicago's Cubs came along.

Connie Mack opened with Harry Ehmke and kept Grove on the bench in case of emergency. Twice in that series when the Cubs were threatening the Athletics' lead Grove and his fast ball were rushed to the trenches and each time the Cubs were stopped abruptly. Still he worked only 6⅓ innings during the series, didn't start a world series game and failed to get credit for a victory.

Grove came back the next season for one of his greatest years. He and George Earnshaw must have worked in ninety ball games. They won the pennant for the Athletics, as far as pitching went, and then kept right on until they had packed away another world series.

I asked Connie Mack how Grove felt about pitching so many games. "Oh, it's all right with Bob," the Athletic veteran remarked. "He is willing and anxious to work in an emergency. He could have made a much better showing in his last two or three seasons if he had merely taken his turn. But he has been out there whenever needed. Grove doesn't pretend to be a showman. But he is a great pitcher."

Then there is Willie Macfarlane, one of the best golfers in the game. Macfarlane has been the golf professional at the Oak Ridge Club, Westchester County, New York, for a long time. In 1925 at Worcester he defeated Bobby Jones for the Open Golf Championship of the United States.

Willie was back at his job at Oak Ridge the following Monday morning. But an exhibition tour netting $250 a day was immediately arranged. The new Open champion started out on this cross-country money-making exhibition. In about ten days he was back at his club again with all future exhibition dates cancelled. Willie was a job handler, not a showman.

I am sure that after a certain amount of exhibition dates Billy Burke of the Round Hill Club, the new Open champion, will feel the same way about it. For three weeks Burke played a stretch of golf that has never been surpassed. But when September comes again and the heat passes and his club members start returning, he will want to be back on the job at Round Hill.

Jack Quinn of the Dodgers is another striking example of the job handler. Quinn had been pitching professional ball since 1904 and he was close to fifty when he came to the Dodgers this spring. But instead of breaking up he began to pitch better than he had pitched in years.

Here was the king of the veterans, still on his job. And suddenly Jack Quinn began to get at last the recognition of the fans. A home crowd would be roaring against the Dodgers and rooting for the home team when in some emergency old man Quinn would start for the mound. At this point the crowd would suddenly switch and pay Quinn a rousing tribute. And the startled veteran would wonder what it was all about.

The showman of sport has his place. But so has the effective competitor who can handle his job without any particular magnetic appeal to the populace at large. And quite often he is better off than the other when both hit the sunset trail.

Left, nearly fifty, Jack Quinn finally is stampeding the fans. Right, Billy Burke is not the showman type

P. & A. Photo

Right, Max Schmeling, the heavyweight champion, is a good example of the careful, conscientious job handler

International News

Acme Photo

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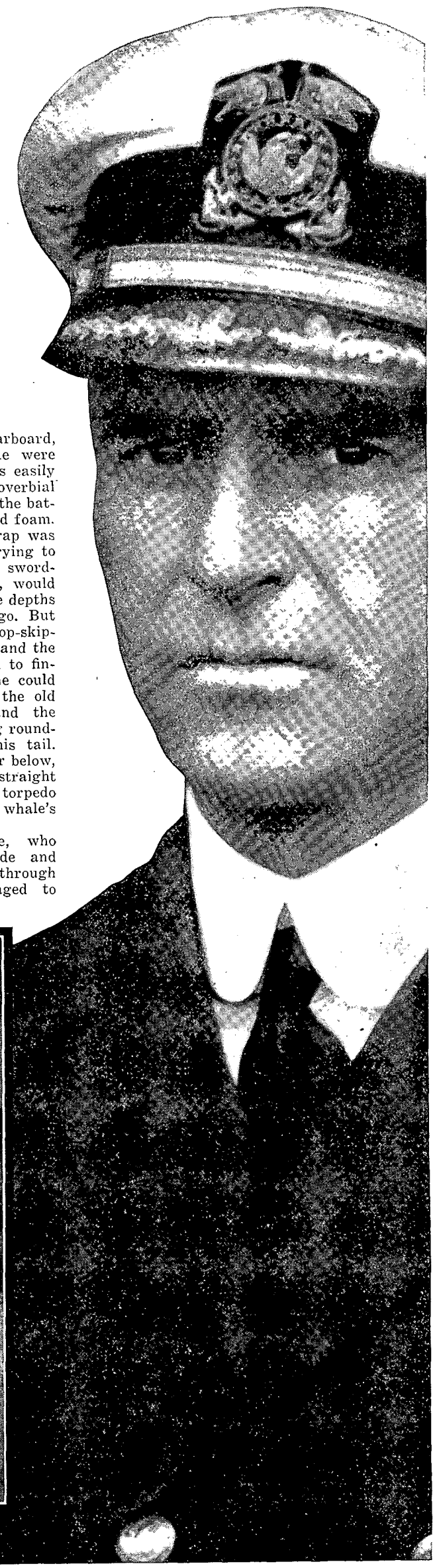
The Old Whale Blows

There's something cramped and limited about stories of the land. The horizon's too close, nature is held too well in hand. Go to the hard-case seaman for stories to expand your heart and lungs. Here are yarns of the sea with the salt still on them

By Commodore Herbert Hartley

Former Commander S. S. Leviathan,

and W. B. Courtney



WHENEVER you hear a merchantman speak of "old whales" don't think he means what the dictionary means. He's merely using a sailor's term for those graybeards of his calling who are the world's prize yarn-spinners. Sometimes I think Lewis Carroll really was thinking of an old whale when he put that walrus into Alice in Wonderland. You know, the Walrus that tells the Little Oysters just before he swallows them: "The time has come to talk of many things; of ships and shoes and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings."

That was no walrus talking! Take my word for it, shipmates, no one but a sailor could have so many matters handy to his tongue. If you're of a mind to make me prove this, let's draw off to the lee end of the bridge for a quiet spell of yarning. We'll say the Leviathan is easting through a night of calm seas and full moonlight, to lend the proper background.

We sailormen have long memories for the drama of our lives at sea, while our days in port are like the idle tattle between acts in a theater and as little remembered. I've known old whales who, to save them, couldn't tell the ages of their children or the names of their wives before they were married; although they can tell you, fast enough, precisely which clew line they let go at five bells on Thursday morning, April 13, 1889, the latitude and longitude, that day's run and what the ship's cat had for breakfast. I don't know why this should be except that life at sea, being full of raw light and wide horizons, bites deeper pictures into the memory.

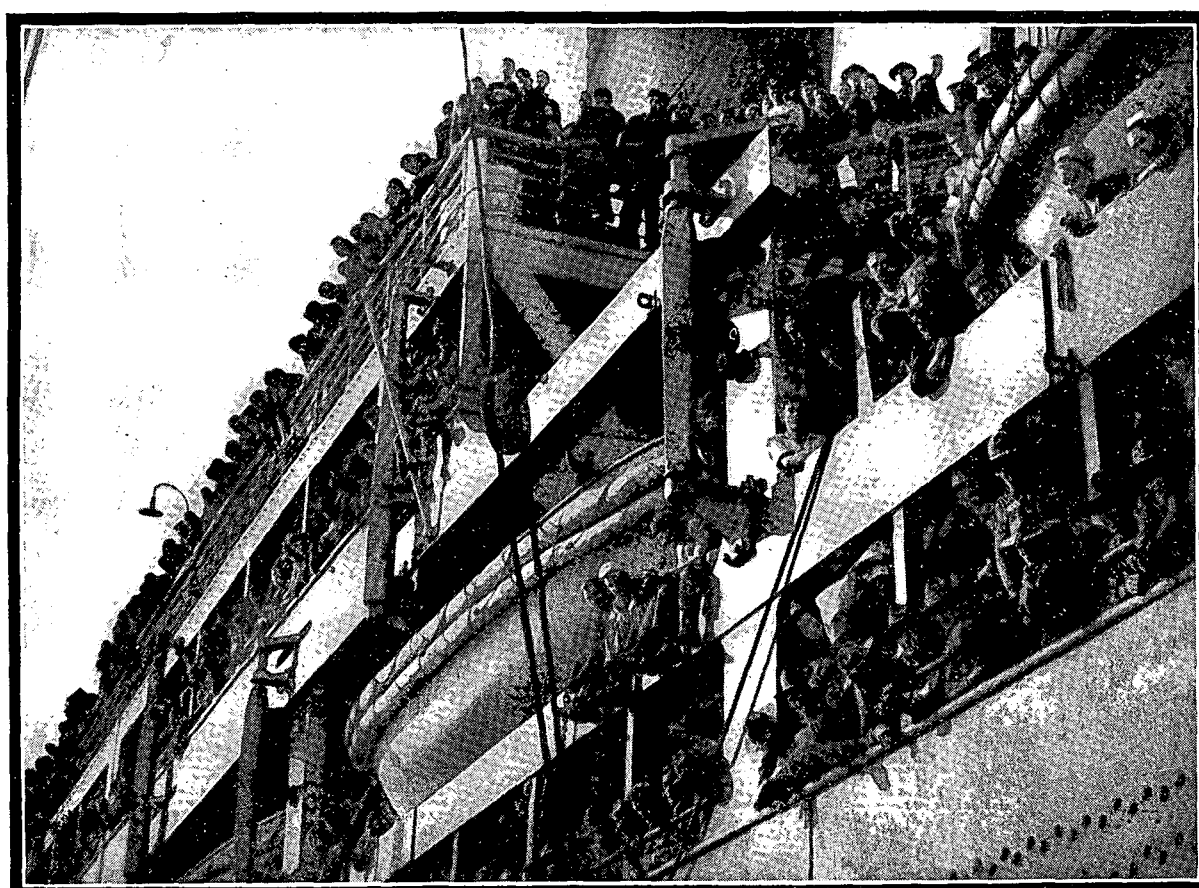
A Rare Spectacle

I mind one such night as this, long ago, when as a youngster I stood on the bridge of the St. Louis with Chief Officer Turner, a very old man who had sailed many years in the tall Cape Horners. He fell to yarning about swordfish; how he had seen them attack, puncture and sink ships' dories in the whaling grounds; and how their swords were ofttimes found broken off and imbedded in the bottom planks of wooden ships which they had mistaken for their favorite enemy, the whale. Lastly he dwelt upon a memorable day, forty years before, when he had witnessed in the Indian Ocean that rarest of marine spectacles—a fight between a swordfish and a whale. It's a sight that meets few sailormen's eyes; one which I certainly never expected to see.

At dawn the very next morning I was called to the bridge. "Look!" shouted Turner. There, less than fifty feet to starboard, a swordfish and a whale were fighting. Whales bleed as easily and as copiously as the proverbial pig, and the surface near the battlers was lathered with red foam.

The strategy of the scrap was plain. The whale was trying to escape by sounding; the swordfish, a surface swimmer, would be unable to withstand the depths to which the whale could go. But a whale needs a sort of hop-skip-and-jump start to sound, and the swordfish was determined to finish this one off before he could get it. The result was the old story of the slugger and the fencer. The whale swung roundhouse haymakers with his tail. The swordfish, darting far below, would turn and hurtle straight upward—a whole vicious torpedo in himself—toward the whale's belly.

Sometimes the whale, who rolled from side to side and watched his adversary through piggy little eyes, managed to



Charles Phelps Cushing

The Leviathan, keystone in our famous bridge of ships during the war, had capacity for 12,000 troops each load

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sidestep, so to speak. Then the swordfish would shoot up out of the water like a silver arrow discharged from some giant submarine bow. In falling he would flip himself onto the whale's back and tear great gashes in it with his saw. But once he flew so high that the whale seemed to find time to begin his dive. As the St. Louis steamed off, the water became quiet and we figured that the big fellow had escaped.

You landsmen are smarter and readier than sailors at giving fancy names to things you don't understand. You'd call the foregoing a "coincidence," and maybe you're right. But we don't try to figure out names for such things as—well, take this for example:

Mayor George B. McClellan of New York, a son of the famous Civil War general and a great man in his own right, crossed with me on the St. Louis. We made Plymouth a port of call, where McClellan was of a mind to debark and catch the express train for London, thus saving a few hours. He had special reason to hurry, but as haste wasn't as fashionable then as it is now my other passengers were content to remain aboard to Southampton. "Somehow," McClellan confided to me, "I hate to get off here." He stepped on the gangway, then suddenly jumped back aboard the ship just as I gave the order to cast off. "I'll stay with you to Southampton," he said.

Every passenger on that day's Plymouth-London Express was killed in the great Salisbury disaster.

You Know this Gentleman

There may be a name for that, but I'll let you call it. I want to see a man's hand in the background before I cry "hocus-pocus." If you've traveled much you know the gentry of whom I am now thinking. Distinguished-looking chaps with Vandykes, fog-horn voices, Old World manners, spats—and no tickets, or practically none, like the colonel who kept the Leviathan in an uproar during one crossing and very nearly caused a panic aboard her.

We were eastbound and had no sooner dropped the pilot than a stream of complaints poured from the cheapest steerage cabin aboard. The writer informed me that he was an intimate friend of everybody of importance in Washington; that he was taking the trip solely for the purpose of writing it up for influential newspapers, and how could he get a good impression in the cabin to which he had been assigned? He forgot to add it was the one for which he had paid. Within a few hours he had informed me that the Leviathan was a tub, its stewards savages, the crew bums, and that I was a stubborn tramp. Well, to close-haul a long story, he harassed me until in desperation I moved him from his $70 third-class cabin to a $3,500 first-cabin suite.

Two days later the Staff Commander came to me: "Captain, there's hell to pay in the first cabin. One of the passengers is spreading a story that we're going to run into the worst storm in history and we'll be lucky if we don't go down. He says that you know about it but are keeping it secret."

I hurried through the first-class quarters to investigate. Things were, indeed, in a dangerous state for a ship in mid-ocean. Stewards racing around with smelling salts; life belts in evidence on many berths. I called a general assembly and swore up and down Davy Jones's ladder that all signs pointed to a continuation of what we were now enjoying—one of the smoothest passages in the Levi's history. I managed to get things reasonably quiet: and then I collared the culprit. Yes, it was our old deadbeat friend, the colonel.

Even when the two of us were locked alone in my cabin for a session he tried to bluff me. It seems that before he left Washington he had consulted an astrologer, who had given him a written forecast that a terrible hurricane and grave peril were indicated by—sunspots! That's what he had been showing to my passengers. Never mind what I said or did to him, but, believe me, he was a good boy the rest of the voyage.

Let's turn back to old whales for a minute. I must tell you about Hairy Perry, who was a shipmate of mine on the St. Louis; an old man when I was a cadet. Hairy contents himself beside the fire in the Snug Harbor on Staten Island, New York, when the wintry blasts of the Atlantic are too sharp for the body that has grown bent and palsied in its service. But with the first warm sou'easters of spring I always looked for a letter from Hairy.

A Lark for the Old-Timers

The American captains in the Atlantic trade make a practice of signing on those old whales who are sound and able to be about and are of a mind to do a bit of summer cruising. It's a lark for them and for us. They are given only the easiest work, of course. Hairy devoted the five summers I had him on the Leviathan to making a sea chest for me. He never finished it. In fact, he never started it. But we had some grand talk concerning it.

Hairy is a born showman with a superiority complex toward passengers. He also has the old sailors' knack of putting an officer in his place. On the Levi the next-in-command to me was the Staff Commander, an imposing title which had no terrors for Hairy, who knew what the rank corresponded to in smaller ships. It was one of his greatest delights, therefore, to spy on my quarters until he saw the Staff Commander enter when distinguished travelers were present. Then he would quickly hobble up to the door, knock and barge right in. Perhaps General Pershing would be there; Doug and Mary, Sir Thomas Lipton, or others. The more the merrier for Hairy's purpose. He'd pay no attention to them, anyway, but stand scraping and saluting and shifting his cut plug from port to starboard while he squinted at me first from one eye, then from the other:

"The mate, here, sir"—indicating the haughty Staff Commander with a jerk of his thumb—"was saying as how you wanted a sea chest, but I figured me and you ought to talk about it personal, sir, him being only a steam sailor. Is it Matty Walker or rose-knot beckets you're wanting, sir? I'd suggest Turks' heads on the beckets to set 'em off nicely. For a shipshape job I'd recommend No. 3 canvas, coachwhipped, with a diamond fringe, and a shark's mouth for the keyhole—"

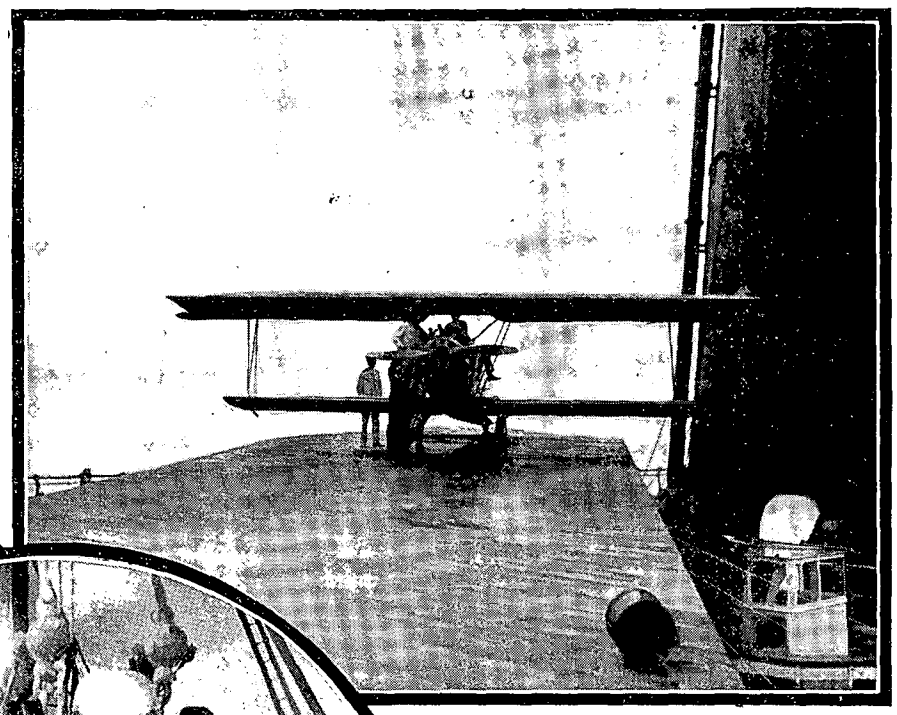
And he'd go on with a long run of fo'c's'le shop talk which was fascinating but unintelligible to my guests. It was a good show and the passengers enjoyed it, although the Staff Commander didn't. However, he wasn't the only one who had to withstand the old whale's antics: Hairy turned a neat laugh on me one day.

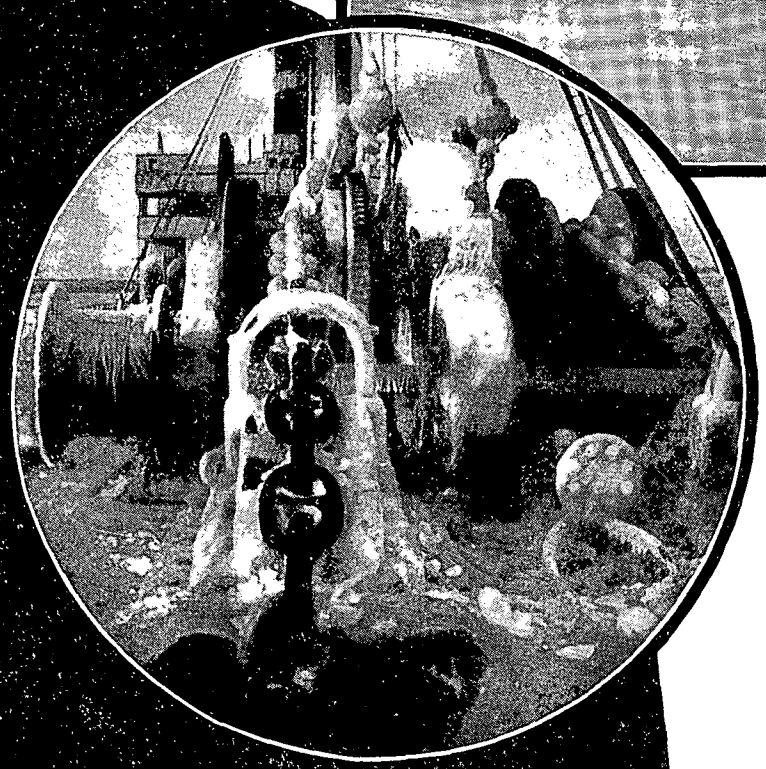
Pride Takes a Fall

I noticed Hairy sweeping the game deck. He was playing the rôle of ancient mariner for all he was worth; although he disdained to notice any of the passengers who were gathering to watch him, I knew he was there for no other purpose than to give his old heart a toasting in their stream of whispered admiration. "Isn't he an old dear?" "What a wonderful type!" "Just like a character out of Treasure Island!" "Look at Venus tattooed on his arm!"

I resolved to give Hairy's pride a tumble. Assuming my sternest who's-captain-of-the-ship-anyway expression, I strode past him. Hairy spotted me out of the corner of a watery eye and, without stopping from his sweeping,

(*Continued on page 49*)





Right: Clarence Chamberlin ready to take off on the first ship-to-shore flight from the deck of the Leviathan. Left: Herbert Hartley, first Commodore of the American merchant marine

Ray Viktorin

Left: Forward deck of the St. Louis in winter, revealing some of the difficulties the North Atlantic offers in winter storms

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Get that Squarehead!

What America needs is more night watchmen like Chris Larsen. A hundred thousand would make us bone dry—maybe

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by Donald Teague

A truck had called for some drug-store whisky. All of a sudden I heard a yell. Yeah. Chris

YOU newspaper boys [said my friend Steve Logan, well if not favorably known in the public prints as "Tack-a-Tack" Logan, chief lieutenant to Samuel C. Brown; big shot of the River Mob] never get anything right. Who was paying you to put that Three Raven warehouse yarn in the papers? I bet it was Armentrout over to the Federal Building. I read the line of bunk he handed you. All about how him and his big brave agents busted up a lay to milk a thousand barrels of whisky out of that warehouse. Yeah. In a pig's eye!

Why, that dumb prohibition dick didn't know what was going on until three weeks after the big blow. He laid it to the Clenihan outfit. You ought to of knowed better'n that yourself. Those Clenihans are a pack of cheap heist guys and doormat thieves. They couldn't dope a lay as slick as the one we had for the Three Raven job. Sa-ay, that was a high-class set-up; the niftiest ever stacked in this town.

HUNH? Sure—I admit it went wrong. But Armentrout never queered it. A guy Armentrout never heard of put the fritz on that job. A big, dumb, lunk-headed Swede by the name of Chris Larsen. Yep. Chris Larsen. And it all come about from mixing a Swede and a warehouse full of whisky and a double-crossing flossie together. If you should ever want to commit suicide just walk up to the big shot and say: "How are things in Sweden?" He's plenty sore.

That cluck Larsen cost us a million bucks and then some. Maybe you're thinking we couldn't of got away with that much booze. Sa-ay, listen—just figure it out yourself. A thousand barrels is forty-two thousand gallons, ain't it? And at thirty dollars a gallon what does that make? Well, supposing you give the suckers a break and say we were only gonna cut it once. I saw the big shot's own figures at a million eight hundred grand. And he was counting on a kick-in of six hundred grand for protection, which was putting it high.

The fact is we had a set-up that was only gonna cost us about four hundred dollars a barrel. Let's see . . . a hundred a barrel to be split six ways at the City Hall; forty grand or forty a barrel to Nate Schlunke for fixing a certain party at the Federal Building; twenty-five a barrel to the cops in the Fifth District . . . how much does that come to? Well, I forget the exact payoff—the Clenihans held us up for twenty-seven-fifty to let us cross the river with the stuff—and there was about a hundred-fifty a barrel for direct handling out of the warehouse. But, anyways, it didn't come to more than four hundred. I'm positive of that.

All the boys that got right were gonna go for us, too. Just to show you what a set-up it was—take this guy Milgrim, f'r instance. He was the deputy collector in charge of three other guys at the warehouse. It turned out he was holy; real holy like that sap Armentrout. We didn't try to touch him. We got him transferred. Look up the records and you'll see. He was transferred and Herman Klaus, Nate Schlunke's brother-in-law, was put in his place. Did we have a set-up? We nursed it along real careful too. We got it to the point where only three guys stood between us and a perfect hush-hush. Anyway, that's what we thought.

THE stuff you newspaper boys printed about the Clenihans framing such a lay gives me a laugh. They wouldn't of got to first base. Take the way we had to handle those three guys that worked under Klaus at the warehouse.

There was a gauger named Oscar Lertes and two watchmen named Shull and Owsley. This Lertes was an old duck that had worked for the government thirty-two years. We never went near him with a proposition. We found out he had a sick wife and had been saving all his life to go to California. The big shot got in touch with some boys in L. A. and they hunted up a no-good relative of Lertes.

The relative got right and wired

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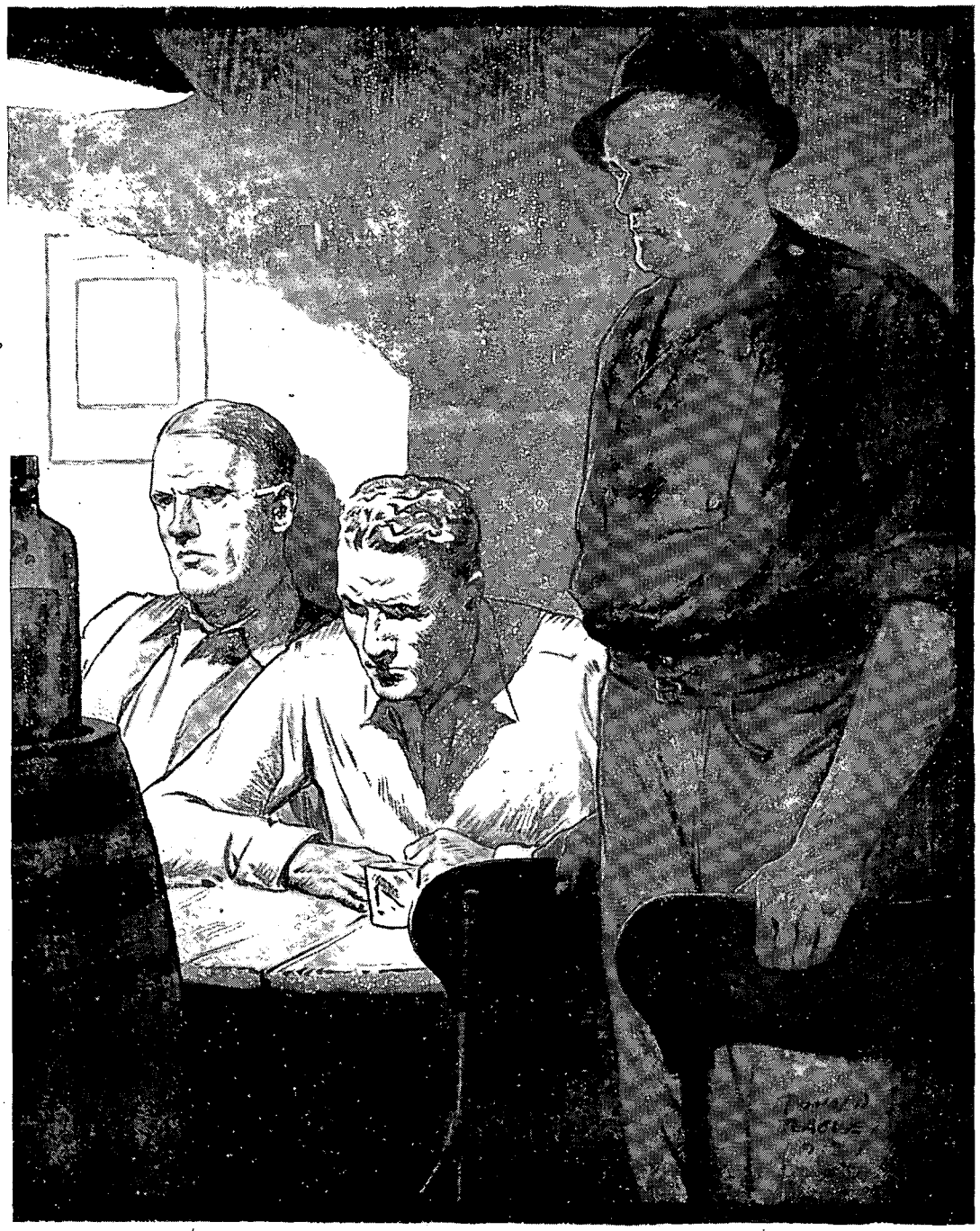

The big shot called for a show-down. "All kidding to one side—is the cluck gonna scram or will I have to do the other thing?"

Lertes he had a swell job for him—three hundred a month as night manager of a garage. Lertes was leery but when the garage sent him two hundred and twenty-five advance for traveling expenses he resigned his job at the warehouse. Our friend at the Federal Building let Klaus hire his second cousin, who came in for five dollars a barrel, to take Lertes' place. The big shot was gonna pay Lertes' salary for a year out on the Coast, but of course when things broke wrong Lertes was fired.

WE DIDN'T have no trouble at all with Shull. We took him out to the Shack and sent him against a crooked dice game. He got in for over five hundred. The big shot sent Tony Scarfia, one of the gorillas, to collect from Shull. He was too scared to squawk, knowing it would cost him his job, and maybe more. We got him in for two grand, five hundred down. Owsley was a little harder. He didn't drink or gamble. But we found he had a weakness for yellow-haired mammas. The big shot sent Flo Lucas to rope him. Flo was a fast worker. She had Owsley broke in no time and needing money for pretties. He listened to reason. I think his price was three-fifty a barrel.

With the warehouse crew all set the rest looked like pushover. You know how it's done. You rent a couple of lofts near the warehouse . . . buy a quiet pump and some hose lines . . . take out the liquor in five-thousand-gallon batches every night and fill the barrels with water. With the hush-hush on at the right spot in the Federal Building and the cops right we didn't see how there could be a hitch.

I and the boss was in his office one day making the final check-up. It certainly looked good.

Pretty soon Willie Dunbar walks in.

"Say," he says, "how many guys are supposed to be on the job at the warehouse?"

The big shot squints at his list.

"Four. Why?" he asks Willie.

Willie shakes his head.

"There's five. Klaus and the gauger and three watchmen."

"Three? You're crazy. Shull and Owsley are the only watchmen."

"Nope. I've got good eyesight, Boss," says Willie. "There's a big Swede that does the night trick with Shull. He's been hanging around most of the day, too."

The boss gives me a hard look. I decide to take it on the lam down there right away and find out what's happened.

Of course, the bad news turned out to be correct. This Chris Larsen had come on the job two nights back. A big cluck with school-kid white hair and a broad pan and pale blue eyes. He looked like one of those cookie men your old lady used to roll out. And dumb? Sa-ay, that guy was so dumb a guy with any brains at all couldn't describe how dumb he was. No fooling.

Get a load of Chris: "Yah, I vurk py here," says he. "Py Mister Clarty I'm hire. Night vatchman. See my padge? Mr. Clarty iss fine man. Py him I'm hire. He say: 'Chris, py golly, you vatch varehouse. I go py Yurrup. You vatch varehouse till I coom pack.' Yah. I vurk py here."

That guy sure was hard to believe. At first, we thought there'd been a leak to Armentrout and Chris was one of Armentrout's undercover dicks just putting on the dumb cluck stuff. But we tailed him for a week straight and did plenty of investigating on the side.

It seemed the Three Raven warehouse was owned by a crazy old coot named Oliver Clarty, who had rented it to the Kentucky distilling crowd that made the booze. This Clarty guy had got into a row with Klaus because he didn't think the renters were treating the dump right. As far as I could ever make out, Clarty's chief kick was that the truck drivers backed into the loading platform too hard.

Chris' story of how he got mixed up in it ought to hand you a laugh: "I coom py road from Minnesota. I'm valking outside town. Py golly, I'm hongry. Boomp! I'm valking straight into otto. I break lamps . . . two . . . I put beeg dent in front. Py golly, I tink I'm for yail sure. Boot nah—it iss fine Mister Clarty whoos otto I damage. He rides me to his house. He giffs me fine meal. He giffs me fine yob. Py golly, he iss fine man!" Kind of funny, eh?

WELL, it wasn't funny to us. We were all set to lift that booze in eight or nine nights. We had to get into action right away. These fixes—the best of 'em—don't stay on long. Somebody gets scared and changes his mind.

Our first idea was that Chris would be too dumb to notice anything wrong in a few hose lines. We thought we'd tell him they were put into the barrels at night to give the whisky air or something. But the boys who tailed Chris told us he reported every morning to the cashier of the North Side Bank, who talked with him a few minutes and gave him four silver dollars. We couldn't take any chance like that. Chris might let drop some remark about the hose lines, and it would be all over but the indictments.

We had to get Chris out of there.

The big shot tried the scheme that had worked with Oscar Lertes, the gauger. He sent Len Trimble to Chris with the offer of a job at fifty a week in a bakery.

"Nah," says Chris. "I promise Mister Clarty to vatch varehouse till he coom pack py Yurrup. I keep my promise."

I told the boss there wasn't any use offering Chris more jobs. I knew that cluck too well.

NEXT, we tried to frame Chris into a jail rap. A couple of dicks in the Ninth District planted a gun on him and threw his pants into the holdover. But the North Side bank cashier had promised Clarty to look after Chris. When Chris didn't show up for his four bucks the next morning a mouthpiece went over the blotter and located him. He was sprung on a bail bond.

By this time the big shot was burned plenty. He got redheaded and wanted to put Chris on the spot. I and Johnny Gale calmed him down.

We made the boss see it wasn't smart to put Chris on the spot. There'd be a murder investigation with homicide dicks poking their snoots into that warehouse. Armentrout would be bound to connect a bumped-off watchman with some funny business at the Three Raven.

"Give us some more time," I told the boss. "We can fix him."

"Make it snappy," says the boss. "We've got eighty grand cush money advanced for this set-up and I'm getting nervous."

Our next move was to see if we couldn't get Chris to gambling. I had a talk with Klaus at the warehouse and told him to have the boys rope the big Swede into a dice game.

Next morning I called Klaus on the phone.

"Well, how did it go?" I asks him.

"Terrible," he says. "The cluck cleaned us. He took fifteen off'n Jack and about twenty-five off'n the two watchmen. I lost forty."

"Swell," I tells him. "I'll send Pete over with some queers and you boys can take him for plenty."

THEY took Chris for all he'd won and seventeen-fifty besides. But that's as deep as he'd go. Klaus told me the dumb cluck held his head between his hands and moaned, sayin' "Mamma told me not too: Oh, you beeg fool, Chris Larsen. You beeg fool." And he wouldn't sign any I O U for what he owed. Instead, he hot-footed over to the North Side Bank and come back all out of breath and sweating with seventeen silver dollars and four bits. When the boys tried to get him into another game, he said: "Nah. Py golly, I'm beeg fool vunce. But not twice!"

We tried him on the booze. Whisky, wine, champagne, gin. Nothing doing.

The mob was getting awful nervous. Our friend at the Federal Building sends word to the big shot that he wants action. He says Washington may send a special gauger to regauge the Three Raven stuff any day now. He wants to know why we're stalling. The cops and the boys at the City Hall are jumpy too. They're anxious for their cush. The big shot tries to explain that we're up against a dumb Swede watchman who won't get right. Nobody'll believe him. The Federal Building guy throws a fit; he's afraid Chris is a stool for Armentrout. We get the horse laugh from the City Hall. And then, just to make everything sweeter, Pat Clenihan sends us a note asking what we're afraid of. He says he's tired of waiting for the stuff to come across the river; all his dealers is running low and threaten to buy from Chi or Dee-troit. He says he'll milk the Three Raven himself if we're too yellow.

(Continued on page 51)

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IN PONTIAC YOU GET REAL RIDING COMFORT AS WELL AS ECONOMY . . .

Pontiac is the low priced car that gives you riding comfort as well.

By this we mean that in a Pontiac you get an entirely different kind of ride from what you really look for in a low priced car.

We have done a great many things to give you this extra comfort. The car is longer and heavier than its price might lead you to expect. This is important because you just can't get this riding comfort without such length and weight.

The springs, too, are long and heavy, and their strength is adjusted to the requirements of the different body models. There are four hydraulic shock absorbers that have not just been added on but have been carefully engineered with the springs to give smooth spring and rebound action.

Cushions of rubber, which have been placed at 43 points, play an important part in absorbing the little and always annoying road shocks. The bodies are by Fisher and they are insulated to keep out heat and cold.

These are some of the comfort reasons that you can *see*. Our engineers tell us, however, that the most important reason for this unusual riding comfort can't be seen at all but is found in the nice balance that enables the car to keep to the road so securely and take the curves so safely. This balance also prevents strain or over-exertion of the car no matter what it is expected to do.

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Pontiac is a very economical car, too. Its first cost is low. In fact, with all its comfort and size, it is one of the very lowest priced cars. And when it comes to you, it is factory equipped, ready for use. The price our dealer will quote you is the price *delivered* in your home town with equipment, which includes front and rear bumpers, four shock absorbers, five wire wheels and extra tire, tube and tire lock.

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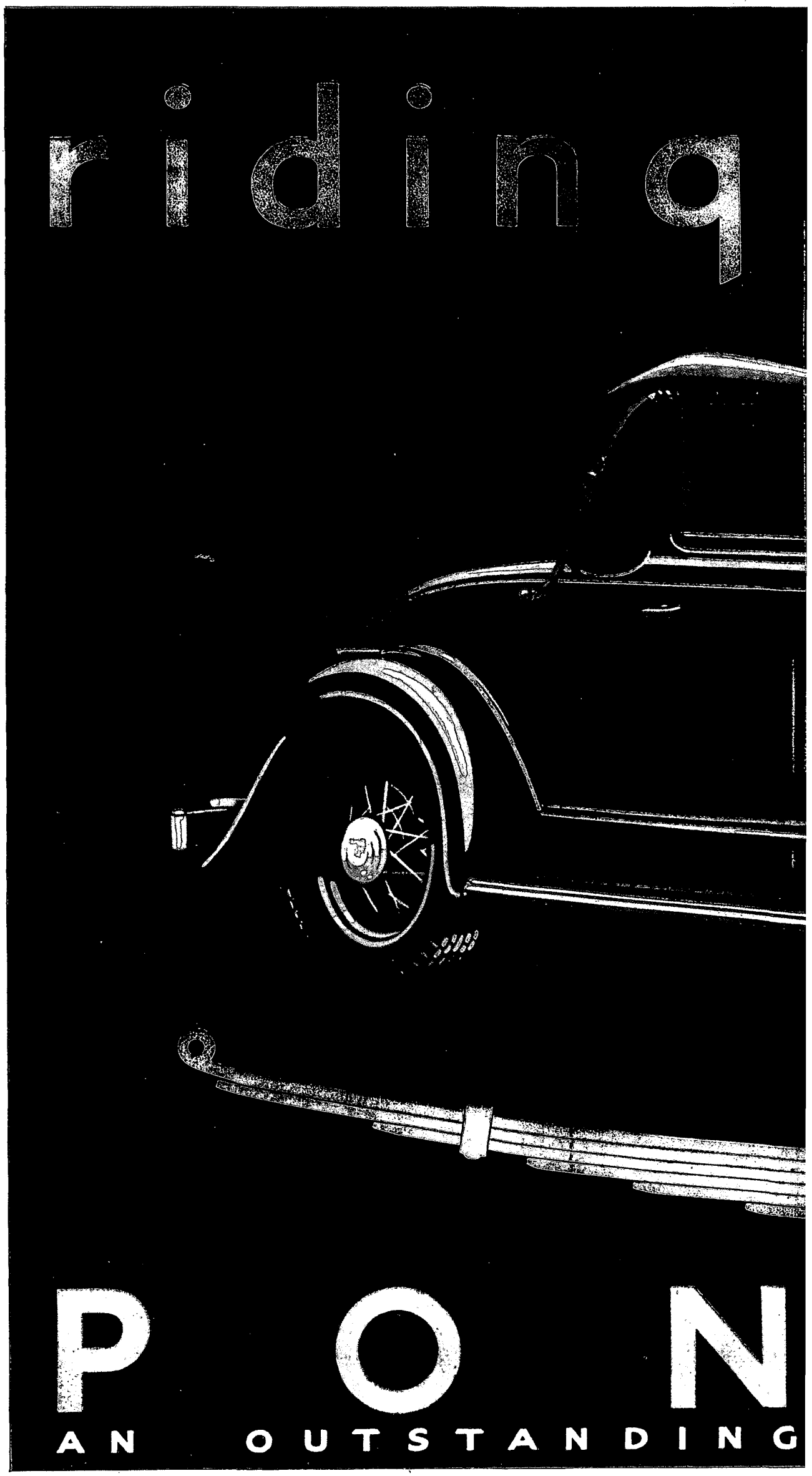
TWO FINE CARS



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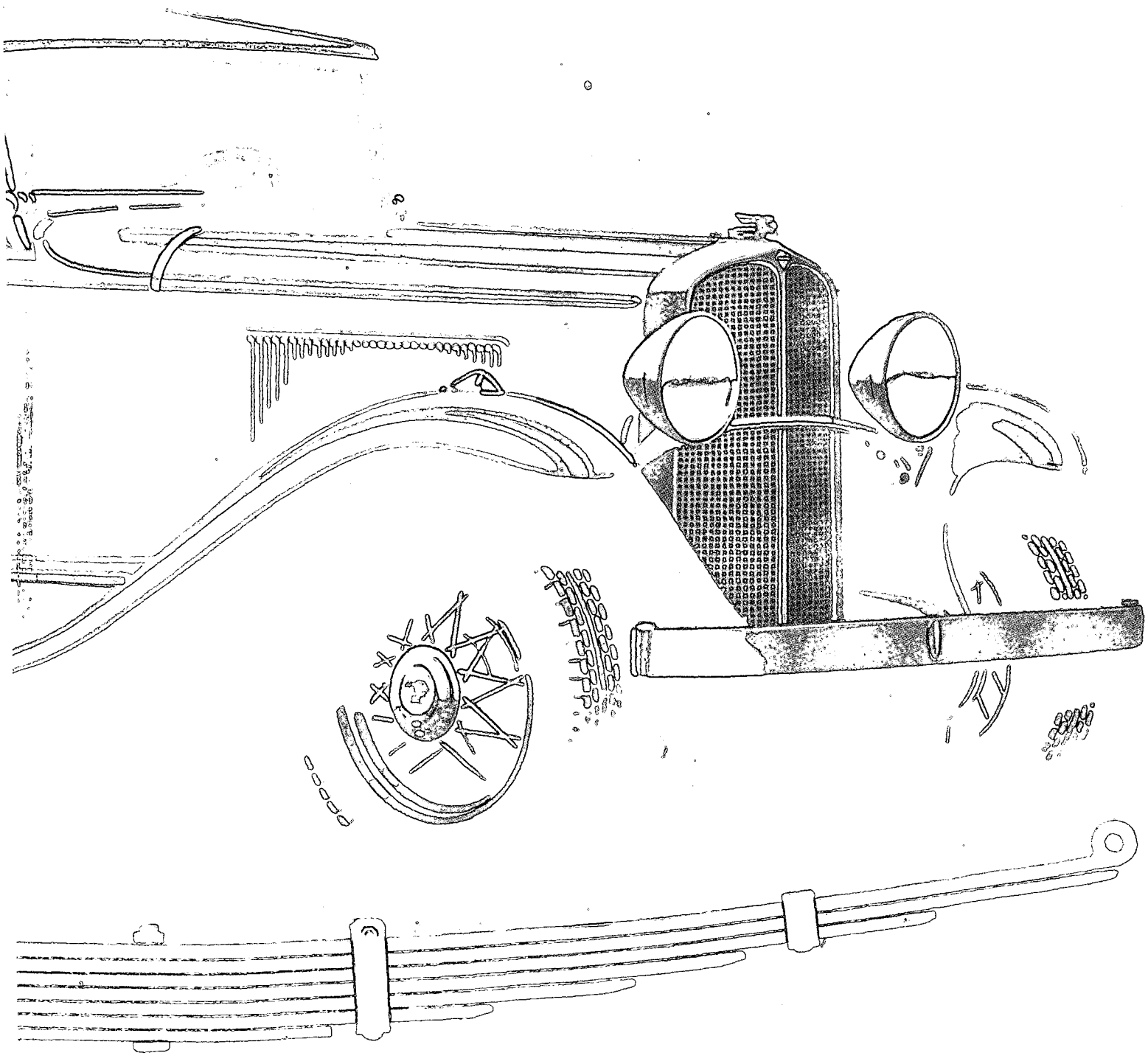
comfort



TIAC

GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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Busy Bolshevism

Interviews with various Eminent Authorities

Collected by Don Marquis

Illustrated by Dick Spencer

MR. ANTHONY BILLKUS, *Lawyer:* I freely admit that my client made away with three of his wives in rapid succession, collected their life insurance money and spent it in the entertainment of girls to whom he was introduced by night club hostesses. But this is the only blot upon an otherwise perfect character, and attention should be focused, not upon this one false step, but upon his excellent previous record as a citizen, a husband and a father. And why did he err? I ask you, why did he deviate from his lifelong righteous habits? It was for *no reason inherent in his own nature.* He was a victim, gentlemen, and is more to be pitied than condemned. He committed *no error of his own volition.* He was under the hypnotic influence of these despicable vermin from Russia who are contaminating every department of American life. He was mesmerized by Bolshevistic propaganda, by the hellish suggestions of these subtle and devilish agents who are sent broadcast from Russia like a pestilence to devastate the earth. Being of an honest and open nature, he was susceptible to their animal magnetism. My client needs no defense before a body of patriotic American citizens, who will, I hope and believe, after they have acquitted this injured man, turn their attention to the eradication of this plague which spreads forth from Moscow.

Red Roofis, ***Bootlegger:*** Five truckloads of good Scotch hijacked in six weeks, and me in the hoosegow just because I plugged one of them dirty crooks in defense of my own property! And they call this a free country! Say, that gives me a giggle! It's them damn' Bolsheviks is behind all this.

The Hon. Mr. Puff Ball, ***Politician:*** Yes, I know that the Chamber of Commerce is saying that I have affiliations with commercialized vice. I have seen the resolutions calling for my removal from office by the Convocation of Associated Ministers of the Gospel. I have listened to what the D. A. R., the G. A. R., the Rotary Club, the Kiwanis, the King's Daughters, the Junior League, the Realtors' Club, the Merchants' Association, the Good Government League, the Mothers' Club and the Society of Sabbath School Superintendents allege against me. I know the charges made by the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the W. C. T. U., the American Legion, the Bar Association, the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, The Little Sisters of the Poor, the Combined Charities Society, the Bankers' Association, The College Faculties' League, the University Club and the Ketchup Salesmen's Sunday Outing and Clambake Sodality. And I want to tell my public that these people are wide-eyed Bolshevists! This reckless conspiracy against me was hatched in Russia! These irresponsible demagogues are the tools of the Russian mischief-makers!

Mr. Ernest Rounder, ***Husband:*** All right, let Mrs. Rounder shut me up in jail if she wants to—she can keep me there till the stone walls rot down and blow away, but I won't pay alimony to that woman, not a cent! Maybe Mrs. Rounder thinks I don't know the outfit that's putting her up to this stuff! It's *those sneaking Soviet representatives* who are secretly ruining this country and keeping the women all restless and stirred up, that's who it is, and I'll tell the world it is!

Defaulting Bank Official: No, the bank will not reopen. Haven't I already announced that we intend to pay thirteen cents on the dollar? Yes, I expect to go into the banking business again when I get out of the penitentiary. And I want to tell the public something right from the shoulder. It was the State Bank Examiner who was directly responsible for this situation, with his insistence on an investigation of our business methods. It is these State Bank Examiners who undermine confidence in our American institutions. How much longer is the public going to stand for these Examiners who insist on examinations? If our bank had not been examined by this meddlesome Bolshevist it would be doing business at the same old stand today. The menace lies in Moscow.

Senator Bush Waugh, ***Statesman:*** The ship of state is honeycombed with Russian Communism and totters on the verge of an irrevocable precipice of senility.

Michael ("Glass-Chin") Muller, ***Pugilist:*** Say, where'd he get that punch he put me out with? Russia, kid! I ain't no Alibi Ike, and if I was to be counted out on the level I'd have no kick. But it's gettin' to be a helluva country when them Soviets can come right into a opponent's corner and act as seconds in a boxin' match. I seen my opponent's second tippin' him off to try somethin', but I got no idear it would be an Oriental and Asiatic wallop like that. That damn' Bullshevik stuff is gonna be the ruin of American pugilism if they ain't a law passed.

Mr. Hiram Mousetrap, ***Householder:*** If I were forty years younger I would shoulder a musket and go out after those Bolshevists myself.

The Hon. Mr. Winkle Twink, ***Thinker:*** One of the foulest conspiracies ever unearthed by the untiring vigilance of American patriotism is this conspiracy in which thousands of American citizens are induced to stand in bread lines and pretend they are unemployed and destitute, simply for the purpose of destroying confidence in American institutions. This vile plot, needless to say, is the result of Bolshevist propaganda.

John Jones, ***Traveling Salesman:*** How am I going to turn in good orders when a bunch of competitors financed by Bolshevik agents have captured the trade? More than that, Moscow is dumping millions of brassières on the American market, and I hear they're opening new factories in Northern Siberia to make beach pajamas for export with slave labor. And the boss writes me I got to play less pinochle and sell more brassières and beach pajamas! What's pinochle got to do with it, I'd like to know? It's Bolshevism!

Eddie Rockmush, ***Gorilla:*** Yeah, about the time the mob gets a good conservative racket workin' right, some fool District Attorney has gotta go Bolshevist and spoil everything.

Night Club Proprietor: Listen—and get me right! I don't mind a place of mine being padlocked two or three times a year. That's a legitimate part of the game. The District Attorney and the Police Headquarters have got to make a political play like that now and then to save their faces with the public. They gotta get some publicity, or they couldn't keep in office, and it's to my interest to see the right kind of guys stays in office. But when it comes to padlocking five of my places in succession inside of four months, have I got a yell coming, or ain't I? I'll say I have! And I know the answer, too. These so-called law and order and enforcement outfits have fallen into the hands of them Russian Communists, and I'm being sabotaged and Bolsheviked against. I don't know what the country's comin' to if you can't depend on the protection you pay for.

Bill Locust, ***Harness Bull:*** Yeah, I'm on trial for the third time in two years for usin' my club too free, but I didn't use it too free, and I can prove it. For that woman was a Bolshevik. How do I

(*Continued on page 45*)

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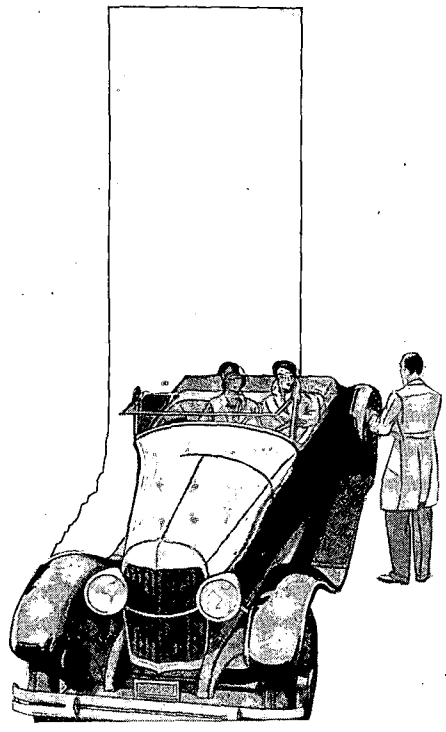
THEY MOVED THE BACK DOOR 'ROUND IN FRONT



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THE COMPLETELY SUPER REFINED 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

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Irish Eyes

Continued from page 15

"Don't make any noise now, Sister."

"I won't!" she answered, frightened.

An open car, a large touring car with the rain curtains securely buttoned down, was standing at the curb. Snow was falling softly, steadily; all the noises of the city were softened and dull.

Ken, still holding tight to Sheila's arm, fell into a low-toned conversation with two men who emerged from the shadows; afterward one of them looked at Sheila sharply. This man was an American, elderly, lean, nervous. She saw Ken give him the addresses and telephone numbers he had taken from Peter and herself upstairs. The old man listened, nodded, muttered a word or two.

"Now, you get in front here, Sister," Ken said then, opening the right-hand front door, "and we'll be out of this in no time at all!"

"I can't—" She drew back, glancing at the dark alley façade of the building, the dark snowy flutter of whiteness in the air, the night upon which the restaurant lights were still flaming and fading in soft pink. "I can't leave Mr. McCann—" she protested.

"He's coming," Ken told her. "Get in!"

WHEN Sheila, secretly praying, had obeyed, he walked around the car to the driver's seat, the elderly man standing close to Sheila, with one veiny hand gripping her wrist.

"Don't make no noise," the man said.

Her frightened eyes moved behind him, as the door through which she and Ken had emerged opened again, and Inky and an unknown man came out, with Peter between. Peter appeared to be stumbling, heavy—perhaps his hurt leg was bothering him again.

The two men bundled him into the back seat, and Sheila heard Peter say heavily, "Sure, I'm fine," in answer to Inky's gruff undertone, "You all right?"

"Put this rug around you," Ken told her. Trembling, she wrapped her knees snugly. "We ain't going far," he said.

They started. Sheila heard Peter snoring in the back seat. Snow fluttered down, down, down upon the black city streets and the shining wet tracks under the elevated road and the garbage cans aligned before the humble tenement doorways.

She knew it was Peter snoring, because Inky was perched upon one of the small seats, his breath, heavy with garlic and wine, at her ear.

"Now you and me have got to be talking," Ken said. "Because if anyone stops us, I'm taking you up to your mother in White Plains."

"In the Bronx," she corrected.

"Oh, you ain't going home yet," he said. "But don't you worry—you'll get there. Nothing's going to happen to you."

"Only not to *pull* nothing," Inky said persuasively, at her ear.

"I wouldn't know how to pull anything!" Sheila said simply.

"No, you just do like I ask you to," Ken observed encouragingly, "and you'll be all right."

"That was an awful smart thing you did, Ken, about that Boston stuff," Inky presently observed.

"It may work," he said briefly.

"Work! It's gotta work," the other man said. "Pipe the bulls there!" he added.

"Now listen," Ken said sharply to Sheila, in a quickened voice. "You don't know anything. You're going up to see your sick mother . . ."

They had left the city and were on one of the long lonely roads that skirt the eastern bank of the Hudson. Sheila, looking ahead, saw a police-box in the pink flutter of snow against lights, and two caped men standing there.

Her heart thundered. Inky was close beside her, and something he held was pressing like a firm disk of iron—it was as hard as iron anyway—against her spine. Sheila swallowed with a dry throat, tried desperately to pray, was terrified afresh because she could think of no prayer.

"Oh, God, oh, God . . ."

The two policemen came out in the fluttering snow, and the lights of the car picked them up; they waited for it to reach them. Ken leaned out.

"White Plains?" he shouted.

The car stopped.

"White Plains?" Ken shouted again.

The policemen looked at him, looked at Sheila.

"You've got a swell night for a trip," one of the men said.

"Wife's mother sick," Ken explained.

That was all. One of the officers pointed with a caped arm: straight ahead. Ken started the car, they were moving again.

"Well, we got away with that!" Ken presently remarked with great satisfaction, and Sheila was able to breathe again. As long as he was pleased she was safe. Peter was still snoring, snoring—what nerves he must have to go to sleep under these circumstances!

They had come to a roadside restaurant, or inn; Sheila could not make out quite what the big square building was, for it showed no lights. What light there was came from an enormous truck, at the door. The snow was still falling, but less densely; the truck had stood there some time, for there were no tracks ahead of it or behind it.

Men sprang down from it, or appeared suddenly from the house, and there was hurried, undertoned colloquy. Sheila, shaking with cold, wrapping her coat tightly about her and beating her hands against her sides, heard Ken say, "She oughter have something to eat, anyway."

But there was objection to this. Her heart failed her. She was exhausted to the point of tears. And all the time that she sat on the front seat, awaiting their verdict, trembling with fatigue, she could hear Peter snore.

"All right, all right!" Ken exclaimed suddenly. And coming about to Sheila, he said, opening the door of the car, "Get out, and hold onto me. You may be stiff. Keep that rug."

BROKEN, cramped, weak with hunger and cold and weariness, she tottered out; Ken steadied her or she would have fallen. Everything seemed to be circling about her in the sharp black contrasts of the snow and the night, and the faces of the huddled men, shrewdly watching her, looked ominous.

"Get in the back of the truck here," Ken said, leading her to it over the virgin snow.

She clutched his arm. He was no friend of hers, but at least he was closer to her than these murderous-looking strangers.

"Listen—I'm so tired—"

"You haven't got far, now. They ain't going to hurt you," he muttered gruffly. "Get in there and wrap that other thing round you, too. Sit with your back up against that box, you'll be all right."

Immediately Peter was half-lifted and half-shoved in against her. Hands reached for a jumble of foul-smelling old comforters and quilts, and instinctively she eased Peter's snoring head against her shoulder and gathered about them both what coverings she could. Drafts, coming in at the bottom of the truck, were so piercing that it was a matter of course to do what she could against them.

Someone slammed a hinged flap up, at the back of the truck; there was a clanking of chains and hooks. And with a terrific jolt, for the truck had evidently been partially frozen to the road, they were moving again.

Then came hours, eternities, of grim endurance. The truck rocked steadily on its way; against the lights toward the front Sheila could see silhouetted the forms of three men, huddled close together. Ken was not one of them. Through the canvas flaps at the back she could see night and falling snow that twisted in the little strips of light and was gone. Peter slept on, sometimes moaning and slipping against her helplessly.

She pulled at the covers, trying to protect her arms and chest without uncovering her feet, twisting with sore, tired limbs in the shaking, rough, drafty place.

On and on and on; the men spoke only occasionally in low tones; the car never stopped. Every bone in her body was jarred and aching. Her head was dizzy, her thoughts wandered vaguely. Sometimes she fell into a moment's doze, only to be jerked awake again as the truck went over some rut or turned some corner.

"Oh, my God, my head!" Peter presently whispered.

"Keep quiet!" Sheila murmured.

A SILENCE. Then he breathed again, in a more alert tone:

"Where are we?"

"I don't know. They're taking us somewhere in a truck."

"Bootleggers," Peter whispered.

"Sh-h!"

"What'd I do, drink something that was fixed?"

"I don't know. But your breath smelled like chloroform or something."

A long silence.

"This is state's prison for the whole lot of 'em," Peter said viciously.

"If we ever get out!"

"We'll get out all right," he said. He appeared to doze again, and breathed heavily. "It's state's prison, that's what it is," he said, rousing, and speaking in an angry, droning voice.

"For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud!"

She became a little light-headed in her turn. It was agony to rouse herself from the stupor that was half-consciousness to the full realization of pain and danger again.

"I'll never get over this; it's murder," Peter said.

Sheila, heavy against his shoulder, made no answer.

"Gosh, it'll be good to get rested somewhere."

"It'll be awful to start in—" she muttered.

When they finally did stop she could not be completely awakened. She was half-dragged, half-guided along a snowy path, up steps across a powdered, low, unrailed, country porch, and into a house not many degrees warmer than the outer world. Sheila saw a clock that said half past four looming at her, receding, suddenly growing enormous again. Her eyelids hurt, she turned her eyes away from a smoking lamp. Someone was helping her off with her wet, snowy coat; she cried out in sudden pain as her arms were moved. Her hat was off; the heaviness in her head was so bad that she stumbled blindly about, putting up her hand, trying to rub the wet tangle of her hair away.

There was a bleak-looking, flat iron bed, its mattress showing shabby and discolored under a heap of sodden comforters. But it was standing still, at least, with a floor under it, and walls steady about it, and the room was not utterly cold. Sheila kicked off her shoes, sank down, drew coverings about her. Somebody took away the lamp.

WAKING was misery. Sheila had never before in her life wakened to such bewilderment and such physical discomfort at once. Where was she? What walls were these, and why was she asleep in her office dress?

She turned over, and her dank, sour, ripping bed covers gave forth a sickly, rancid smell. She sat up and brought her feet to the floor and looked about her.

It was daytime, anyway. For although the old-fashioned wooden shutters were closed, outside the room's four many-paned windows, there was light beyond. Rotting strips of old net hung at these windows; the floor was of old, poorly matched pine boards, upon which some filthy odds and ends of carpet were flung at untidy angles. There were some broken chairs in the room, a collapsing chest of drawers, lacking a foot and propped on a stout little cardboard box. Other furniture consisted only of her bed and two other similarly shabby iron beds, with thin mattresses and foul bedding. The walls were discolored and dark; the old wooden doors sagged in their frames and carried white china knobs. Sheila had never been in a decaying old farmhouse before, but she knew that she was in one now.

On one of the other beds Peter McCann was heavily asleep, almost completely dressed. Lamely, slowly, Sheila walked over and studied his flushed, haggard, sleeping face for a few seconds. Then she went cautiously and peeped through the cracked old window glass and the slits in the shutters.

Outside was unbroken snow. There was not a track upon it; not another house in view. A prolonged hummock might have been the fence that outlined a road; she could not tell. Near the house she saw a barn, a well-sweep, outhouses, all muffled and disguised by the white powdering of the storm. Great bare trees stretched their branches overhead. The snow had stopped for the time being, but the restless airs were clicking the tree-branches and blowing the drifts about, and the low, leaden sky threatened to fall again.

The room in which she found herself was on the ground floor, the railless porch was just outside. The fields and what might have been the road sloped away in a series of rounded hills below the farmhouse, and beyond everything vanished gently into a general dimness of snow and cloud.

SHEILA jumped, but it was only Peter at her elbow.

"Where are we?"

"I don't know."

"Seen anyone this morning?"

"I just woke up."

"This is a hot one!" said Peter.

"Well, I know I'm freezing," Sheila said. She took a pocket comb from her handbag and ran it through her thick red hair. She rubbed her face with both palms, ordered her dress slightly and went to the door at the back of the room.

"Look out what you're doing!" Peter whispered sharply. But Sheila had already opened the door a crack and was peering through.

(To be continued next week)

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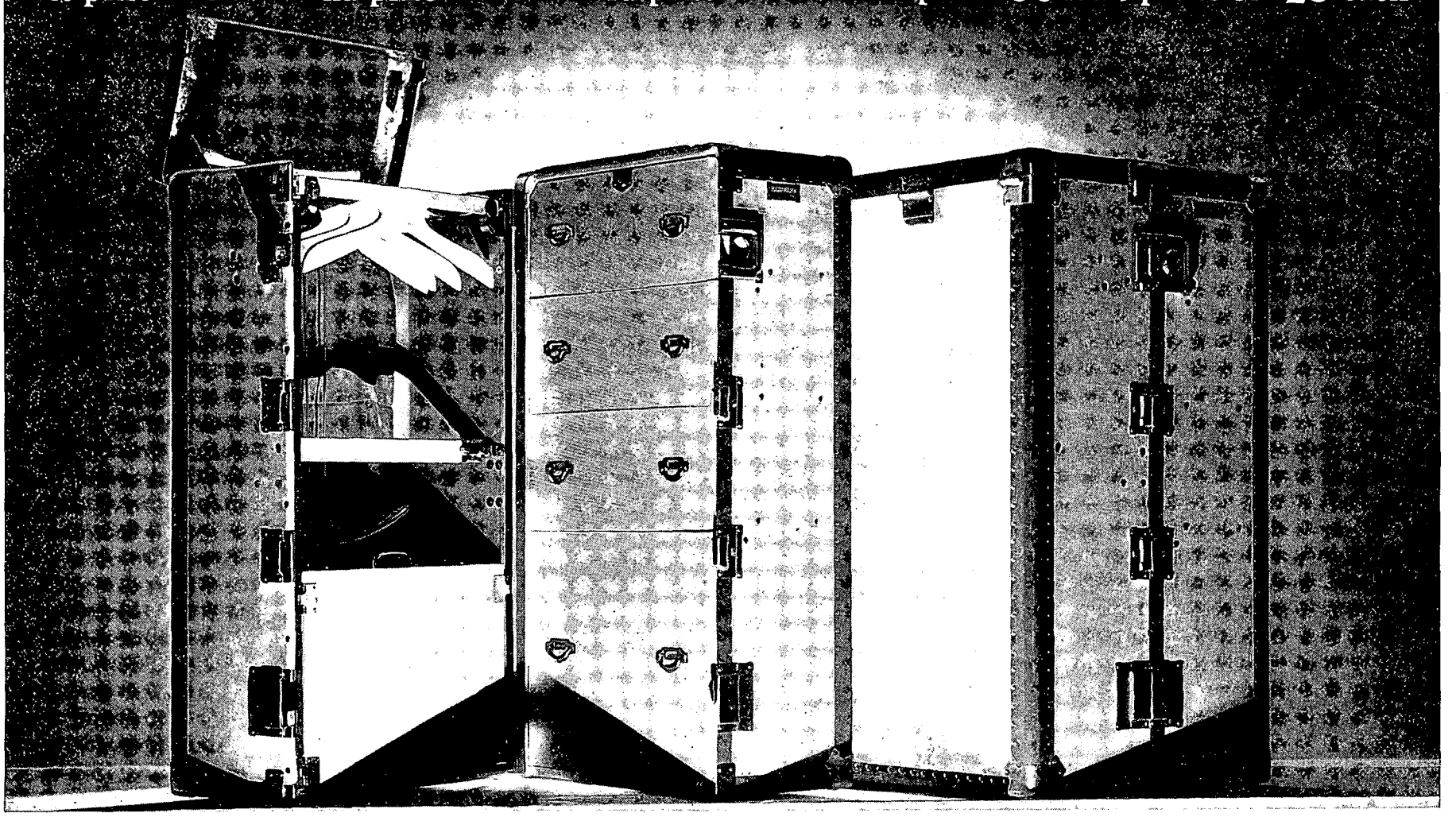

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2. Write legibly on one side of the paper only.
3. No entries accepted that bear a postmark later than midnight September 28, 1931.
4. Contest open to anybody except to employees and executives of the Hartmann Trunk Company and their families.
5. In case of tie, full amount of award will be paid to each of the tying parties.
6. All Communications must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Hartmann Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin.

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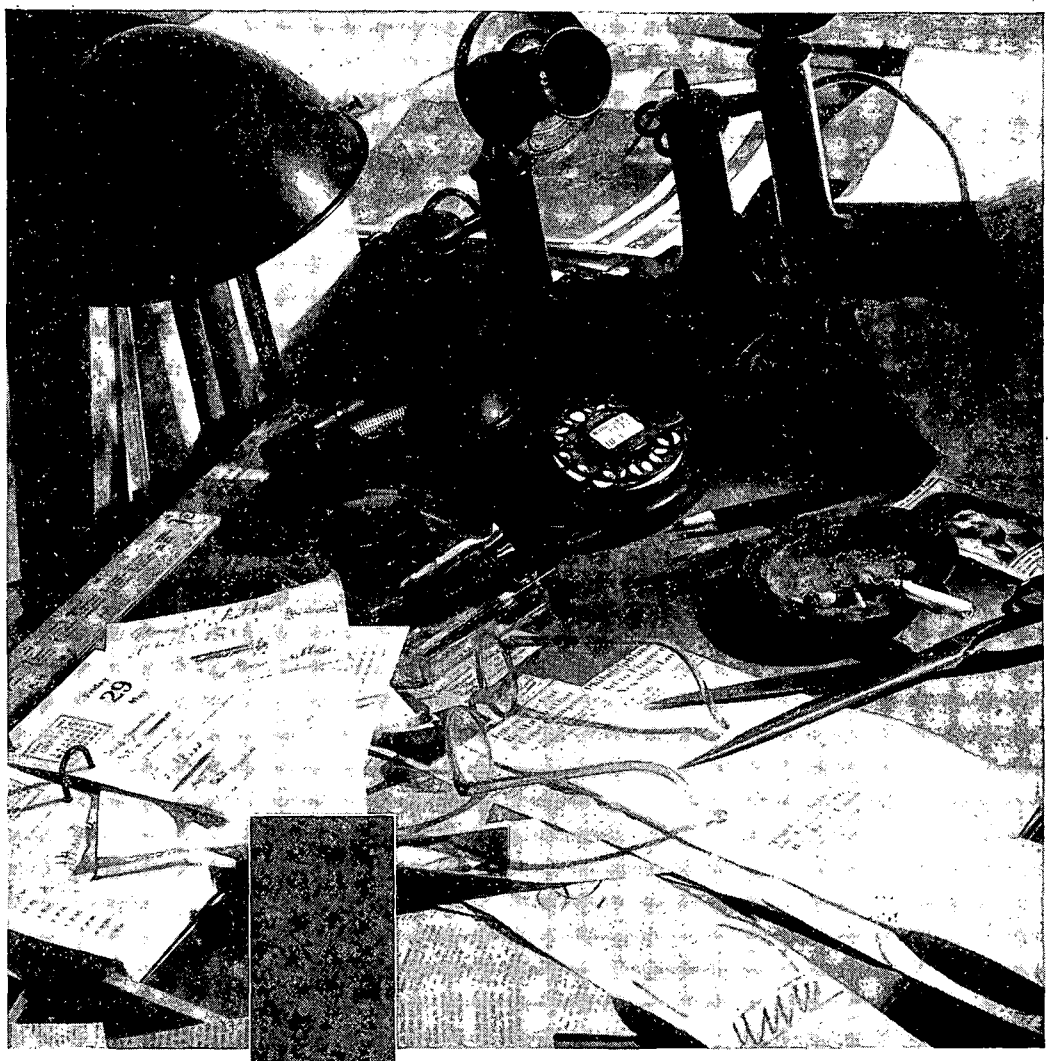

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Queen of Pearls

Continued from page 22

At the door of his cabin Bebir, the giant Moor, was standing. The gold hoops in his ears glinted under the swinging light of the lantern.

"A moment, caballero," he said softly; the whites of his eyes gleaming like those of an animal. "Let me give you a word of warning. La Reina—is not for you!"

"Neither is your warning for me, Black One! The woman of my heart dwells in Mazatlan!"

The huge black did not move. His teeth showed in an ape-like grin.

"Ah, say you so? Was it of her you were thinking up yonder—by La Reina's side?"

The young man went scarlet. The Moor's words scourged him with their truth.

"And one thing more," the rumbling voice dropped to a whisper, "do not believe that she is carrying you to Mazatlan for any love of you—or because you had the luck of saving her life. Her father taught her well, caballero! What the Queen wants, she takes! And it is not your heart she desires—it is the pearl that you denied her!"

With an ugly, derisive grimace, he turned away. And Don Armando was left to a tangle of dreams, and doubts, and longings.

FIVE enchanted days and nights, and upon the morrow the vessel would lie in the palm-girdled harbor of Mazatlan. The young man tried to tell himself that he was glad that the journey was almost ended; that soon he would stand in the presence of his beloved and find the news of her approaching wedding was but a false rumor—

But he struggled against a sense of oppression and heaviness of heart. He had found in the golden-haired girl companionship of a rare and beautiful kind. They had talked together, sung together, had been silent together—and now it was to end. At sunset that night, he stood moodily in the prow, watching the flying fish leap like silver swallows along the spray cast out by the swiftly gliding ship. A light step made him turn. La Reina stood beside him. Her lips smiled, but her eyes were veiled. He wondered if she had been weeping. . . .

"It will be very soon now," she murmured. "I will miss thee, Armando!"

"And I—thee!" he managed to reply.

"Thou wilt—think of me sometimes, Armando?" Her voice was very low. He clenched his hands until the nails indented the palms.

"I will think of thee—always," he said hoarsely. Suddenly, overcome by a longing he could not withstand, he caught her unresisting hands in his. "Oh, Reina, thou hast become a part of my life! The other was a dream—a mirage in which there was no reality—it was my first experience with love, and I did not know my own mind then. . . ."

For an instant it seemed that she would yield her lips to his. Her eyes were like blue stars—shining with light—

Then abruptly she drew back, taking her hands from his.

"Perhaps it is *I* who am the mirage, Armando," she said a little breathlessly. "Remember the reason for my taking you to Mazatlan! You ask me to believe this change of heart without proof? Would you—would you give *me* the wonder pearl, Armando, as an offering of love?"

His fingers were impetuously upon the hidden leathern pouch. Then, abruptly, he stopped. From the gathering shadows behind them—*he saw the black, looming figure of the Moor, watching!*

A wave of cold nausea swept over him. Bebir's mocking words came crashing into his fevered brain like a thundering wave upon a shipwrecked mariner. She did not want him—it was the pearl!

"Well art thou named the Little Queen of Pearls!" he said almost inaudibly. "I congratulate thee for—consistency. Good night, and may Your Grace dream sweetly of the one thing that is dear to your heart!"

He swung about and left her. But her voice, filled with an emotion he did not recognize, came after him:

"Not good night—*good-by*, Don Armando! We will meet again. However you may think of me, I will remember you as one who did not know love when he found it!"

THE streets of Mazatlan once more! It seemed to Don Armando an eternity since he had left them on his romantic quest for fortune. He stood uncertainly in the shade of the trees that lined the Plaza, his head aching with a strange heaviness—a heaviness that had come upon him after drinking the spiced wine of the night before. His sleep had been tempestuous and troubled. Once he had half awakened, seeming to feel a hand on his chest. But inertia had claimed him again; and dreams tortured him, through which the ugly face of the Moor changed to the mocking, golden-framed countenance of La Reina as he had last seen her.

Then, suddenly, a shadow was flung across his path. A woman, followed by a servant, had stopped, falteringly, staring at him. He lifted his eyes, to behold—Doña Maria Carmen!

Her hand went up furtively to the lace mantilla that partially shrouded her face. There was astonishment in her eyes—yes, and fear. Beautiful as she was, there was no warmth in her gaze.

"DON ARMANDO—thou? Thou hast come back? Thou hast—heard, Armando?"

"I have heard," he answered lifelessly, "that the worthy Don Adolfo is to be thy husband. Doubtless it is better so."

The fear went out of her face.

"Yes," she murmured, "and yet—I have heard stories of thine adventures, Armando. From La Paz last week came a tale of a fabulous treasure that thou didst find, that would make thee richer than any hidalgo of New Spain. . . ."

At the unconcealed eagerness in her beautiful dark eyes, Don Armando's indifference fell away from him. His voice, passionate in its intensity, whipped out at her:

"Ah! Don Adolfo and I are to put our belongings side by side into the scales for thee to weigh and judge, Maria—pearls against a silver mine? Nay, I resign my claim in his favor! Now I think I know why the angels weep! It is at the frailties of humanity. Here is one of their tears, Maria—a precious, priceless pearl that I was bringing to thee in fulfillment of my vow—"

He drew the leathern pouch from underneath his doublet and jerked it open. Out into the palm of his hand poured a cool, luminous trickle of pearls, rosy pink, dawn gray, lambent white. Doña Maria Carmen, bending

(Continued on page 38)

"Do you expect a take-out when you bid an original no trump?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North S. 9-7-6-4-3-2 H. None D. 7-6-5-3-2 C. 5-4	
West S. A-Q-5 H. A-K-Q-J D. Q-J-10-9-8-4 C. None		*East* S. None H. 10-9-8-6-3 D. A-K C. A-10-9-8-7-2
	South (Dealer) S. K-J-10-8 H. 7-5-4-2 D. None C. K-Q-J-6-3	

WITH the above hand at Auction Bridge, South would bid one Club, West would double, North would pass and East would bid one Heart.

At Contract Bridge the bidding would be more varied and much more thrilling. South's one Club would be overcalled by West with two Clubs, the declaration announcing no losing tricks in Clubs and a probable slam at East's best suit or at a suit to be named by West later on. North of course would pass, and East with five Hearts and strength on the side would be justified in bidding more than the two Hearts needed to take out West's artificial bid. East should bid at least three Hearts but need not bid higher because West, who has suggested slam possibilities, is sure to bid further; and before East makes a definite commitment it is well for him to know whether the Hearts suit West. Therefore three Hearts would be East's soundest initial declaration.

West, naturally surprised and delighted that East has the strength to make a jump declaration in Hearts, would suggest a slam by bidding five Hearts, over which East should bid six or seven—probably the latter because he can be sure that no tricks will be lost in any one of the three side suits, and from West's bid can confidently expect that no tricks will be lost in trumps. If East bid only six Hearts on this round, West would have no license to bid seven.

Players who indulge in fancy bidding might bid the hand as follows: West two Clubs over South's one, then East two Hearts, West three Hearts—by his two-Club bid he has announced the probability of a slam and therefore that there is no chance that East will stop short of a game. East might consider the trump determined, and bid four Diamonds to show the Ace of Diamonds, and West five Diamonds to show his willingness to play that suit, East five Spades to show that no tricks will be lost in Spades, and West six Diamonds to show—in view of East's announcement—a small slam at Diamonds, and East six Hearts to show the long Hearts. Such bidding is a very hazardous procedure because of the danger of misunderstanding.

In the play, with a grand slam at Hearts declared, South would open with the King of Clubs and Declarer then would have the opportunity to claim rewards for several clever plays. If the adverse Hearts are divided 2-2 or 3-1—as is most probable—a grand slam would be a show-down; but if they are divided four in one hand and none in the other the hand would require some nicety of play.

To provide for a possible 4-0 division it would be advisable for West to retain his three spades, and therefore on trick 1 he should discard the four of Diamonds, the trick being won with closed hand's Ace of Clubs. To trick 2 a Heart would be led and this would disclose an adverse Heart distribution which might have proved troublesome. West would win the first Heart and immediately lead his small Spade, East ruffing. To trick 4 a second Heart would be led by East, won by West; trick 5, West's Queen of Spades would be led and ruffed by East; trick 6 would witness East leading his last trump for West to win; and then West, utilizing his last trump to draw the last trump held by South, would exhaust the trumps. On this trick East would discard one of his two high Diamonds so as to unblock the suit, and West would then lead the Ace of Spades to afford East an opportunity to discard the other. After that West would run his remaining Diamonds and take the thirteen tricks.

The feature of the hand would be West's discard on the first trick. A Diamond would be selected in place of a Spade; not because the Diamond discard is needed and the Spade is of greater value (the Spade is sure to lose unless ruffed by East), but because in the event of a 4-0 distribution of the adverse trumps it is necessary to reduce East's trumps by two and then give East two discards of his blocking Diamonds, one on West's last trump and the other on the Ace of Spades.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North S. 10 H. K-Q-6-5 D. Q-J-6-4 C. Q-7-5-3	*East* S. 7-6-5-3-2 H. J-4-2 D. 7-3-2 C. A-K
West S. A-K-Q-J-9-8 H. A-10-9 D. None C. J-10-9-8	*South (Dealer)* S. 4 H. 8-7-3 D. A-K-10-9-8-5 C. 6-4-2

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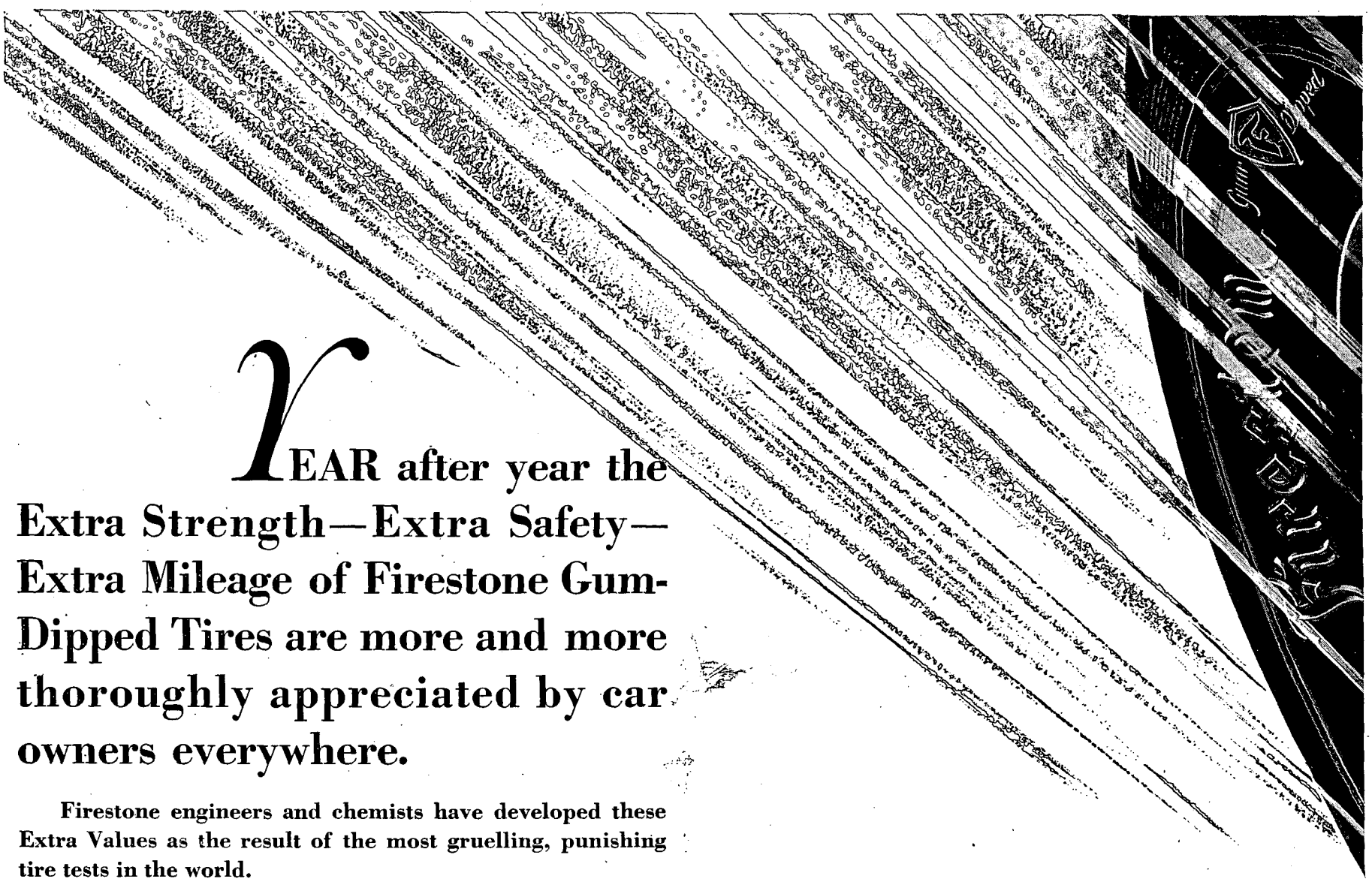

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Queen of Pearls

Continued from page 35

over them, gave a smothered cry as she saw the huge jewel in the midst of the others.

"Armando!" she gasped, "it is a miracle!"

But he was staring down at it with eyes as wide-stretched and incredulous as her own. For it was not *the* pearl—not the shining, perfect gem for which La Reina had begged. It was of comparable size—but badly flawed, and of inferior luster. Such a pearl as would sell only to one who knew nothing of the value of the sea-jewels.

Vividly now he remembered the subconscious feeling of fingers touching his chest in the darkness of the night. He remembered too the curious taste of the wine that had been served him at supper—he had been drugged! The pearl had been stolen! Ah, well had Bebir spoken— "Know you not that what the Queen wants—she takes?"

But the eyes of Doña Maria Carmen were filled with longing. Her face was flushed with a rich color.

"Armando—beloved—be not harsh with me! I had no word from thee—they told me thou wert dead! Give them to me, Armando—and I will think no more of Don Adolfo! My heart is for thee alone, I swear it!"

HIS thoughts were whirling. Love? It was all delusion! There was naught in the world save trickery, deceit, and—revenge! That last should be his at any rate, even though he lost his life in seeking it!

With a sharp, desperate gesture, as of pulling a strangling rope from about his neck, he jerked loose the leathern pouch, and flung it into her eager, outstretched hands.

"Take it! Take them all!" he said in a wild, smothered voice. "I will have no more of bargaining! How well that pearl there symbolizes thee—the worthy Don Adolfo will soon know!"

How he reached the ship again he hardly knew. He was like one moving in a delirium. Still consumed with that blind, red fury, he flung apart the curtains of the crimson and blue pavilion . . . and then he saw her.

Face down, she lay upon a low divan. Her golden hair was unbraided, and was spread in a shimmering, golden confusion about her hidden face and shoulders. Her arms, clenched around her head, were bare of jewels. The gleaming pearls she loved so well were scattered about the floor like small white pebbles.

She heard him, and turned. Her face was streaked with tears, white and anguished. She gave a little gasp and sat up.

"Armando—" her voice was low and shaking—"it is really—thou?"

Suddenly, all the wild desire for vengeance dropped away from him. Like a child she seemed—so utterly forlorn—stripped of the richness of her adornment . . . gazing at him unafraid, her heart in her eyes. . . .

Unsteadily he came forward and knelt down beside her. Slowly he brought one golden strand of hair to his lips.

"Reina—" he said, very humbly, "I thought I came back to kill thee. But it was not revenge that drove me—it was love! I come as a beggar; not one pearl have I of all the hoard for which I worked so long and earnestly—I can offer thee nothing except my heart, my soul, my life. . . ."

She put one hand out to close his lips. She was trembling.

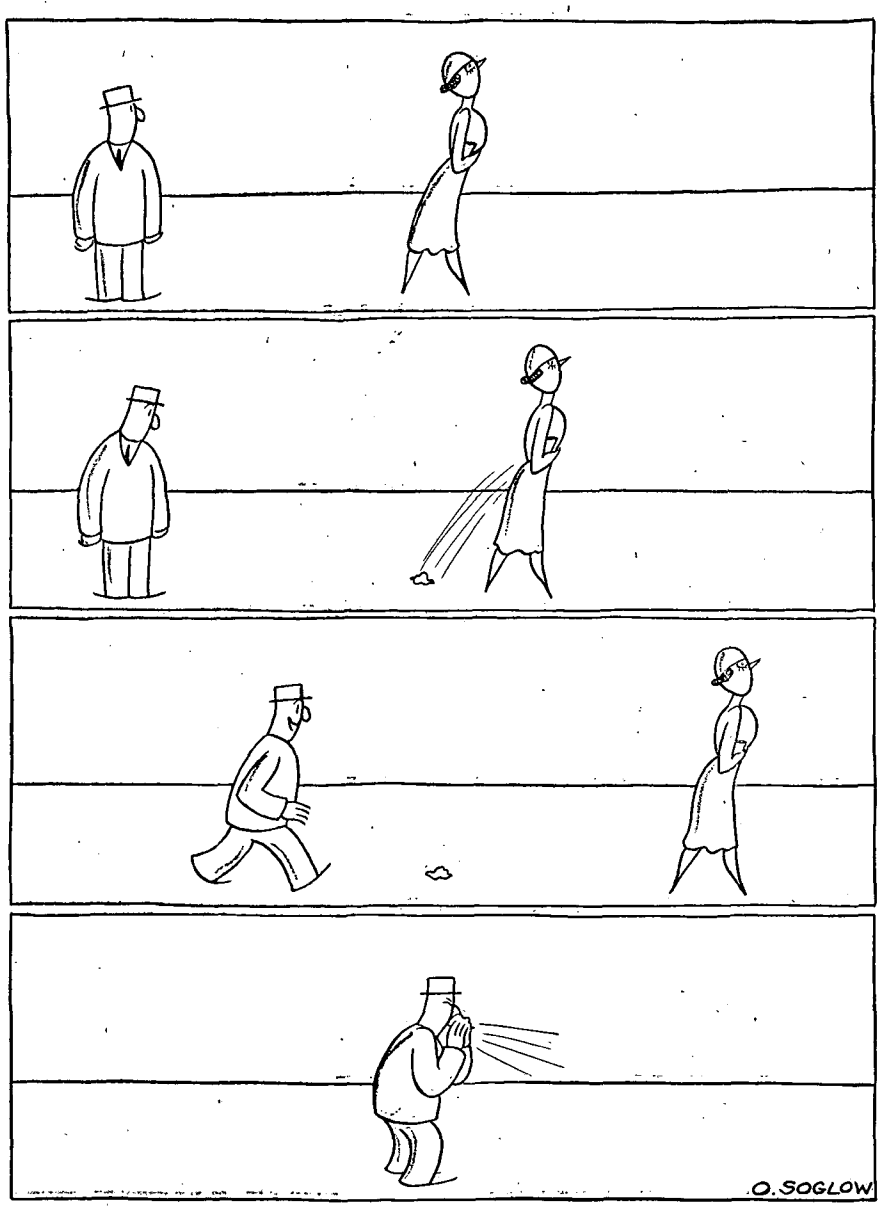
"Beloved, what more is there that I could wish for? Ah, I have learned so much since thy leaving! I have learned that these baubles I have prized so highly are nothing, nothing; they could not comfort me for thy loss—they could make me no recompense for the loneliness of the years to come. . . . Armando, I love thee—I love thee—"

His arms went around her close, close. Their lips met in a long, silent kiss of ecstasy. Upon his face he felt the wetness of her tears.

"Dearest," she whispered, held close in his arms, "my asking for the great pearl was but a test—a foolish, childish test. In my heart I knew thou didst love me; but something drove me to the speaking of those mad words . . . I did not mean them. . . ."

"It does not matter," he said, his lips against hers. "I am glad that thou hast the pearl; only thou art worthy of it!"

"What sayest thou?" she demanded breathlessly. "That *I* have the pearl? Nay, I have not!"



A black figure suddenly shut out the triangle of light that came from the opening of the pavilion. Bebir, the giant Moor, stood there. In his hand he held a golden goblet, pearl encrusted.

"Reina," he called gutturally, "I have something which will banish thy sadness!"

Startled, they sprang apart. Bebir saw them thus, and his face twisted into a black mask of demoniacal hatred. All semblance of humanity was gone from his eyes. They were bloodshot, bestial.

"Ah—the caballero has returned?" he said, deep in his throat. "So much the worse for him. This time the sharks shall not be cheated of their prey!"

La Reina was on her feet, tense as a rapier blade.

"You insolent dog! Since when do you come into my pavilion without permission?"

From old habit, he cringed momentarily under the lashing fury of her voice. Then he straightened. The look upon his face was not good to see.

"Since I have it in my power to become thy master, Reina!" he said thickly.

THE golden-haired girl stood stunned with the shock of his words. But Don Armando understood. He jerked the dagger loose from its sheath.

The black giant saw him. With a swift movement he set the jewel-crusted goblet down upon the low taboret beside the curtained doorway. Then straight at the young caballero he plunged. The two went down together with a crash.

Don Armando turned and twisted, striving to free himself from the Moor's crushing embrace. His breath was being squeezed from his lungs. He felt the huge hands around his throat, tighter—tighter. . . . Darkness overwhelmed him, with a roaring in his ears. Still struggling, he knew that the end had come . . . then there was a bellow of pain, seemingly from far off, and the throttling hands left his throat. The terrible weight upon his body suddenly was gone.

"You little she-devil!" he heard the Moor's voice roaring.

For an instant he lay stunned, gasping in agony. He saw the giant's shoulder spurt blood, and his own dagger flash in La Reina's hand. Then he saw her caught and pinioned with her arms behind her. With the irresistible strength of one arm the Moor drew her close while his other hand lifted the jeweled goblet.

"Quiet, little hell-cat," he was saying softly, "thou shalt drink this potion. Drink deeply, Reina—for all will be changed from this moment. . . ."

"Poison?" Her voice defied him, scourged him.

"Nay, not poison!" His burning eyes were close to her own. "The priceless pearl I stole while the caballero slept is ground up in this wine! Thou shalt love me as long as we live—the magic charm hath never failed. . . ."

He forced the draught brutally against her clenched mouth. But she collapsed suddenly in his arms, as if in a swoon. With a muttered curse the Moor set down the goblet; and in that instant the girl twisted from his grasp and ran fleetly toward the companionway that dropped to the long, low waist of the ship.

"Help!" Her ringing cry echoed to the forecastle. *"Bebir has gone mad!"*

The Moor was upon her as she reached the steps. Don Armando had staggered to his feet, desperately trying to regain his strength as he cast about the deck for a weapon. Hand or knife—they were but toys against the gigantic brute force of the black man. The ship's men were running up the deck below, but their faces were bewildered, and they were unarmed. The macaw, roused by the tumult, suddenly screamed. And in a breath Don Armando swept the bird from its perch and grasped the heavy, spear-pointed standard.

The Moor leaped to the wide railing, his colossal limbs spread wide apart, the struggling girl held high in his arms above his head. His voice rose insanely.

"YOU refuse me, Reina? Then go below and queen it over the other pearls that are not for the eyes of men! Your lover will follow you when my hands have broken him—" He laughed madly. But the terrible sound changed into a bellow of mingled rage and pain. Don Armando had leaped upon the gunwale behind him. And the heavy iron lance buried itself in the gigantic body with all the young caballero's desperate strength behind it. For one dreadful moment it seemed as if the deck, the ship, the world itself stood breathless as the huge black man tottered—the girl, white as death, balanced helplessly above his head. Then Don Armando's quick leap caught La Reina as the black form slumped to the railing—slipped—and hurtled down like a great sprawling spider into the foaming wash below.

The Little Queen clung trembling to Don Armando. Then she turned slowly to the disarrayed pavilion, and stood staring at it.

"Was it a nightmare?" she whispered. "Did we but dream our peril, and is it past us?"

Don Armando picked up the forgotten goblet of wine.

"It is gone, beloved. Before us lies all of life—to share together. See—I drink of the potion that binds me to thee!" A wan smile drove the horror from her eyes.

"And I with thee!" Her lips touched the gem-laden wine. "Now thou hast indeed lost thy priceless pearl!"

He drew her to him, and her white arms went about his neck.

"I have not lost it," he said unsteadily. "Only exchanged it—for a rarer one. Will you not give the order to put back to Mazatlan, Little Queen? We will need a priest. . . ."

"Do you give the command," she said softly. "I have been Queen for so long—I am glad to have a King."

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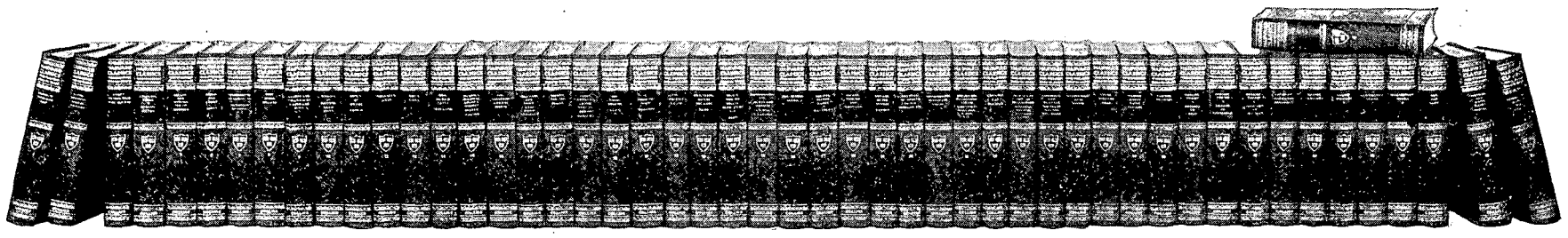

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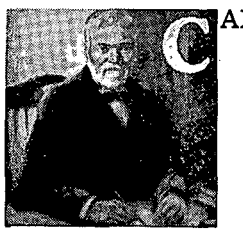

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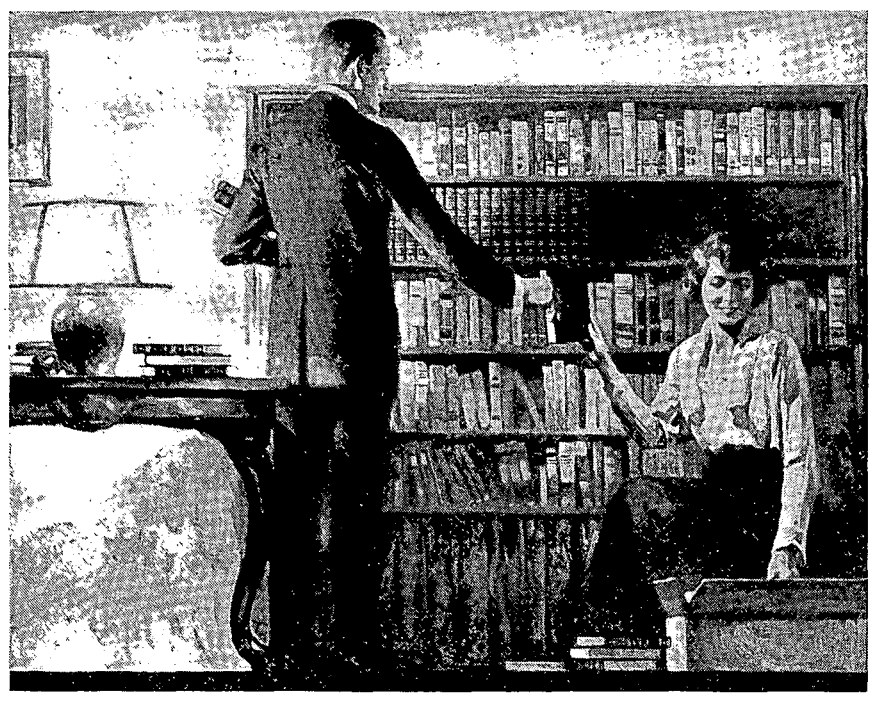

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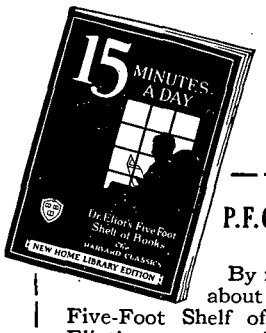

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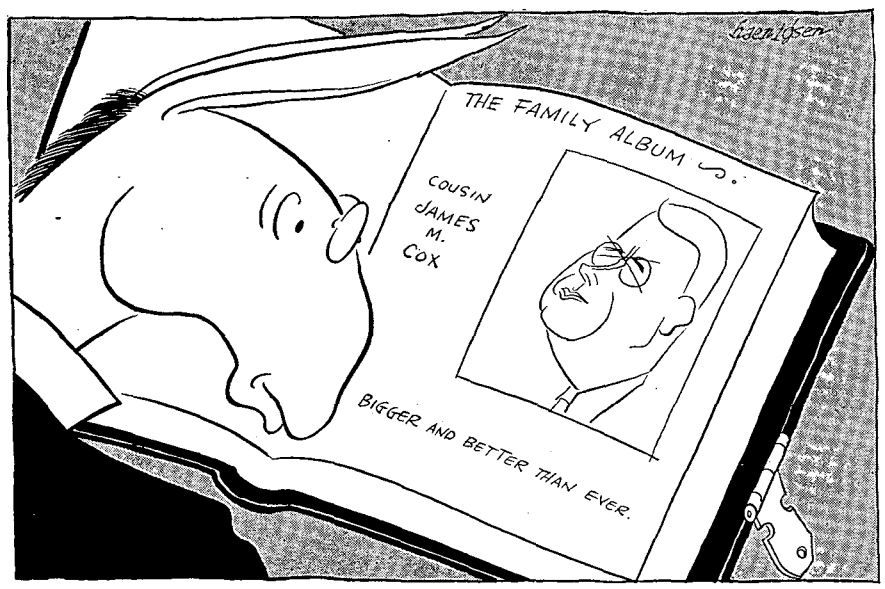

The Game Cox

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

IF JAMES M. COX were just now in his third term as governor of Ohio, he would be the most formidable candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. In force, intelligence, character and administrative ability he is as good as the best that the Democratic party has to offer.

But the wheel of political fortune brought him to the point of highest availability in the wrong year. He was finishing his third term as governor of Ohio in 1920, a year in which the Angel Gabriel, nominated on the Democratic ticket, could not have won.

That was eleven years ago. It is proof that he was no mere accident of politics that now, eleven years after an overwhelming defeat, he is a man to whom the Democratic party may turn for a candidate in 1932.

I do not wish to exaggerate his chances. He isn't one of the first three or four Democratic possibilities. He ranks just below them, as one who may be chosen if the leaders for one reason or another are eliminated.

Another proof of the stuff of which he is made is that he is better qualified to be President today than he was when he was nominated for President in 1920. That Jim Cox has grown is the current observation about him, which means that in breadth of view, in knowledge of affairs, he has acquired a stature he didn't have in 1920. In 1920 he was a politician, smart, strong-willed, hard-headed, but limited by the somewhat parochial experiences of a governor; today he has studied much, thought more, has a broader outlook, has developed the qualities of a statesman.

Improving J. M. Cox

To most men a smashing defeat for the Presidency seems like the end of their careers. Their ambition is finished; they become flaccid, decay at the top; they are content to hang around the outskirts of national conventions, hoping vainly that lightning will strike again in the same place. It is so easy then to become an idler, avid only of a little publicity, the occasional mention of one's name in the newspapers as "a former candidate for President."

But Jim Cox is the kind of man that always grows. He has some kind of germinal quality in him that persists. And he always had as great a passion for self-improvement as he had for the acquisition of wealth and power. His campaign for the Presidency in 1920 taught him his limitations.

A man who was in Congress with him says that when Cox was with a group of other congressmen of longer experience and they talked about some question with which he was unfamiliar he always sat silent. But the next time that subject came up in the same group he knew more about it than anyone else.

A short time ago some friends of his were talking about Homer. Cox, an Ohio farmer's son, had had no more advantages in his youth than a country school affords, so he set out at once to know all he could about Homer. Naturally his reading has been chiefly of history and politics. There is probably no man in public life today who is better read in American political biographies than Cox is.

The Tobacco-Maker's Aide

Cox started out in life as a reporter on a Cincinnati newspaper. When Paul J. Sorg, whose name a generation ago was painted on everybody's barn as a maker of tobacco, was elected to Congress, he brought young Cox with him to Washington as his secretary. Cox was just as industrious in behalf of Sorg as he has ever been in his own behalf. He cultivated relations with Sorg's constituents so assiduously that in one Congress Sorg was the only Democratic member elected from Ohio.

When Sorg retired from Congress, he offered to set Cox up in business but Cox said he wanted to remain a newspaper man. So Sorg offered to help him buy a newspaper. Giving his note to Sorg for twenty-five thousand dollars, he bought the Dayton (Ohio) *Democrat*, now the very profitable Dayton News. That note is still preserved, covered with hundreds of credits for sums paid from time to time, sometimes for very small amounts.

When, afterward, Cox himself was elected to Congress he was a harsh and awkward speaker; but, always bent upon making the most of himself, he took a course in public speaking. He was still a crude speaker when he ran for the Presidency.

Today he is an excellent orator. In fact he owes his prominence as a Democratic possibility for 1932 to a speech he made recently during the row in the Democratic National Committee meeting over Chairman Raskob's proposal of a wet plank for the Democratic party. This speech, temperate and wise, brought him instant fame and turned men's minds to him as a leader of his party.

Uncle Sam's High Hat

Continued from page 11

as happy in Canada as one could in the States; but Canada didn't advertise. And then climate had much to do with the drift to the States. There one had all varieties of climate. The immigrant could find home skies in a new land. Physically the States offered infinitely more than Canada could.

Because of all this, Canada has resented the growth of the States. She resents the long broad shadow in which she has had to live. Governments, like their subjects, need sunshine. Nations, like individuals, are in open defiance today of their leaders. And with all this for a background, it is not difficult to understand why Canada does not cherish us. Who loves the boss anyway? Particularly if he's a bit arrogant?

Canadians assure me that a great deal of this resentment vanished with the years and that until Europe marched forth to war in 1914 it looked as though a very decent cordiality was about to bloom. Much of this they attribute to the friendship of the late William Howard Taft for Canada.

We Don't Even Try

One finds nothing but kindness for Mr. Taft in Canada, and here and there real affection. He knew Canada and, as Canadians put it, "understood Canada." His dream of Canadian "reciprocity" was largely responsible for that country's warmth for him. One hears much about the failure of the United States to "understand Canada" and it is beyond debate that the United States doesn't. But that lack of understanding is offset, it appears, by Canada's equal lack of understanding of us. Canada is more concerned, however, by what she insists is the refusal of the United States "to try to understand."

But the old animosity grew as the Great War progressed. It became bitter as the United States delayed her entry into the conflict. At least a half-dozen important Canadians assured me that the commercial mess in which the world is bogged today is directly traceable to the failure of the United States to declare war on Germany simultaneously with England. Had the United States in August, 1914, they insist, notified Germany that, as one of the signatories of the Hague Treaties, she would insist with England that Belgium's neutrality be respected, there would have been no war. Argue the point as you desire. Thus contends Canada.

With the conclusion of the war, with the United States the only participating principal with wind enough left to make a joyful noise and the only nation to emerge from the shambles with carfare home, Canada joined the big parade of enemies of America. It was the popular thing to do. The easiest thing to do. And America did little or nothing to prevent it.

Into Canada then went large numbers of Americans on pleasure and business bent. For the most part their manners were not good. Frequently the police had to step in and drag disheveled Americans from beneath squads of Canadians who apparently did not enjoy the news that if it weren't for the United States, Canada would now be ruled from Berlin.

But Canada did not become generally articulate in her resentment until American military experts took up writing and, as deftly as you flip out your watch, demonstrated with figures and newly discovered German reports, diaries and documents that America not only won the war but, on November 11, 1918, was the only opponent of Germany. Curiously enough, that sort of thing did not win applause abroad. Not even in Canada.

Almost all of the moving pictures showing in Canadian theaters are born in Hollywood. Here and there one is bidden to pay fifty cents to see a British picture, but the response is not enthusiastic. And in French Quebec one may see French movies which are rather better than the English but are not, even in wholly French settlements, as popular as the American films.

But the point is that the American movies—the war movies particularly—contributed to the offense that Canada was pardonably taking at the American hero. The Great War had become the Great American War. The general feeling was that had the war continued a few weeks the Americans would have fired the Allies and taken it over on a business basis, charging admission and selling the soft-drink and sideshow concessions to the highest bidder.

It was then that such brilliant tongues as that of Professor Stephen Leacock of McGill University slipped their bridles and uttered a few well-chosen words. The war, as he saw it in American movies and magazines, happened thus:

"It was occasioned by a quarrel between Woodrow Wilson and a lot of nations living in Europe. Woodrow Wilson, whose only aim was to be good to everybody everywhere, found his efforts thwarted by a crowd of people in Europe. At last he declared war, invoking the blessing of God, of Abraham Lincoln, the Southern Confederacy and the Middle West.

"A vast American army invaded Europe. They first occupied France, where the French people supplied a comic element by selling cigarettes, waving flags and talking French, a ridiculous language, forming a joke in itself. Rushing through the woods, trenches, flames and trees the Americans drove in front of them the Europeans.

"Exacting nothing in return, they went back to the Middle West where they were met on the porch by their mother, the spirit of American Democracy, and the inserted shade of Lincoln."

Luring Away Canadian Youth

Of course Canada is attending to things like that now. Quebec is particular. There they have a movie censorship board which guns with startling ferocity for Americanisms.

As for American magazines, the true reason for the high tariff is not so patriotic as is generally thought. It is rather a matter of advertising rates. The Canadian manufacturer has discovered by research of his own that the newspapers are not satisfactory as mediums in which to sing the praises of so-called trade-mark goods. The magazines bring far better results. But the magazines having the largest Canadian circulation are American, and the Canadian manufacturer wants to know why he should have to pay advertising rates on a basis of American circulation when his target is the much smaller Canadian audience. Canada's population is about 10,000,000.

There is yet another menace in the American movie, the magazine, the newspaper. They are forever preach-

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ing, directly and indirectly, the glories of the United States and how fortunate one is to be able to live there. Great opportunity. More diversified opportunity. High wages. High times. Particularly for the young. That's what arouses the impatience of the older Canadians—the impressionableness of their young. The older nationalists call it gullibility.

Under these influences, Canadian young men were either moving into the States or pining for the opportunity. Some migrated in the conventional manner, through legal gates; others picked out a dark night, paid ten dollars to be carried across the river by hard-working immigrant smugglers and took their chances—which weren't and aren't staggering. All due, you see, to the hypnotism of American bombast. Canada was willing enough that those members of her population who could properly be classified as bums should migrate. In fact, she would like to make them migrate—into the United States where, according to a number of good Canadians I spoke to, bums are too common to attract attention.

Policing the Air

But what was to become of this new industrial program so dear to the nine large Canadian banks and the two railroads (the financial and industrial masters of the ten million Canadians) if the sturdy young manhood and equally reliable young womanhood went trooping off to the States seeking those persistently advertised advantages?

Even the radio came in for a bit of censoring. This was less official. For business reasons it had no particular success. The more energetic nationalists and anti-Americans complained that there was entirely too much America in the air, that they—and doubtless many thousands of good Canadians—were sick and tired of listening to the United States every night. They prevailed upon certain Canadian broadcasting officials so to construct or reconstruct their programs that Canada—Canadian music, Canadian scenery, Canadian products—should get more of an airing. Naturally if American broadcasts filtered into one's loud speaker there was little or nothing one could do about that. Telling Americans to shut up had no noticeable effect.

But an effort was made. Almost instantly a prolonged howl went up from radio dealers who were told bluntly by prospective radio-set purchasers that they wanted the American programs.

In such circumstances, almost any clash between Canada and the United States or between a Canadian and an American is exaggerated out of all proportion. If you want to see a Canadian get hot, just mention the I'm Alone incident. They may concede that it is possible that the I'm Alone was bent on smuggling whisky into the United States. They may agree that the skipper of the I'm Alone might have been less than solicitous for the laws of the United States. But, demands the Canadian, what of it? The Canadian has no sympathy for our prohibition laws. Thinks them silly. If he can make the United States a little more uncomfortable and add trials to the life of the American government by helping to flout the Eighteenth Amendment, he is apt to do it with considerable verve.

You learn quickly that Canada has no more unpopular treaty document in her records than the one by which she agreed to help the States enforce prohibition by denying clearance papers to rum cargoes bound for the United States. Incidentally she never entered into a looser or more easily broken agreement. The Canadian authorities will assure you that they are living up to the agreement. But they lack enthusiasm. They are not over-rigorous in their support of a law which is in itself unpopular in Canada and the enforcement of which would give satisfaction to a government they don't like.

It is pretty difficult for Canada to understand why the United States should not be more considerate of a neighbor whose trade amounted in 1929-1930 (the fiscal year) to $1,362,407,864—almost three times as much as Canada's trade with the United Kingdom. It is even more difficult for her to decide what to do about it.

I spoke to several bankers who assured me that in spite of all the propaganda one hears, Canada is beginning to regret her decision to become a great manufacturing nation. For one thing, the decision commits her to a hard-and-fast tariff policy that she isn't sure she will want to stick to. Her new tariff has lured into her territory a number of American and British manufacturers (branch factories) who insisted that they be assured that the new rates will not be discarded, leaving them to the mercy of foreign competition. After all, most of the new factories are not Canadian at all but American and English; and that's no tonic for a real nationalism.

It doesn't require much manufacturing to saturate a market as small as Canada's, particularly now that the buying power of the once wealthy west is reduced to a new low. You get some idea how this buying power has been depleted when you learn that last year Canada got $150,000,000 for her wheat crop, which normally fetches $500,000,000. To be sure, the universal depression was largely to blame, but Canada doesn't go that far for a scapegoat. The United States gets the discredit for it. That's how Canada feels. She doesn't go quite so far as to blame us for drought and flood; but when they occur she shakes her fist at her big neighbor.

Come what may, she's tired of being regarded by the United States as a suburb. Some of her bankers will admit that her unemployment situation, relatively larger than that which worries the United States, is largely traceable to her decision to compete with the States. They point to the unemployment colony just outside of Toronto and scattered through industrial Quebec. Had not these idle men been drawn from native industries into new labor markets, they contend, the unemployed would be scattered and not concentrated.

Signs and Omens

One of the most remarkable sights in Canada is the unemployed colony on the border of Toronto. Here, in a great field, you behold several thousand men and a scattering of women living in tents, improvised and regulation. They cook in the open. When tents become overpopulated they sleep in the open. A few policemen saunter about. Nearby merchants view the colony with misgivings. Suppose these unemployed men got the idea of raiding a few food stores? And what, they demand, is going to be done about the colony when cold weather approaches?

But even in such congregations you find signs of the new Canadianism, the new nationalism, the new defiance of the United States. In a field near Montreal I saw several hundred idle men sprawled upon the grass. Some slept. Some were in fine arguments. Here and there orators told small, listless audiences about "the rights of labor."

On a pole near such a gathering was a placard. It read:

"If it's made in the United States, a good Canadian can get along without it."

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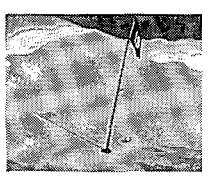
.. A lot better result



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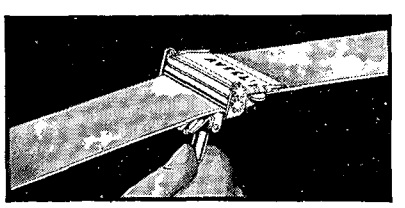

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The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 9

and drank a silent toast. It was scarcely a pleasant one, but it was at least fervent. As he set down his empty goblet some impulse, partly perhaps of defiance, impelled him to look across the space of dinner tables. Ambouyna was watching him. Her eyes met his without a quiver. There was no recognition in them; but, on the other hand, there was no flash of passionate anger; neither was there even a frown upon her beautiful face. Perhaps she was wondering what that toast had been. He had an insane longing to tell her. . . .

Afterwards, he drank his coffee, and smoked his cigar slowly and thoughtfully. He was a lonely man, but that was almost to be expected. The *cause célèbre* in which he had just featured was none too savory a one, and out of his own mouth, on the witness stand, he had been forced into admitting himself responsible for many minor acts, dishonorable, if not dishonest. He had never hoped to be able to resume his position in New York. London, however, for which city he was bound, was different, less discriminating, if not more charitable. It was entirely a new world, this, to which he was going, a new form of enterprise to which he was committed. He thought of it without misgiving; even, when he could rid his mind of other matters, with enthusiasm.

HE HAD no lack of confidence in his own powers. A man who had started as an errand boy, who had made a quarter of a million in Wall Street before he had ever come into contact with Moran Chambers and his friends, could scarcely be at a disadvantage in the city of London. Besides, the basis of money-making was the same all the world over. He drew a pencil from his pocket, and a piece of paper, and began to make calculations. Suddenly his fingers became numb. He was conscious of a queer sense of excitement. There was a perfume around him, a presence which the sensuous nature of the man swiftly interpreted. Someone was standing by his side.

He looked up. It was Ambouyna, in a flaming red dress, only the top part of which he had seen in the dining-room. She was looking down at him with contemplative eyes. Whatever bitter feeling she may have felt was at that moment concealed.

"You are Mr. Reuben Argels, are you not?" she inquired.

"That is my name," he admitted, rising unsteadily to his feet. "The whole world knows yours."

She nodded.

"You came to a party at Moran Chambers' flat one night," she reflected. "We met there, didn't we?"

"For the first time," he assented. "I—I must confess that I made an effort to become acquainted with you before. I fear that I gave you offense."

There was a faint note of scorn in her little laugh.

"My dear man," she told him, "half New York has offended me in the same way. We have spoken of our first meeting. Do you remember our last?"

"I do," he confessed.

"It was at the courthouse," she went on. "I think that you are a very brave man. I think that you are one of the bravest men I ever met. I felt a sudden impulse to stop and tell you so."

"Won't you sit down?" he invited, as she still lingered.

To his amazement, she consented. This act of possible friendliness gave him courage. His subtlety of brain was returning, and, with it, his self-confidence.

"I don't know why you should consider me brave," he protested. "It was a painful ordeal, to give evidence against a friend, but I had to do it. If I had kept silent, Andrew Pulwitter would have been dragged in, not to speak of myself, and Chambers would have been no better off."

He saw the disbelief lurking in her eyes and felt the sting of her bitter laugh.

"I know a great deal about Moran's affairs," she confided. "I know that you lied to keep yourself from going to prison, and to make it quite certain that he went there. It was very dramatic, and I say it again, that it appears to me to need courage when the man who has been sent to prison is Moran Chambers."

"I was sorry for the result of my evidence," he persisted doggedly. "Nothing could have saved Moran from conviction, though. He had broken the law a dozen times over."

"So had you all. That could have been proved if the case had gone on. Moran Chambers had other enemies, though. The law wanted him, and it made use of you. I suppose you are very happy in your escape, yes?"

"I WENT through a great deal," he told her, with an attempt at dignity. "For me it is finished. I would rather not speak of it any more."

"You are very wise," she agreed, with quiet sarcasm. "That is what you told the journalists, is it not?"

"May I offer you coffee, perhaps?" he invited.

She shook her head, and rose to her feet.

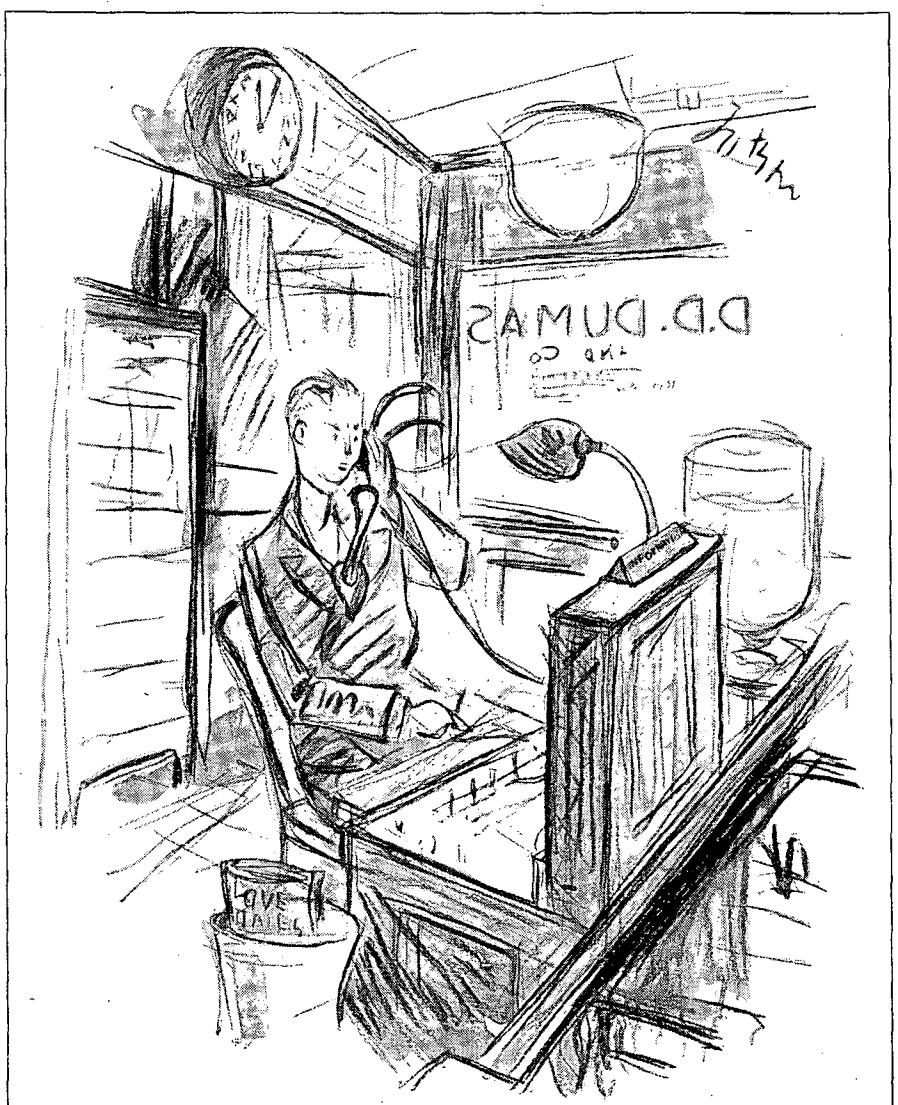
"Just now," she confessed, "I am not in the humor to drink coffee with you. I wished to see what you looked like, close at hand. I still think that you are a very brave man."

"I wish that you were not so prejudiced against me," he pleaded.

"Prejudice is not quite the word," she rejoined. "You see, Moran Chambers is my dear friend."

"WAS, you mean," he corrected spitefully. "Moran doesn't exist any more, so far as this world is concerned. Fifteen years, and even ten, if he gets off with that, will break him."

Her eyes swept his eager face with immeasurable contempt.



Office Boy—"C. Allen Lacem of Dumas & Co. speaking. Who do you want?"

"Moran Chambers will remain in Sing Sing prison," she declared, "just as long as he likes, and no longer. It may be you who will take his place. . . ."

She drifted away, and was pounced upon at once by one of the many cavaliers who were waiting their opportunity. He passed her a few minutes later on his way to the smoking-room, the center of a little group of men, young and old. She raised her eyes. There was no recognition in her fleet glance, nor any friendship; something, perhaps, of menace, a little of mockery. He passed impatiently on to the smoking-room. After all, the woman was an artist, and no artist possesses common sense. He patted his evening radiogram, which remained in his coat pocket. Chambers was a man of great gifts and great personality—he was ready to admit that—he had always admitted it, but there were limits to a man's power, and the walls of his prison were never likely to crumble and fall at his trumpet call. In the smoking-room he found Pulwitter alone, and he took the vacant seat by his side.

"Andrew," he announced, "I want to talk to you."

The Scotchman eyed him keenly from underneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw Moran's little lady talking to you just now," he observed. "What might she have been saying?"

"Just a few words of nonsense," was the irritable reply. "According to her, Chambers can walk out of prison when he chooses. A woman who gets that way about a man is simply crazy. I came here to talk to you about something else."

He ordered whiskies-and-sodas from the bar, lit a cigarette and waited whilst his companion filled a peculiarly disreputable-looking pipe.

"What are your plans when you arrive in London?" he asked presently.

"My mind is undecided for the moment," Pulwitter acknowledged. "We brought plenty away with us, and there's the Bamford Trust in the near future. I'll probably buy a small house near Edinburgh and take things easy."

Argels laughed scornfully.

"A man with a brain like yours is not going to be content with a million dollars. We both know that. I am going to make mine into ten."

"You're a younger man than I am and you need occupation," Pulwitter remarked.

"So do you," Argels insisted. "As soon as you smell the money-making in the air you'll want to be getting at it. Now, Andrew, let's have this out. You've always been Chambers' friend, and you disapproved of the bargain I made although you owe your liberty to it. Never mind that. You can't alter what's happened. Every man for himself in this world. That's the only motto a business man can afford to have. Therefore, I say, wipe out the past and its prejudices. Moran Chambers is off the map, but you and I are still on it. I have ideas of my own about a financial business in London. What about coming in with me? Equal capital, equal profits, and I'll guarantee that I'll do most of the work."

ANDREW PULWITTER withdrew his pipe from his mouth and laid it by his side.

"That's a plain question," he said, "and I'll give you a plain answer. I will not come in with you, Reuben Argels. I would not be your partner in any serious enterprise for any money you could offer me."

There was a moment's pause. Argels was not a sensitive man, but his companion's uncompromising speech had struck beneath the surface. There was a flush in his cheeks, a half-angry, half-hurt look in his eyes.

"Why not?" he protested. "Is it my judgment you doubt? Moran had the social backing, of course, and your judgment was always good, but I made most of the money that was made by our little syndicate."

"You did well enough," Pulwitter admitted. "You have a money-making brain, and I'm not doubting but that if you live long enough you'll make more, but I'll not be your partner for two reasons. The first is that I wouldn't form an association with a perjurer, and the second is that I don't want my affairs mixed up with yours when Moran Chambers strikes back."

"Are you all crazy?" Argels demanded. "Chambers has been sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He is in Sing Sing prison at the present moment, and even though he says his prayers at night and goes to church every Sunday, he hasn't an earthly

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chance of getting out before ten years. What do you mean by 'when he strikes back'?"

Pulwitter seemed determined not to be led into making a hasty reply. He knocked the ashes from his pipe and refilled it. Then he glanced out of the dripping porthole. They had run into a squall and the Fernanda, great ship though she was, was pitching heavily.

"Maybe I'm a trifle superstitious, Argels," he acknowledged. "That's neither here nor there. You have asked me a plain question and I have given you a plain answer."

Reuben Argels was a very disturbed man. The quietness of his tone was only attained by a mighty effort at repression.

"I saved you from prison, Andrew Pulwitter," he declared, "as well as myself by making a bargain, if you choose to call it so, with the prosecution and giving the evidence against Moran which they couldn't collect. They wanted Moran, and they didn't want us. We're both free, and we're both rich men. Do you owe me nothing for that?"

"What you did, you did to save your own skin," was Andrew Pulwitter's stern rejoinder. "I'm better off as it is, I grant you, but I haven't a word of thanks or a sentence of gratitude to offer you. Furthermore, if I had known what you were going to be up to, I'd have been in court myself and fought my way to the stand. It was a foul thing you did, Argels. I don't believe for a moment that you'll get away with it. You think I'm crazy, but I tell you this: Moran Chambers held his tongue, for one reason, because he's a great sportsman, and for another—and I'm pretty sure of what I'm telling you—because he'd made his plans in case things went as they did. I don't blame you for keeping to your cabin when you heard I was on board, and bringing a weapon with you when you did come out. It just happens, though, that I'm not a killing man. There are plenty who are, and you'll need to tread gingerly, my lad. Perjury is a pretty serious affair under any conditions."

Reuben Argels finished his drink, brushed the cigar ash from his waistcoat, and stood up.

"Pulwitter," he said, "I am very glad you decided as you did. I haven't any time in this life to waste with fools."

The Scotchman grinned.

"Good night, Argels," he responded. "Keep looking out. Life's a dangerous business."

REUBEN ARGELS had meant to make a complete promenade of the ship, but just before he finished the first circuit, he became conscious that his knees were shaking. He paused and looked over the side. He had always prided himself upon his nerve and his self-restraint. Both had failed him since that long afternoon in the courtroom. He took himself earnestly to task. The memory of Moran Chambers' sinister smile, the mysterious warnings of a hysterical woman, crazy with confidence in her lover, the abuse of a dour Scotchman, full of superstitions and narrow prejudices! What were these for him to take serious notice of, to interfere for one moment with the career which he had planned for himself?

Suddenly he felt what seemed to be a prick upon his shoulder. It was scarcely a pain. It was as though a needle, lost in his clothing, had been driven against his arm by his straining over the side. He stood upright and shook himself, just in time to see a dark form disappear down the strip of deck between the chartroom and the bows. He followed, but, by the time he reached it, the passage was empty. He looked along its imperfectly lit and narrow stretch, and turned away. He felt his shoulder nervously, and fear seized him.

Down in his stateroom, he tore off his coat and examined it. There was a small round hole through the top of the sleeve, through his shirt, and a tiny scratch upon the shoulder blade itself from which oozed one drop of blood. It was less than the prick of a child's finger, yet he dabbed it with a sponge, and dried it with meticulous care. Then he locked his door and slowly undressed.

Curiously enough, he had no idea of lodging any form of complaint. His whole attention was engrossed by amazed speculation as to the ineffectuality of the attack. He asked himself repeatedly what could be the meaning of so eccentric a gesture. The times when, within his knowledge, Moran Chambers had struck in self-defense, or at an enemy, it had been no such child's play as this. There was an element of disturbing mystery about so daring, yet so ineffective an assault, he thought, as he went shivering to bed.

IT WAS some hours before Argels was able to sleep after his adventure upon the deck, and it seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his eyes when he was awakened by a disagreeable sense of stuffiness in the atmosphere. He soon understood the cause. His porthole had been closed, and the encircling blue curtains drawn together over it. His light—the one remote from his bedside—was shining, his automatic pistol had been removed, and, exactly opposite to him, Andrew Pulwitter was seated upon a stool, staring at a huge metal dispatch box which he had dragged out from underneath the bed. A second later, with a clumsiness which certainly suggested some lack of familiarity with firearms, Pulwitter had snatched the gun from the carpet by his side and was brandishing it in his direction. Argels took particular care to make no further movement.

"You surprise me, Pulwitter," he said reproachfully. "You told me that you left the rough stuff to others."

"I am not pretending I'm fond of it," the Scotchman replied, glancing fearfully down at the weapon in his hand. "Such an intrusion as this, for instance, to a man of my dignity and years, is painful. As for the gun, I was telling you the truth when I said that I didn't own one. This is yours, and a neat little weapon it seems to be, though it's hard to believe that it would put away a man's life. If you'd be passing me the keys of this box of yours, Argels, I could be getting on with the job."

"I regret extremely that I find it impossible to humor you," was the reply.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't happen to have the keys in my possession."

There was a little twitch of the Scotchman's lips. His face seemed set in unusually hard lines.

"Reuben Argels," he said, "you know very well that I am Moran Chambers' friend. You knew it when you came on board, and skulked for three days in your cabin. You were afraid of what I might do to you. You were afraid with good cause, too. Luckily for you, I'm a Scotchman, and Scotchmen are careful folk. I'd like to keep my own life, or I'd think nothing of putting a bullet into your heart as you lay there. Anything in the nature of a struggle might give me courage to take the risk, but so long as you stay quiet, I've not the opportunity to dispatch you where you belong. Give me the keys, or I'll perhaps bring the struggle along myself."

Reuben Argels sat patiently up in the bed. He was wearing mauve silk pajamas of a fashionable cut, which his visitor had already eyed with disgust.

"My friend Pulwitter," he remon-

(Continued on page 44)

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(*Continued from page 43*)

strated, "I was sound asleep when you arrived, and I am still a little dazed, but when I tell you that I have not the keys of that box you are examining, and that they are not to be found in this stateroom, I am telling you the truth."

"It's not credible," the other demurred. "No man carries around with him a chest like this with five locks to it, and no keys."

"Upon the table to your left," Argels pointed out, "you will notice a box of cigarettes, and a lighter. If, without disturbing that dangerously poised revolver of yours, you could throw them to me with your left hand, I should, I believe, be able to take a more intelligent share in this conversation."

The Scotchman stretched out his hand, and threw the articles, one by one, on to the bed. Argels lit a cigarette and blew a cloud of smoke down his nostrils with great satisfaction.

"YOU see, Andrew," he explained, "the position was difficult. I boarded this steamer with a lot of documents which I knew you people needed badly, and which might possibly get me into trouble. I had also with me a very large number of bonds which, for certain reasons, I preferred to cash on the other side. Now, as you have already appreciated, it takes a strong man to even lift that case, so it isn't easily stolen. The only trouble, therefore, about its complete security is the keys. Do you know what I did with them, Andrew?"

"You are going to tell me that they are in the purser's office, I suppose," the other grunted. "We will see about that."

"I am going to tell you nothing of the sort," Argels assured him. "I sent the keys across on the Levonia, which left twenty-four hours before us, and my agent will meet me at the Customs shed at Marseilles with them and two plain-clothes policemen promised me by the Chef de Sûreté."

The Scotchman reflected for a few minutes.

"It was a bright scheme," he admitted.

"Don't pain me by doubting my word," Argels begged. "You can put me on my parole, if you like, and search my belongings. They are exactly where I told you they were."

"As a matter of fact," Pulwitter decided, "I'll turn out your things, but I have an idea that you're telling me the truth."

He made a laborious search. At the end of it he returned to his stool. Argels was toying with the bell pull.

"Yes," his visitor observed, "there's a night watchman all right. Someone would come if you rang. My story's ready, and I reckon my word's as good as yours."

"I should hate to do anything," Argels said, "to disturb our present happy relations. Are you satisfied that I have not the keys with me?"

"If you have," Andrew Pulwitter conceded, "they're too cleverly hidden for me. On the subject of keys, I'll give you best for the moment, Reuben Argels."

"Capital! And now, will you tell me this? Am I to look upon your visitation as a serious effort at burglary, or as a jest?"

The Scotchman was obviously puzzled. He shook his lean head.

"There's no jest about the matter, my lad," he declared. "I came here to rob you in a good cause. I'm perhaps a trifle deficient in my sense of humor, but I see no jest in not being able to find your keys."

Argels held his head for a moment. Then he drew himself a little farther up in the bed.

"Listen, my friend," he recounted, "this is my second adventure of the sort within the last few hours. I was leaning over the side of the ship just before midnight, and I felt a prick on my shoulder. Someone had stolen up behind me, and, with a small poniard, stabbed me just enough to break the skin. I tried to catch the fellow, but he must have gone over the rails, and down into the second class, for when I got to the cross deck, he had disappeared."

"The story is most interesting," Pulwitter admitted. "I am bound to acknowledge that I had no share in it, though. My legs may be long, but I have passed that time of life when one can get about the decks like a cat."

"I suppose it's damned funny," Argels answered lugubriously. "An attempt at assassination which ends in a pinprick, and a comic burglary by a respectable Scotchman who can't find the keys."

"Do you teach school, Ma'am?"
"No."
"Do you work?"
"No."
"Ain't that too bad, then you won't have no vacation!"

Pulwitter placed the automatic well out of reach.

"There's no call now for this little plaything, I'm thinking," he remarked. "We're talking like two sensible men. My opinion about your adventure of this evening is that your assassin was just obeying orders when he let you off with a pinprick. Moran Chambers was never a man for hasty vengeance. He may be trying to break your nerve."

"LET him try," Argels muttered defiantly. "I'm not such a weakling as all that."

"Nevertheless," the Scotchman meditated, "there's many a time I've heard Moran say that to kill a man outright was no sort of punishment at all. He may have another scheme in his head."

"It will take more than bodkins and burglars of your type to frighten me," Argels scoffed.

Pulwitter nodded sympathetically.

"I'm not doubting but that you're full of courage, Reuben Argels," he acknowledged, "yet, as I warned you when you spoke to me of a partnership, you may yet be in a dangerous position at times. You're like a man with a price set on his head, and I'd not willingly be in your shoes."

ARGELS thrust a pillow behind his back and sat a little higher up in bed.

"For all your long-winded talk, Andrew," he said, "and your respectable appearance, I'm inclined to place you in the same category as the rascal who pricked my shoulder."

"Comic performers, both of us," the Scotchman chuckled.

"What about Ambouyna Kotinzi?" Argels asked.

"You'd best be having a care," Pulwitter warned him. "I was a startled man, I can tell you, when I saw her having speech with you."

Argels' fingers played with his mustache for a moment.

"These ladies from the stage and the film world are all pretty much the same," he declared. "When one man's away, another has to do. If you would push that automatic of mine a little farther out of reach," he went on persuasively, "there's a bottle of whisky and a siphon, and a few glasses behind you."

The Scotchman hesitated. Then he extracted the cartridges from the automatic, and pocketed it.

"We've nothing to gain by plugging holes in each other," he reflected. "Stay where you are, and I'll deal with the refreshments."

He served two whiskies-and-sodas with admirable care and gravity. Argels accepted his, and the conference began to assume an entirely friendly appearance.

"I'm a disappointed man, Reuben," his visitor admitted. "I came here to look through that box. It's not your bonds I'm after. I want the letter referring to the Wells Estate business, and the agreement with Hooper, the Detroit man who died last month. There are documents in there which might almost get our friend out of Sing Sing."

"I don't doubt it," Argels chuckled, "but they're as far out of your reach as though they were in the vaults of the Federal Bank."

Pulwitter scratched his head.

"I'm thinking that it's a burglar-proof box, that," he observed.

Argels, now quite at his ease, lit a cigarette and leaned forward. The blue wisp of smoke curled round his over-manicured fingernails.

"Andrew," he proposed, "chuck in your hand. Join up with me. Chambers played for a big stake, and lost. I won. Join the winning side. You'll make all the money you want. I'll promise you that, and we'd work together wonderfully. In London we don't need to run any risks."

The Scotchman shook his head.

"When I take a partner," he confided, "I like to feel that there are a few years of life still before him. If you see six months out, you'll be lucky."

"You and Ambouyna and the amiable gentleman who pricked my shoulder blade are going to make sure of that, I suppose," Reuben Argels sneered.

"There are more than three of us who'd go through fire and water for Moran Chambers," the Scotchman assured him. "The killing isn't due yet, though."

"You are so damned melodramatic," Argels complained. "Your threats remind me of one of the old Drury Lane plays. You break in here at half past two in the morning, and settle down in front of my treasure chest as though you would open it by staring at it. I would have invited you in any time to have looked it over in peaceful fashion."

"I wasna sure that I wouldn't find the keys," Pulwitter explained.

"More fool you!" Argels scoffed. "What do you take me for—one of the babes in the wood?"

THE Scotchman sighed.

"I was a wee bit of an optimist, perhaps," he admitted. "It's a fine chest," he went on, looking at it thoughtfully. "He'd be a master of his profession who broke into that without the proper keys."

"He would indeed," Argels agreed. "I told the man who made it that I wanted a chest that no one could smash, and locks whose keys could never be copied. I'm inclined to think that he served me well."

"He did, and no mistake," the other acknowledged, ruefully. "There's no tampering with a piece of work like that."

Argels yawned.

Andrew Pulwitter drew up his straggling legs and rose to his feet.

"Hope you've enjoyed your visit," Argels grinned.

"Fine," the intruder replied, looking back from the threshold. "And, Reuben, lad—"

"Well?"

"It was a clever trick of yours, sending those keys on to Marseilles. Has there never been a time, though, when it seemed to you to be inconvenient without them, when you felt that you would like to just look over those documents and check them up?"

Argels shook his head, with another yawn.

"I know pretty well what's there," he confided sleepily.

The Scotchman's lank figure had almost disappeared. Only his long, lean face remained looking back into the room.

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"If you should be disturbed in your mind about their safety at any time, Argels," he remarked, "if you want to kind of check them up or anything, come round and see me. Maybe I'd be able to help."

The door was closed with a slam. Argels sprang from the bed, suddenly awake. He knelt in front of the chest and, without the slightest effort, threw back the lid. The interior was divided into two steel compartments. In one there was a thick pile of bonds, which had apparently been left undisturbed; the other was empty.

AMBOUYNA KOTINZI, on the following morning, leaned over the rail which guarded her own particular little corner of the deck, and called to Reuben Argels, who was passing.

"Mr. Argels, stop, if you please. I wish to speak to you."

He swung around—a typical New Yorker in his neat, gray tweed clothes, his carefully chosen linen and tie, his perfectly polished brown shoes. Ambouyna was dressed in the flimsiest of *négligées*, over which she had flung a fur coat.

She was bare-headed, and the sun was finding streaks of almost purple color in her smooth, black hair. A wonderful necklace of pearls encircled her throat. She still had—perhaps more than ever this morning—that languid, fascinating lure in her deep-set, beautiful eyees.

"You may enter," she invited, with a wave of the hand. "Suzette, admit monsieur."

Argels turned down the little corridor, and was ushered into what was termed "the royal suite," occupied by Ambouyna Kotinzi for the voyage. He stepped out on to the balcony. She pointed to a chair.

"You should feel very honored," she said, as he raised her fingers to his lips. "You are the first man who has entered my suite."

"It is an honor," he remarked, with a somewhat forced lightness, "perhaps vouchsafed to me because my days upon this earth are supposed to be numbered."

"I did not know that you were ill," she sympathized. "You certainly look tired."

"I am not ill," he assured her, "but an enemy has smiled upon me, and his friends seem all of the opinion that, therefore, I must die."

"Foolish!" she murmured. "I did not imagine that you were so superstitious."

He looked thoughtfully out into space, and his really wonderful dark eyes were at their best when, as now, searching the unexplored places.

"Why not?" he meditated. "I am not of New York. I have made myself one, but I am not of the race of money-makers, although I can hold my own amongst them. Everyone treats this affair of Moran Chambers in the most absurd fashion."

"Explain to me," she begged. "I am supposed to be sympathetic."

"No one would accept my point of view," he declared bitterly. "Everyone believes that I acted as I did simply to spite Moran Chambers. Mr. Andrew Pulwitter, the famous financier, who is doubtless a friend of yours, declines to enter into partnership with me, and a mysterious person, who I think climbed out of the nether regions of the boat, has pricked my shoulder, when I must admit he could easily have stabbed me to the heart. You, probably, are preparing a special concoction of poison for me."

"It is an idea," she remarked blandly. "Suzette, tell Francis to prepare a couple of special martinis."

She pushed a box of cigarettes toward him. He lit one and smoked thoughtfully for a moment.

"Is it within the rules of the game," he asked, "to inquire why you are treating me so kindly this morning?"

"You may ask anything," she rejoined. "I am not to be regarded as other human beings. You must know that. I am in a generous and uncertain mood this morning. As a matter of fact, I do not dislike you, Mr. Argels. I accept neither flowers nor presents from anyone, which is why I sent yours back. If you had not done this terrible thing to Moran, which, I will admit, made me very, very angry at the time, although even then I did not quite understand, we might perhaps have become friends."

HE VENTURED to look across at her. She returned his gaze frankly—and smilingly. Surely, he thought, she was the most beautiful woman on earth.

"Some day," she suggested, "you shall tell me all about this horrible law case, and why you gave the evidence that you did. Perhaps I shall understand. I am not very good at business. Tell me this, to start with. Why do you hate Moran?"

She suddenly felt the queer effect of those almost black eyes boring into hers, as she leaned a little forward, eager for the answer.

(To be continued next week)

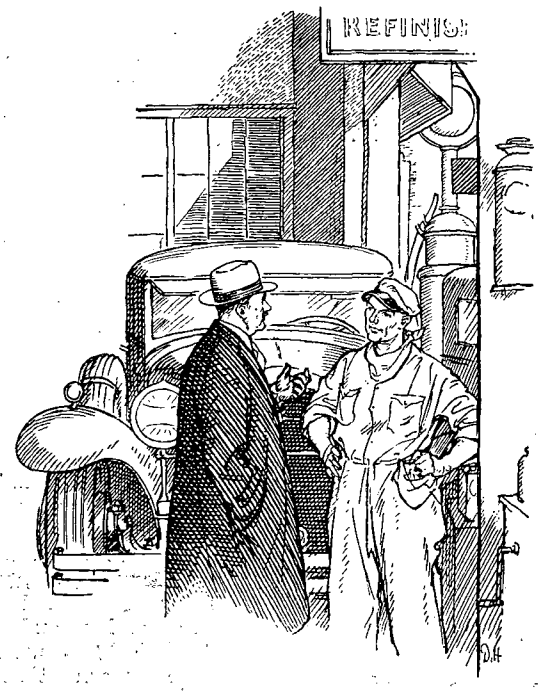
Busy Bolshevism

Continued from page 30

know she was a Bolshevik? Say, whatcha givin' me? I clubbed her, didn't I? Huh? That makes her a Bolshevik, don't it? What more proof yuh want? I wouldn't of clubbed her if she hadn't been a Bolshevik, would I of? Suppose she was a cripple? Say, don't yuh know that's one of their foxiest dodges? Sendin' cripples around to meetin's where they're gonna get clubbed, so as to get sympathy from sapheads? The fact she was a cripple proves she was a Bolshevik. Them Bolsheviks is tryin' to undermine the efficiency of the police force, that's what they're tryin' to do. Why don't they go back where they come from? Yeah, an' some of the high-up officials in the department is gone Bolshevik, too, or they wouldn't haul an officer onto the carpet for doin' his duty.

Congressman Blether, ***Statesman:*** There's no doubt at all in my mind that the drought in Arkansas was due to the machinations of Bolshevist agents. They are trying to ruin American agriculture so they can flood our markets. And I could name certain American politicians, enemies of our farmers every time legislative relief is proposed, who are working hand in glove with them, too.

Dr. Kartwright Carson, ***The Old Pitchman:*** It used to be I could go out to the street carnivals and county fairs with a coupla gallons of indestructible, nondissoluble and opalescent pearls and clean up enough in six weeks to live easy through the winter. But now half the good towns in the U. S. are closed to street workers; all these rube city councils and mayors have turned Bolshevistic and are shooting off their faces about keeping the money in town. I'm thinking of donating my tripes and keister to a museum and begging a ride to some free country.



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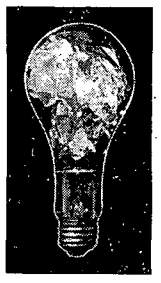

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
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Revenge

Continued from page 13

smoldering eyes and a high-bridged, curved nose that gave him the appearance of an ill-natured little hawk. His companion, Charlie Bowers, heavy, fat of face, with small blue eyes—good old everyday Charlie!—was the counterpart of all things porky.

And so Steve Doyle named them—The Hawk and The Pig—as they approached their prey. Mr. Doyle was picked up.

MR. DOYLE was more than glad to be picked up. Well, well, gentlemen. He had been waiting to meet somebody to play golf with, and here he was doing it right away. Mr. Newcomb. And Mr. Bowers. Was Mr. Newcomb any relation of Major Gerald Newcomb of India? He looked a great deal like him. No relation? Well, it was the same name and the world was small. And Charlie Bowers—say, good old American name, that! Had Mr. Bowers ever been in the hay and grain business? What, he had? Oh, in another state. Well, now, wasn't that a coincidence?

Yes, it sure was, said Mr. Bowers. And say, had Mr. Doyle heard the latest story about the blonde and the drummer? The porky Mr. Bowers gave it.

Well, that sure was a pip, beamed Mr. Doyle. How about having one of Mr. Doyle's cigars, and Major—pardon, Mr. Newcomb—having one also? Sure was a fine morning.

Swell course, too, wasn't Grand Hills? continued the talkative Mr. Doyle. Some men came to Grand Hills for wine, women and song; but he had left Buttersnap Baking, Incorporated—yes, he was with Buttersnap and doing mighty well; no hard times with that crowd—he had left it flat for a week of Grand Hills and golf.

And he was going to have his good time—bubblingly so. On the first hole he was ready to bet either Mr. Newcomb or Mr. Bowers a quarter or a half dollar that his approach shot lay closer to the pin, and when he found he was wrong, he was willing to bet a dollar that he sank his putt. Bet? Say, he'd bet on anything. . . .

By noon Steve Doyle of Buttersnap had won seven dollars and a half, and with his incessant talk had inflamed the hawky Mr. Newcomb with consuming desire to kill, which caused the thicker-skinned Mr. Bowers, who had at times been known to have words with his wasp-tempered team-mate, no little secret pleasure.

So things moved in their appointed grooves. By the end of another eighteen holes, Mr. Doyle of Buttersnap had taken the pair into camp for the second time, and was boastful about it. By bedtime he had bet a total sum of fifteen hundred dollars on the morrow's game, he playing against their best ball—the game being divided into three parts, a familiar way of division among gentlemen golf gamblers. Buttersnap Doyle would bet five hundred dollars on the first half of it, five hundred dollars on the second half of it, and five hundred dollars on the whole of it.

Would Mr. Newcomb and Mr. Bowers—old friends!—accept such a wager?

The Hawk and The Pig glinted eyes. Would they?

And The Hawk and The Pig set themselves for the kill.

The kill began early the next morning. At the end of the fourth hole, Steve Doyle had lost four straight holes, in a match where fifteen hundred dollars was at stake. If he lost the next, the fifth hole, he would already be out five hundred on the first nine.

A fact of which the Buttersnap King had become perspiringly aware. But all that he could seem to do about it was to rail at his caddie and bear down about some people's luck.

Whereupon, The Pig burst loose after ramming down a perfect twenty-foot putt at the fourth.

"Aw, cut out your bellyachin'," he crisped. "You were only too ready to take us, because you thought we were bum golfers. Well, you're going to share a little prosperity with us now. Tee 'em up, Gerald."

Gerald teed. His consuming dislike for Buttersnap Doyle was on him as he drove; maybe a little too much on him, and he hooked the ball, long, into the edge of the rough. The Pig, scowling mightily, put one far up the middle.

And then Steve Doyle drove. For the first time that morning he met one, and it went streaking past The Pig's. Flame-eyed, he looked at The Pig and The Hawk. Just looked at them—didn't say anything—and then went striding down the fairway after his drive. With the same wild swing, throwing everything into it, he laid his brassie shot onto the green. Then he sank his putt.

Sank it for a birdie three and a win. His first win. Without glancing right or left, he quitted the green and marched to the next tee, face still red, and neck puffily expressing what he thought of his opponents. Eyes narrowed to slits, he made another haymaker swing—and he almost missed the ball entirely.

Porky Charlie laughed outright. Hawky Gerald sneered down his beak. The threat of the rooked Mr. Doyle—the comeback of the gulled one—had lasted just one hole. Rage had let him down. Buttersnap was through.

And yet not wholly through. The hole was a short par four. Still swinging mightily, Buttersnap Doyle got one out of the rough and skidded it along almost to the guardian traps, and after his opponents had pitched dead, the Buttersnap King, flickering of eye, took out a putter and ran the most dumb cluck shot that ever a man would want to see—putted when fifty yards away, through two shallow sand traps—and brought his ball right up to the hole.

Opponents Hawk and Pig looked at it three times, and then The Pig said something pointedly to The Hawk, and The Hawk putted, but missed by a fraction; and then The Hawk said something equally pointed to The Pig, and The Pig responded mightily, only to have the ball rim and roll away. And then the Buttersnap King sank his, and the hole was a tie.

"That for you!" announced Steve Doyle.

THIS was the last that Mr. Doyle spoke for three holes. Having goaded his opponents, he was content to be quiet.

The Hawk and The Pig met each other eye to eye. Then they gave Mr. Doyle the works; never had they teamed up so savagely. They played over, away over, their heads. They got a par, they got a birdie, they got an eagle.

At the end of the ninth hole they were six under par, best ball, for the first nine. They had won Buttersnap Doyle's five hundred dollars—the five hundred bet on the first half of the match—and were six up on the whole match. They were going like a house afire.

The battered Mr. Doyle slowly climbed the winding path that led to the knoll whereon stood the tee of the tenth, a short hole, and sat heavily down on the tee bench. He was taking it on the chin. Yes, outwardly, the Doyle of Buttersnap was; and inwardly the Steve Doyle who had been the friend of the curly old wolf who knew so well how to bet—how to chisel-bet—was humming an old-time tune and sharpening the first of his weapons.

"Old-timer," Steve Doyle was saying to the curly wolf now tensing at his side, "old-timer, they're just about ready to crack. Let's go take 'em!"

He waited until The Hawk, the confident Hawk, was ready to drive. Then he got up.

"Wait a minute," he said—and the voice of the Buttersnap Doyle was hoarse. "Maybe you birds think you've got me licked. All right! I'm doubling the bets on the last nine. A thousand dollars says I win this side. Yes," and the Doyle voice went up as smiles flicked over the Hawk and Pig faces, "yes, and I'll take each of you on for a personal bet of five hundred! Now, what are you wisenheimers saying?"

"Suits us fine," said the wisenheimers, their faces creased with smiles.

THUS began the second nine. The bet for the entire match still stood at five hundred dollars, but the five hundred of the second side had been volcanoed, partnership and personal, to two thousand. This Steve Doyle stood to win—and to lose.

The little Hawk, thinking many things, made happy swing at his ball. The swing was more happy than crisp, and a golf swing should be crisp. His ball, for the first time that day, went slicing away and down into jungle grass where willows nodded above a stream. He had been slightly too busy adding, to the five hundred already in hand, the new riches now looming ahead.

"Looks like a lost ball," observed Buttersnap Doyle.

Mr. Doyle got a poisonous look for his pains but, the look getting the little Hawk nowhere, he finally teed up a provisional ball. This time he put his mind on it; a little too much on it, and so careful was he with his swing that he topped the iron and sent the ball hopping down into sand and long growth.

"Your turn, now," said Mr. Doyle, brightly, to The Pig.

The Pig gave him a look of contempt, and shot. Until then, the porky one had played bang-up golf—and bang-up team golf. Now, at this hole, with partner Gerald having failed, it was up to him to go for it. But a new element—a chisel element—had added itself to the game, that of five hundred personal dollars; the other bets being the same as in the bag, he fixed his attention on this personal tidbit. All that he had to do with it was to play good, safe golf. He played safe—and drove into the short trap.

"Hmm," said Buttersnap Doyle, and began to stare at the green.

When, several minutes later, the three of them left the tee, The Hawk and The Pig were almost trotting. Their game had been built to a step-along style, and the Doyle fool had fiddled and fiddled on the tee, getting ready to shoot—testing the wind direction, changing clubs, adjusting stance. Nor had it helped any when his shot finally landed plump by the hole.

At that, Mr. Doyle took a four. Missed two easy putts.

"Gee," he said, "if you two hadn't hurried your second shots out of the rough, you could have at least tied me."

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The Pig and The Hawk had been thinking this same thing, but they pretended to ignore it. What was one hole?

"Told you I was going to get going," continued the Buttersnap one.

"Yeah?" said The Pig.

"Go ahead and drive," snapped The Hawk.

"I shall," said Steve Doyle, and got his best shot of the day.

THE Pig tried to outdrive him, which is always fatal when a man isn't going just right. Along in the middle of its flight the ball had a sinking spell. And almost did the little Hawk shove The Pig aside to get on the tee.

It was evident that the ruffled Hawk was going to knock the cover off the ball. Two holes before he would have done so, for then he had the coördination, the timing. Now he had nothing but the desire to knock the ball egg-shaped. Something, somewhere, in the last five minutes, had happened to his game. It certainly had. He had been worked into playing himself off his feet—and now he had cracked. But he didn't know that he had cracked. No one does at golf, until it is too late.

His hooked drive could have been exhibited as an awful example in a museum.

Buttersnap Doyle won the hole.

He won the next one. And in winning this he made comment, taking The Pig into his confidence, and just loud enough for The Hawk to hear.

"Your partner doesn't seem to be giving you much help, does he?" he asked The Pig. "You sure have been carrying all the load this side."

"Dry up!" retorted The Pig. But as he went toward the next tee he eyed The Hawk smokily. The Hawk returned the eying with compound interest. Thus can wedges be driven into partnerships.

The Pig, showing his tushes, came back to win the thirteenth from Buttersnap Doyle and to tie the fourteenth. The game-blown Hawk continued sky-high. And at the end of the fourteenth Buttersnap Doyle whipped out as though counting off the first of a series:

"There goes your personal five hundred bet, Newcomb."

Newcomb, alias The Hawk, declaimed things that would have seared asbestos. At which Mr. Doyle smiled broadly, and fell into a victor's daydream. A deplorable daydream that caused him to slump, to take stroke after stroke, and when he awoke he had lost the fifteenth. Lost it badly.

"Yah!" snorted The Pig, eyes agleam. "There goes *your* match!"

Buttersnap Doyle surged awake. His hand flew into a pocket and brought forth a sheaf of bills—and an invisible chisel along with them. He flamed out with a bet, a huge bet, against The Pig and The Hawk's paired game on the remaining three holes. So clearly had he blown on the last hole that they snapped it up. They rushed in to put the boots to him, once more teaming up, with The Hawk again beginning to be of some service.

But as they came up to the green, teeth showing and eyes eager, Buttersnap Doyle made another of his unfortunate remarks. Unfortunate for men who were partners.

THE Pig was bent, giving telescopic sight to a long putt that meant a win over sloping, lightning-fast greensward.

"That's a problem," said Buttersnap Doyle in a penetrating voice to his own caddie. "If he goes for it, and misses, he probably miss it again, and I'll have him dormie on his personal five hundred. Newcomb, of course, doesn't care, having already lost his own five hundred. But if Bowers plays safe—"

Newcomb the Hawk gave the garrulous one a maniacal look. And, "Go for that hole!" he ripped at The Pig.

The Pig, caught between two fires, tried to play two kinds of shots, and the resulting hybrid, though it got to the hole, was just enough off line to rim, to spin away, and to go edging down and down until clear off the green. The Pig's face would have interested a student of mental diseases as he walked after the ball. He putted again, and was five yards short.

"Dormie," announced Buttersnap Doyle. "And, I think, several other things."

From then on affairs became clogged. The Buttersnap creature, making ready to play his second to the green on the ensuing hole, which was uphill and against the wind, got into loud argument with his caddie over the choice of a club. Finally he chose, and smacked it, and was just short. The keenly observant Hawk put back into the bag the club he had just taken out. He picked another—and he sent his ball all the way over the green.

The Hawk almost molted his feathers.

"Not a wood!" he shrilled at The Pig.

"I know *that!*" came back The Pig.

He yanked out an iron, steered the ball. . . . And steered it into the right-hand trap.

"You dumb-head!" raged The Hawk.

"Go to hell!" shouted The Pig.

Then Buttersnap Doyle said loudly to his caddie, "I used the wrong club after all. Say, I hope I didn't influence them in the choice of theirs!"

After that, Steve Doyle could have won the hole playing with an old umbrella handle.

So they came to the last hole, and things had been reduced to such a circumstance that Mr. Doyle, in a spontaneous moment, backed the now wall-eyed Pig to beat The Hawk, generously offering The Pig half of the winnings if he came through. The Pig, in a fuddlement that he had never before known—the Buttersnap Doyle ball just then going for the hole from away off the green—stirred himself to saving something out of the wreck. He beat The Hawk.

And the silence, when the partners had finished, was awful.

Until Steve Doyle spoke:

"You owe me twenty-six hundred dollars, gentlemen."

A screech, as though someone had banged into a hawk; a squeal, as though someone had stuck a knife into a pig. Wild words.

Then Steve Doyle gave chapter and verse of all the bets. His eyes for a moment left off being pleasant. He added a garniture of short words.

"Pay up, now," said Steve Doyle.

THE Hawk and The Pig paid.

"Twenty-five hundred and sixty dollars," acknowledged Mr. Doyle, counting. Then a self-chiding smile went over his face. "What am I saying? Twenty-six hundred, I mean. The twenty-five sixty that I mentioned was the money that my young nephew loaned to a couple of golfers at the Indian Hollow course the other day, and it was sort of on my mind. Somehow, do you know," and here Steve Doyle beamed at The Hawk and The Pig, "I can't help but feel that it has come back to the family again, with maybe a little interest added. That's why I mentioned it. Well, good day."

He walked to where his car was parked, supervised the stowing of his clubs, paid his caddie. The caddie's face was a picture as he looked at the size of his fee. Steve Doyle clapped him on the shoulder. "Had a fine time, didn't we?"

Steve went into the locker-rooms. And here, sounds were coming from a room beyond. High words—blows—banging thumps.

A golfer, changing shoes, looked up at Steve and shook his head. "I guess they're fighting. Big guy and a little guy. They passed through here arguing something awful about a bet. Gee, some people take their golf serious, don't they?"

"They sure do," grinned Steve Doyle.

"O. K. lady make it ninety-five cents. I'm losin' money arguin' wit' ya!"

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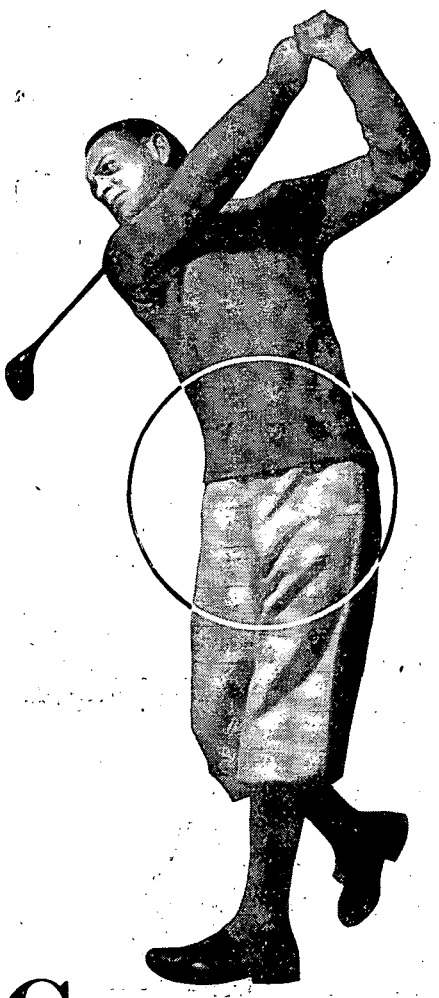

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The Wrong Wife

Continued from page 18

"Would it be all right if we stopped at the florist's on the way to dinner?" he asked.

"I couldn't really expect you to know in advance that we were partying, could I?" she asked.

"Or to know other matters," he hinted.

She ignored his lead.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

How could he ever have thought Delmar was more beautiful? Beauty didn't consist of cold classic lines. Beauty was something deeper. This girl—his wife—was alive, vital; she was gay, brooding, hard, soft—she was everything that temperament and character combine to make. Physical charm she had, too. Her slim arms, her free limbs, her lovely throat. . . . She may have read his estimate in his eyes, for her own lowered, and her color was more pronounced than a little while ago. She moved restlessly, uneasily, toward the door.

THEY stopped at the florist's, and she chose gardenias instead of the orchids he wanted to give her. And he approved her choice. Orchids were for maturity, he suddenly decided; gardenias for graceful youth.

The Cragins were waiting for them when they arrived at the Casino, and as they walked to their table on the balcony, Molly whispered to Dick:

"You lucky man. I knew she had charm and wit and beauty and manners. But, good lord, Dick, she has sense and character. I lunched with her yesterday and—no wonder my California champion had no chance."

People stared at them, and the stares were admiring. They whispered, and with certainty Dick knew that their comment was admiring. And when he rose to dance with her, he was so in love that it was agony.

The Follies amused her. Dick neither heard nor saw. Ziegfeld's loveliest seemed unattractive young women when compared to the marvelous creature so near him. Molly Cragin derided him.

"I'm an attractive little wench, Dick, and I wish you'd remember it and not lean all over me—though that's pleasant enough, my pet—to stare at your wife. Because she's going to sit by my husband *all through* this performance."

"Am I pretty lovelorn, Molly?"

"Well, no worse than she is."

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"She's out of her mind about you," said Molly.

"Did she say so?"

"Certainly not. She has too much poise for that, stupid. But all through luncheon yesterday—well, I can tell."

"How?" he asked.

"Why, you talk as though you weren't sure of her."

"I can't believe I'm that lucky," he said.

"Oh? But you are *besotted*, Dick. Well, you'll get over it."

"The way you got over caring for Cragin, eh?"

MOLLY blushed. She and her husband were notoriously the most devoted couple in that New York which considers itself all of New York.

"I hope it's as beautiful as our marriage—and I know it will be," she said. "Now watch the show."

He tried to, but with little success. Molly thought Deb loved him. She had moved to his apartment. Again answers to bewilderment came to him, but he refused to admit them to his mind. If they weren't true, he'd die.

After the play, Cragin pleaded business in the morning, and the Cragins dropped them at the Cordova apartment.

SILENTLY the young couple rode upstairs, and silently they entered their living-room.

"Well, you returned," Deborah said.

"Returned?" echoed Cordova. "Why not?"

"Then you love me," she said.

"Love you? You knew that before I went away," he said.

"No, I didn't."

"But I told you—"

"But you hadn't seen Del—alone."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

Deborah stood a moment before a tall mirror.

"Will you tell me that Del didn't—well, make it clear that she found you not disagreeable?"

He flushed painfully.

"Please, Deborah."

"You had to see her. You had to see her when I wasn't there—to arouse your chivalry. Well, you've seen her. Oh, I *know* you have."

"Your uncle told you?"

She shook her head.

"Uncle Dan takes no sides. If Delmar got you and I lost you—that would be our affair. He tells no tales. But I know Delmar. She saw you."

"I saw her," he said.

"And you beat Uncle Dan."

"He beat me," he corrected her.

"He told me differently. He said you were the one completely incorruptible man he knew. That's a victory for you."

"He's still boss of his party," said Cordova.

"Oh, that." She shrugged disdainfully. "Who cares about that? If you want to go in for politics, begin at the bottom, devote your lifetime to them—and throw away every scruple you ever had—like Uncle Dan—"

"But you admire him—you love him," said Cordova.

"Of course I do. He's a great man. And if you'd given in to him—I wouldn't be here now."

"When did you move here?" he suddenly asked. "Before he telephoned you—or after?"

"Before," she replied. "Because I knew you'd not give in to him—nor to Del, either."

"Only one thing could tell you that," he said evenly.

"Only one thing," she replied. Her voice was as even as his, but the color was high in her throat and cheeks.

"Do we mean the same thing?" he asked.

"I hope so," she replied.

He groped for her, then dropped his hands and moved away.

"Deb—I couldn't stand it this time. Deb, when you told me that you loved me—and then that you didn't—"

"How could I come to you then?" she asked. "I'd had time to think. I was married to you. I—I'm not wholly undesirable. But I didn't want to be desired for—oh, for the obvious things. If you should see Delmar—"

"But I did see her," he protested.

"But not alone. I—wanted to wait until you had seen her when I wasn't there. Oh, are you going to make *me* say everything?"

"Then you came here—to this apartment—because you loved me?"

"Why else?" she asked.

He looked at her.

"You were very cruel to me, Deborah. Remember Grady?"

"Grady?" She looked bewildered.

"My best man."

"Of course."

"He gave me some sage advice today. He said that husbands should sometimes be stern."

"And you are prepared to follow that advice?"

"Oh, he said to be stern only if kindness failed."

"Are you going to try kindness?" she asked.

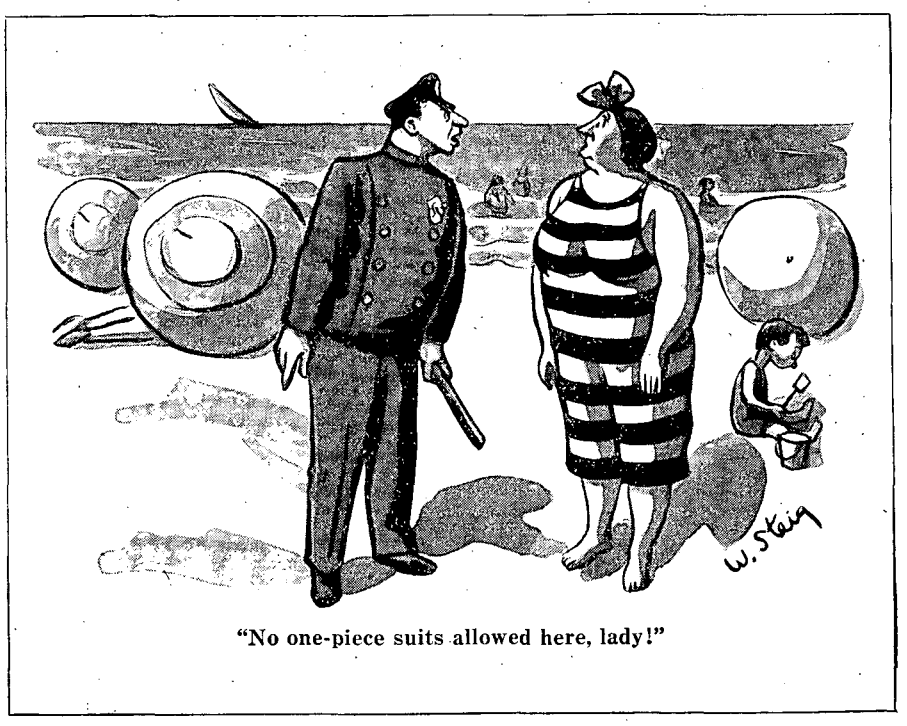
"Shall I?" he whispered.

INTO her eyes, that had been suddenly whimsical, came misty tenderness.

She took a step toward him, and Cordova's heart ached for her agony of youthful embarrassment. Then, in the dewy promise of her eyes, he forgot everything save that he loved her, that she loved him.

All unrealities gave way to the greatest reality of all. Deborah loved him. And he took her, unresisting, in his arms.

THE END



"No one-piece suits allowed here, lady!"

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The Old Whale Blows

Continued from page 25

crooked one aging hand to his forehead in a wavering salute. I stopped short and glared at him; the passengers edged closer. "See here, Perry, were you forgetting yourself? Were you going to shake hands with me?"

"Oh, no, sir," he quavered, while the passengers looked at one another and grinned. "I'm not one to forget my place and shake hands with the captain, sir." The old whale looked so pained and puzzled as he stood there pumping his hand up and down that I felt a twinge of conscience. "Very well," I said, "that's all!" and hurried away.

Then I began to wonder why he was sweeping the deck at this time. There's a regular hour for that chore, and this wasn't it. I halted and looked back to where Hairy was playing to a bigger audience than ever. Well, although he was keeping the passengers from using the deck it certainly needed sweeping, judging by the pile of litter he was pushing before his broom. Then something struck me and I went back. "Let me see that broom!" He handed it to me. The litter came with it—cigar butts, paper, old corks, all were tied to it. What a howl went up from the passengers at my discomfiture! It seems that I was the only one aboard the Levi who didn't know the joke about Hairy and his broom.

The Rescue Racket

Before a sailor gets to be an old whale of the stripe of Hairy Perry he has to be a young whale of the stripe of Spike Hennessey or Nine-Lives Walsh, to select but two from a sea chest of memories crowded with fight-scarred faces. Every ship has a fo'c's'le bully who wins his position by personality—which, before the mast, means guts and knuckles, a quick temper and a quicker tongue. Spike was the bully on the St. Paul, Nine-Lives on the St. Louis. Luckily for us officers, the titans never shipped together.

In the lull of the dogwatch the able-bodied will gather forward to kill time by strutting their particular feats of prowess, the whole show always being topped off by the bully's specialty. Here was Spike's: he would stand with his back to an iron stanchion, legs outspread, hands on hips, and bend forward as far as he could. Then he would swing his whole body back and up with all his strength and smash the back of his head full upon the stanchion. Not once, but half a dozen times. Then he would swagger away, a royal grin straining his rock-bound features, and there was none to challenge his reign.

Walsh was with me on the St. Louis and the stories I could tell you about his nine lives would fill a book. One bitter night he was on watch in the crow's nest, high up the foremast, which was a giant icicle. When, numb from the cold, he attempted to descend the swaying mast in the teeth of the gale Walsh just naturally couldn't get a footing or a hold on anything. From the bridge we saw his body hurtle down that ladder of ice as down a greased pole—fully eighty feet.

I fought my way down to the main deck with a couple of sailors. We crouched in the lee of a deckhouse waiting for a chance to rush out between seas to secure his body. There came a lull and we made the dash. We found Walsh getting up, rubbing his head. "Are you dead?" I screeched. "Aw—" he yelled. Then a sea came aboard and we were all torn from our feet and hurled against a bulwark, choking, fighting for our lives to clutch hold of something so that we shouldn't be swept overboard! The next thing I knew Walsh was holding me and setting my feet on the bridge ladder!

Walsh instituted at sea, twenty years ago, what you landsmen would today call "a racket." He was a great swimmer; an unusual thing for a sailor. Once when the St. Louis was laboring through heavy seas, and life lines were strung along the decks for sailors who had to venture out, Walsh—who never took precautions where mere life was concerned—was swept overboard. Captain Jamison sent me to swing a boat, while he fetched the ship around in as sweet a bit of seamanship as ever I saw, for as we were all straining our eyes to see off into the murk we heard a great yell downside and there was Walsh right under our lee.

I ordered the men to throw down a line with a bowline hitch. That's a sort of seagoing lasso. But do you imagine Walsh slipped right into it? Huh! He caught the rope, critically examined the bowline knot and then, while the St. Louis pitched and trembled in the storm and we on deck were holding on for dear life, he let loose a great string of oaths against the deck watch for the slipshod bowline they had tied in their haste. Calmly treading water—he was fully clothed, mind you—he proceeded to untie the knot and tie it over again, before slipping into it so that we could haul him aboard.

Whether this adventure gave him the big idea I don't know, but Walsh began to go overboard on nearly every crossing. Usually it was this way: On a smooth day he'd be working on the rail when he'd lose his balance and topple into the ocean. He'd take a few powerful strokes to clear the screws. A shipmate aft would toss him a buoy and raise an alarm. We'd heave to, lower a boat and row back for him. Meanwhile, the shipmate who had first seen his plight would be circulating among the goggle-eyed passengers, most of whom were watching their first rescue at sea. "Poor lad," he'd mutter, "and him with a wife and seven children in Hoboken!" The upshot would be that some soft-hearted passenger would start passing a hat; and when Walsh, looking appropriately pathetic, reached deck again he'd have a load of bills and coins thrust into his hands. It didn't take us long to grow suspicious; we found it was all a put-up job between Walsh and his observant shipmate, who were divvying the sob collections.

Black Gang Battles

Before we are through yarning about tough mariners perhaps you'd like to hear about the old-time firemen—the "black savages" of the stokeholds on such coal-burners as the St. Louis. The firemen on our ships were mostly Germans and Irish. It's impossible for you nowadays to realize how bad they were. Just animals. I've seen Eugene O'Neill's play, The Hairy Ape, and believe me, that lad would have been kicked out of the St. Louis' stokehold as a sissy.

Drink and women were all those firemen lived for, their work being merely means to those ends. The watches were divided sharply between the two nationalities and there was great rivalry which invariably terminated, as soon as we docked, in a free-for-all battle with shovels and iron-grating bars in the stokehold. We officers made no attempt to interfere, but simply proceeded to drive the other divisions about the job of unloading ship. If the battle were too long, we'd summon the city police; but even they, although coming in great numbers, would wait until the stokers had fought themselves out before venturing below. The wounded—and sometimes the dead—would be removed; the survivors would leave arm-in-arm for the waterfront saloons; and the engineers would commence recruiting enough hands to assure sailing on time.

Berg Control

Speaking of the stokehold on the St. Louis reminds me of as strange a yarn as is told on the Atlantic run. For many years the American Line ships were unofficial houses of refuge for down-and-outers in Southampton. Each first night after we'd docked and the regular battle between the stoke watches had ended, homeless waterfront bums would steal up the shadowy gangway and go down into the stokehold, where they would sleep on the iron gratings over the furnaces. There was just enough fire kept up to work the auxiliary engines for light and power aboard; so that the refuge was pleasantly warm. Our veteran watchmen were used to the matter and benevolently looked the other way.

Not content merely to sleep aboard the St. Louis, they had taken to stealing things, demanding meals and otherwise interfering with order and discipline. So we decided to stage a round-up. I armed myself with a club and got my officers and the members of the deck watch to do likewise. Then we stationed ourselves at the hatches while beaters went below to rout out the guests. We had no idea of the extent to which our hospitality had grown! There was a grand lot of thwacking, and dawn came before the last tramp limped away up Southampton's cobblestoned streets holding his head.

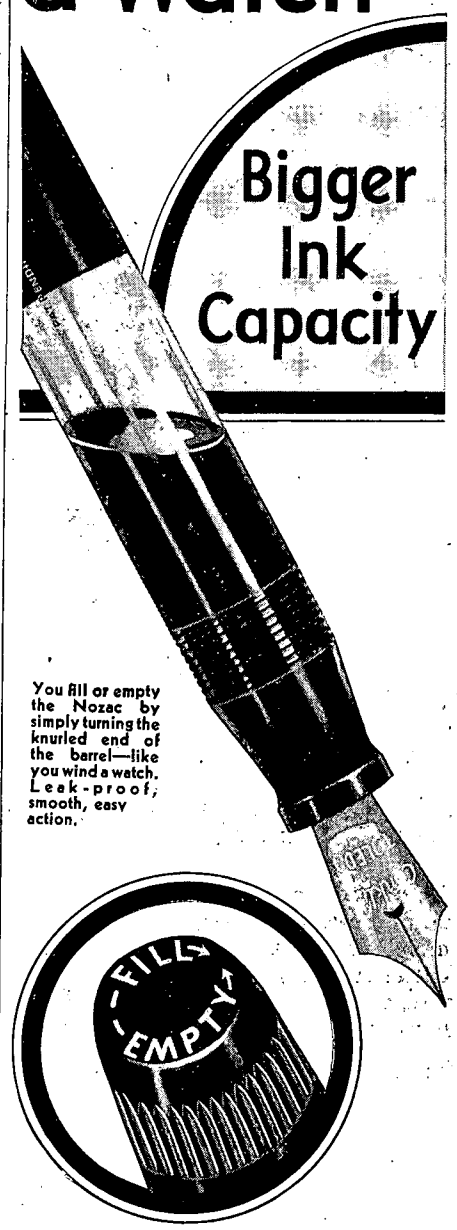
We organized an inspection of the stokehold to make sure it was cleared. In a remote and difficult-to-reach corner of the grating high above the boilers we saw a figure. I climbed up and shook it, and then my hair began to stand up, for the body was as brittle and light as an empty eggshell. Some poor wretch had died there one night, Lord knows how many months or years before, and the terrific heat from the boilers had dried him out and mummified him thoroughly. You could balance the whole of this mummy in the palm of your hand held at arm's length.

Let me tell you of another adventure of the St. Louis, when all of us came near to being turned into mummies—or at least corpses. At ten o'clock, or four bells, of a black and overcast night, cries burst simultaneously from the special lookout in the bow, from the man in the crow's nest and from those of us on the bridge—"Ice dead ahead!" Doing everything in our power—engines full speed astern, helm hard over—we just slid off alongside that berg. If she had been the shelving kind, such as later got the Titanic; or if our eyes had been anywhere but straight ahead, only an act of the Almighty could have saved us. A head-on collision with an iceberg allows precious little leeway for courage and seamanship.

That happened in the pre-radio days, of course, and I've told it to you because it serves to emphasize the manner and extent to which radio, or wireless as we sailors still call it, has

(*Continued on page 50*)

-It Winds like a Watch



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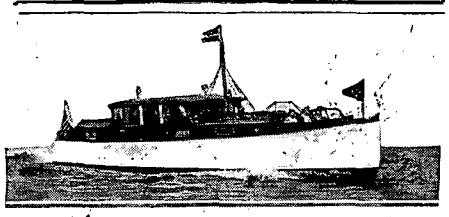

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(Continued from page 49)

changed the old ways and days at sea.

Out of the Arctic disaster in the '50's came the establishment of the so-called Atlantic ship lanes—east and west tracks, sixty miles apart, which obviate the perils of collision if captains stick to them. And out of the Titanic tragedy came two other great changes—humility in ship owners, and an agreement among certain nations to share the expense of a cutter patrol to be established and maintained by the United States Coast Guard. Daily broadcasts from patrol cutters in the iceberg area warn shipping of the location of each menacing berg.

With modern wireless so well organized and efficient that you can step into the radio office in mid-ocean and have a message delivered to your home in Iowa, for instance, within a few minutes—indeed, with facilities on many ships for talking by wireless phone to your office or home ashore—it's only the old-timers among us who remember the helter-skelter of radio's early days.

Plain and Fancy Smuggling

Dave Sarnoff, now president of the Radio Corporation, was our wireless boy on the St. Louis in the days when more often than not a passenger beat his radio message home. The earliest sets had ranges of only seven miles. If there were enough wireless-equipped ships on the lanes your message might be relayed from one to another until it reached the main wireless station on Nantucket.

Dave and the rest of the lads would take your money all right, when you walked into their rooms—if, indeed, you could squeeze in, what with all the machinery! But frequently—although you didn't know it—your message would have to wait until your ship was within hail of Nantucket. More frequently static would prevent transmission altogether, or the set would be out of order. Then the wireless boy would drop all the messages overboard in a bottle, which would be picked up by a man who would row out from Nantucket. And the "radiogram" would go forward by land wires—maybe.

Speaking of rowing things ashore brings to mind the tricks of smugglers. This shady game is played equally by passengers and crews. There was one of my sailors on the Leviathan who walked timidly out to the customs gate in New York toting a capacious traveling bag. He stopped to ask pleasantly after the health of the customs guard. "Can that polite stuff," growled the watchdog. "What have you got in that bag?" "Oh," said the Leviathan man, "a cat. I'm taking it home to my little girl. Have you any little girls and do they go to school—?"

"Cat!" snarled the guard. "Cat! Ha, ha! That's old stuff, boy. Open that bag and lemme see what you got!"

The sailor stalled and fidgeted and tried to make conversation until the guard impatiently jerked the bag away from him and threw it open. Out jumped a big cat, which turned tail and fled back aboard the Leviathan. He was a galley tom and knew where he had a good home.

The customs man was all apologies, convinced now that the sailor was truthful as well as polite and friendly. "Gee," mourned the sailor, "it took me three hours to catch that cat. Now I'll have one hell of a time getting him again!" The guard repeated his regrets and with a guilty conscience watched the sailor trudge wearily back to the ship. Two hours later the sailor was at the gate again with his bag, looking tired but jubilant. "Did you catch him?" asked the guard anxiously. The sailor nodded; he was too fagged to talk. "Say," the customs man beamed, "I'm awfully glad, buddy. And I'm awfully sorry I caused you so much trouble"—and passed him through. The bag was loaded with contraband this time—not cat!

Did you ever hear of the great Belgian foo-foo band? Its members belonged to the crew of a certain Belgian ship, and they used only wind instruments—queer contraptions with great horns. The foo-foo part of it may have meant the asthma with which all the horns seemed to be afflicted; but at any rate the band was famous and popular among seafaring men. I remember one day when the St. Louis was tied up in New York and the foo-foo band came over from its ship, lined up on the dock and serenaded us. Our sailors hung over the rails, cheering. The customs guards came in from the gates and cheered too. The foo-fooers marched down the dock and serenaded a White Star boat. We followed them. "Ain't that pretty?" said the customs men. The foo-fooers were so encouraged that they marched through the gates and across West Street to the famous sailors' hotel, the Lackawanna, where they gave another serenade. The customs men back at the gates were still cheering, when the foo-fooers filed into the hotel bar for drinks and to unload from their horns to waiting confederates several hundred thousand dollars' worth of dope!

Smugglers, naturally, remind us of stowaways. One day in war time, when the St. Louis had been converted into the battleship Louisville and was steaming westward to pick up a troopship convoy, the chief officer came into my quarters.

"Captain," he said, "there are a couple of girl stowaways aboard!" Oh, Lord—knowing what I did of Navy red tape and rigmarole, I had visions of courts-martial, hangings from the yardarm, shootings at sunrise. A battleship in mid-ocean with a couple of girls aboard!—you have to be the Old Man of a battleship to know what that means to your peace of mind. The girls were from Southampton, and had been brought aboard by boy friends in the crew.

I had them fetched to my cabin and bowed them into chairs. They were a comely pair of wenches. As gently as possible I informed them it would be my sad duty to have them shot. If I moved them to a suite on the boat deck, however, and they promised not to as much as look sideways at a sailor, I might get the great American government to temper justice with mercy. That's what happened—and many times after the war I saw the adventurous pair on the streets in Southampton and was rewarded with a cheery "'Ullo, Skipper!"

Pesky Passengers

Not so amiable was my encounter with three young German criminals on the St. Louis in peace time. These nice boys might have committed Lord knows what rascality if we hadn't found them hiding under firemen's bunks. It's pretty difficult, by the way, to sneak across on a modern liner without help from the crew. Unaware at first of the talents of our German deadbeats, we merely locked them in the brig, hoping to turn them over to Ellis Island for safekeeping until we sailed again. You see, under the immigration laws stowaways have to be returned on the ship in which they came over; also a heavy fine is levied on the company if one escapes.

One of those Germans did! He wriggled through a ventilator above the door and across a live steam pipe. He must have been half broiled. His comrades were put into irons—which, aboard ship, means handcuffs and leg shackles. Yet every time the guards went in, there were the irons neatly hung on wall hooks and the Germans laughing. Later we found out they had purloined a mess knife and made it into a practical hacksaw by nicking its edge on the bedpost.

We were in harbor now and the New York police came down to have a look at the lads, whose reputations had gone ashore. Ellis Island refused to have anything to do with them. We set a guard and screwed the portholes so that these couldn't be opened without a heavy wrench. Even when we had sailed and were well down the lower bay, and they had promised to be good, we still kept a heavy guard outside their door.

It's getting late and I reckon you've had your fill of yarning and want to go below. I could keep on spinning 'em all night and tomorrow night, too, if you could stand it. I could tell you about the woman who came aboard with her dog and insisted that we rig up an electric light in his kennel so that she could go down at night to read to him! I could tell you about Irene Castle, whom I had to stop from taking her monkey into the dining salon. She always carried a separate trunk filled with her monkey's clothes.

Cold Haddock

Just a minute until I give my night orders to the chief and tell him to call me if anything happens. All right, now let's go below—but this matter of the captain telling the mate to call him if anything happens reminds me of one more yarn which I'll spin as we walk down. It concerns Captain Haddock, one of the quaintest characters of the old days, and the practice aboard ships of making young officers face crises calmly and assume responsibility automatically.

Haddock was an amateur inventor. His cabin was always cluttered with blueprints and gadgets, and whenever he wasn't on the bridge he was bent over his drawing-board. One night his ship, the Oceanic, was caught by a gale and her foremast carried away. The shrouds held, and the whole mess lay banging into the side and snarling things. The chief officer in great excitement sent a junior hustling for the captain.

"Come in," said old Haddock.

"Sir," cried the lad, "the foremast has carried away, the gear's afoul, and—"

But Haddock was saying nothing; had not looked up, in fact, from the table whereon he was making circles and triangles. The junior paused in some confusion and fidgeted from one foot to another. "Very well, Mr. Graves," said Haddock politely. The junior returned to the bridge.

"Where's the captain?" cried the mate. "What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything," replied the junior.

"Great Scott, you didn't tell him. He didn't understand you. Run down again and tell him—"

But the junior had raced away again to knock once more upon Haddock's door. He was bidden to enter and once more he poured out his excited report. Haddock said nothing; quietly went on working. The flustered junior began to repeat his story in a louder voice, thinking he had not been heard above the noise of the gale, or that the skipper had gone deaf.

"Thank you, Mr. Graves. I heard you the first time," the old man interrupted very politely, but without glancing up from his plans. "Good night to you. Call me if anything happens."

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Get that Squarehead!

Continued from page 27

I and the big shot had a war meeting at his apartment.

"That cluck goes on the spot and we run in a ringer for him at the warehouse," he says.

"We can't get away with it, Boss," I says, cold turkey. "That North Side Bank cashier would be on our tails. Clarty is his biggest depositor and he promised Clarty to look after Chris. We're in a ticklish spot. All Armentrout has to do is to see something happen that looks suspicious and he'll have a dozen agents at the warehouse. It's a cinch two or three of 'em will be holy. We ain't tried the broads on Chris yet. He may fall for a nifty—"

"To hell with that," yells the boss. "That Swede has stood in our way long enough. We're gonna knock him off tonight."

I SENT for Johnny Gale and Mildred the big shot's cutie. The three of us talked to him for an hour straight.

Finally he says: "We won't knock him off, then. We'll send him to the hospital for a month. Have Tony and Gyp lay for him when he starts for the bank tomorrow morning."

"Nope," I says, "that won't look accidental enough. We'll tail him in a car and run him down."

The big shot agrees to that.

Johnny and Pete took a hot car the next morning and tailed Chris from the warehouse to the corner of Spruce and Broadway.

I and the boss waited at the Shack for the good word. Johnny gave us a ring from a call box about nine o'clock.

"It's okay," he said, "we got him. Shouldn't be surprised if we croaked him."

"Swell," said the boss when I told him. "We'll start the pump tonight."

I called City Hospital to make sure. They told me Chris had a couple of broken ribs and a fractured skull and was still unconscious.

It sure looked good, didn't it?

Well, a little while after lunch I was at the warehouse getting the layout rigged. A truck had called for some drug store whisky.

All of a sudden I heard a yell:

"Py golly, you don' boomp that platfarm. I'm hire by Mister Clarty to mak you fallas treat varehouse right!"

Yeah. Chris.

You couldn't fracture that cluck's skull with a sledge hammer. He piled out of a taxicab all bandaged up and started after that truck driver. I hoped for a minute the truck driver would take a chance and knock Chris for a loop. But he didn't. He'd heard about Chris. He just said: "Aw, I wasn't hurting nothing."

Chris come in and sat down on his bed.

"I'm valking down strate," says Chris, "and, py golly, I boomp otto. When I coom to I'm py the haspital. They try for to mak me stay in haspital. Py golly, I gat to vatch varehouse."

Can you tie that? But wait—there was more good news. Chris' friend at the bank decided it wasn't safe for him to be walking the streets. So he told Chris he'd send a messenger with the four dollars every morning. He even had the gall to ask Klaus and the boys to look after Chris and carry in his grub till he got well. What could they say but "Yes?"

I told the boss. And was he sore? He *was!*

"What a mob *I* got!" yells the boss. "You're just a bunch of dumb punks!"

After he'd run out of breath I talked to him cold turkey. It was a dead cert we couldn't pull any more rough stuff as long as Chris stayed in the warehouse. I told the boss our only chance was to rope Chris with a broad.

"Let's give the flossie-roping two weeks' trial," I argued. "If Chris don't fall by that time the hush-hush lay ain't any good. We'll just have to take a couple of trucks and see how much we can yank out of there in one night. We might get away with a hundred and fifty barrels."

"Okay," the boss said, finally. "But if that Swede makes us heist the joint I'm gonna burn him down myself."

I ROUNDED up four of the niftiest broads in town. Georgia Hammond, Mabel Garland, Virginia Luecke and Rachel Levy. A fat blonde, a skinny blonde, a brunette and a red-head. I wasn't taking no chances. This had to go slick and fast.

When I got 'em together I gave 'em a good talking to. I said they'd work in pairs. They was to tell Chris they represented some church outfit that visits the sick. They was to take him baskets of good grub and flowers and near-beer. I said they had to show class and act refined at first. If Chris fell for any one of them that one was to give him the works. The boss said there was five grand in it for the gal who could get Chris away from the warehouse permanently.

Believe it or not, this is what happened.

Chris swallowed the guff about the church society okay, ate the grub and drank the near-beer. He even smelled the flowers. But on the second visit, when Mabel got warmed up and propositioned him, the big cluck said: "Nah. I'm careless falla but I don' mak love. Py golly, my mamma, she say, 'Chris, you vatch out for city gals!' I'm sorry, Miss, but I promise my mamma." Mabel like to passed out.

RACHEL tried it next, and then Virginia. The dumb cluck scolds Rachel for trying to sit on his lap. Virginia had sense enough not to rush him. She let on like she'd fell hard for Chris. She pulled the old line about not being able to live without him. Chris believed her. He said: "I lak you pratty good too. I'll wrat latter py my mamma. You gat pacture, maybe? I send pacture py my mamma. If she says all wrat maybe we get married." It turned out though that Chris' old lady lived in Sweden. It would take at least six weeks to hear from her.

Georgie Hammond was smarter than the others. She figured the hot stuff wouldn't go with Chris. So she just worked along careful, trying to find out what kind of gal he liked.

"We're all wrong on this guy," she told me, after we'd wasted a week. "What he wants is his own kind; a dumb little Swede. And I know just the girl for him!"

Then she told me about a kid named Olga Severson. It seemed this kid was a waitress at a restaurant in the Union Station. She'd got sick with the pneumonia and was still too weak to work.

I kind of cheered up when Georgie told me about Olga; but it didn't last. She brought the kid out to the Shack that afternoon. The minute I piped her I says to myself: "Aw, aw, it's little Orphan Annie. This kid couldn't rope a pussy cat." Olga was about eighteen and so thin you could blow her over. She had big baby-blue eyes and off-color hair that looked like cotton candy—you know this fuzzy-mop kind of hair squarehead gals have. I couldn't figure her to get any man steamed up, let alone a cluck like Chris.

"Has Georgie told you about the boy friend, sis?" I says.

She talks right up, using real good English.

"I'm to try to get him in love with me and persuade him to quit his job at the warehouse," she says, like a school kid answering a teacher's question.

"Think you can do it?" I asks her, grinning.

"I can try, Mr. Logan," she comes back, "I'm willing to try anything to help my friend Georgie."

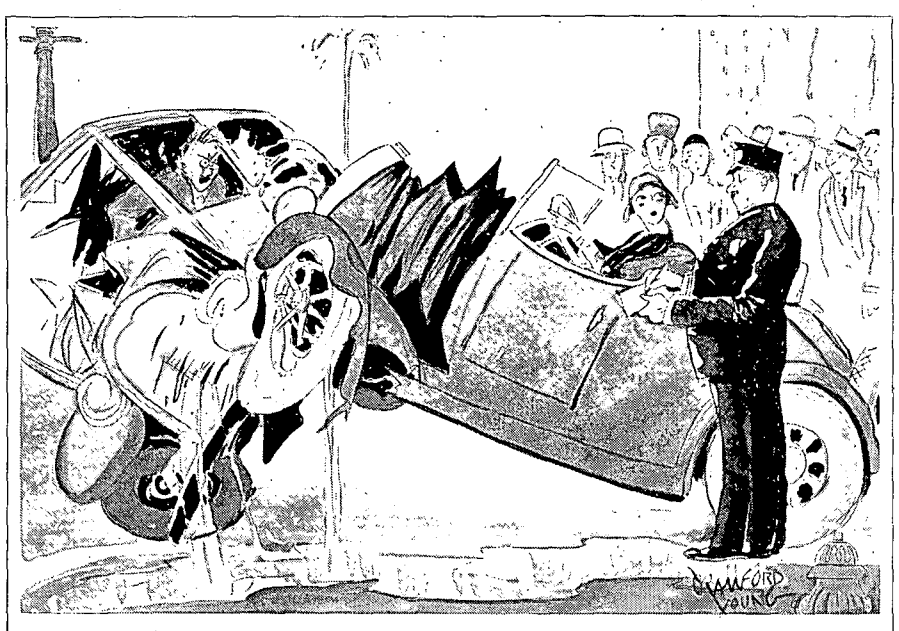
"Well," says Georgie, "there's five grand in it if you get Chris away from there."

I dropped in casual-like the next afternoon. Chris and Olga was jabbering away in Swede language a mile a minute. The big cluck was blushing and laughing. He couldn't keep his eyes off'n Olga. Klaus and the other boys told me they'd been talking a blue streak for two hours.

When Georgie come for Olga, Chris didn't want her to leave.

"Wait till sun gats lattle lower, please," says Chris. "It iss too hot for sick gal lak you." He scolded Georgie but Georgie said they'd have to go. So

(*Continued on page 52*)



"I hope you won't try to drag my name into this, Officer"

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(*Continued from page 51*)

the dumb Swede, walking stiff with his ribs in a cast, wants to carry Olga and put her in the car. She won't stand for that, so he walks alongside holding a newspaper over her head to keep the sun off.

"Poor lattle gal," says Chris to me when Olga had drove off with Georgie, "she gat no business in city. Py the coontry she should be . . . on nice farm." And he run on, telling me how sick Olga was and what had ought to be done for her. According to Chris, she was the prettiest gal he'd ever seen. No fooling. He certainly had fallen for her.

Well, I wanted some quick action. This break looked too good to be true. So I said: "You and Olga ought to get together, Chris. You've made a big hit with her."

Chris like to tripped over himself, he was so tickled. When I left he was trying to part his hair with a comb he borrowed from Klaus. I told Klaus he should of given Chris a cross-cut saw instead of a comb.

THINGS went along swell for four days. Chris dug down in the sock and had Jack Scheubel buy him a new seersucker suit. The boys reported that Olga come to see him every afternoon and they held long powwows. Chris bought Olga a big pail of buttermilk and kept it on the ice the boys used to cool their beer. He made the kid drink it too. He'd got the idea in his dumb head that Olga wasn't eating the right kind of grub. Did you ever hear of ludefisk? It's some sort of Swede fish, I think. Anyway, that's what Chris wanted the gal to eat along with a dozen other Swede dishes. As near as I could make out from what Klaus and the gang told me Chris wasn't making love to the gal. He was fattening her. But I knew she had the dumb cluck hooked.

The big shot called for a show-down two days before time was to be up.

"Well," says he, sarcastic, "are you ready to call quits on this sex-appeal hoopla?"

"Nope," says I. "Olga's going through for us. She's got Chris so he'd set out for the North Pole if she told him to."

"That ain't far enough," grunts the boss, "but I guess it'll have to do. And now—all kidding to one side—is the cluck gonna scram or will I have to do the other thing?"

"He'll scram," I says. "I'll have a talk with Olga this evening."

I went over to Georgie's apartment, where Olga was staying. When I come in Georgie and Olga was having an argument. It seemed Chris had fixed up half a dozen big rye-bread, ham-and-cheese sandwiches for Olga to eat. Georgie wanted to throw 'em away and Olga was saying: "I promised Chris to eat them. He'll ask me if I did and I can't lie to him."

Georgie gives her the horse laugh.

"Since when is a cluck night watchman telling you what you gotta eat, dearie?" she says.

Olga gets kind of sore.

"He ain't a cluck watchman," she says. "He's the nicest guy I ever met."

I and Georgie sure was surprised. Georgie gave me the eye. That meant: "You better go slow and easy." So I talked with her and Olga about this and that for a while before I come out cold turkey.

"Has Chris made up his mind when he's leaving the warehouse, Olga?" I says, sort of casual.

Georgie did a fadeaway to the kitchenette.

The kid took me right up:

"Chris says he can't quit until Mr. Clarty gets back from Europe. He gave Mr. Clarty his promise. Why is it so important to have Chris quit?"

"I can't tell you that," I says. "It just happens to be mighty important."

"Why can't you tell me?" she wants to know. "I won't give you away. I'd get Georgie in trouble if I did, and nothing would make me do that."

"Sorry, but I can't tell you. It's a business deal you wouldn't understand," I says. "But I will tell you this much—it hasn't got a thing to do with Chris. He never was in it and he ain't never got to be in it."

Olga nods.

"I think I know what it is. You're planning to steal some liquor from the warehouse and Chris is too honest to help you."

I pull the old frozen face and deny that the game is anything like that. But I see I've got to throw a scare into her.

"See here," I tells her, "you're pretty sweet on Chris, ain't you? You wouldn't want him to get hurt, would you?"

"What do you mean by hurt?" she comes back, right quick. She's plenty scared.

"Well . . . maybe killed," I says, cold turkey.

Well, the kid throwed a fit. All bets was off if we planned to hurt Chris. She'd go to the bulls and squawk. She didn't care what we would do to her for squawking. She'd squawk plenty. Georgie and I sure had a time with her. Georgie was scared white. If the kid blowed off, with her having told the big shot she was okay, it would look bad for Georgie.

I'll say this for Olga: She was a squarehead and all that, but she did have sense enough to listen to reason. She saw that her and Chris was in a tight spot.

I finally put it up to her this way:

"The only thing that's holding Chris at the warehouse is a fool promise he made to old Clarty. Chris thinks Clarty did a fine thing for him. The truth was Clarty is a tight scamp and crazy to boot, and he only gave Chris the job because he was afraid some smart mouthpiece would get hold of Chris and start a suit for damages on account of him hitting Chris with his auto. Chris ain't gonna be responsible for anything that happens at the warehouse. He don't know what it's all about. On the other hand, if he sticks around he's gonna get hurt. You can't keep him from getting hurt by squawking. A squawk would only land you and Georgie in the same spot with Chris. Now, what's the answer?"

THE kid studied it over a minute. Then she said: "You're right. I've gotta persuade Chris to quit." After that she got silly again and bawled around about how honest Chris was and what a shame it was that Chris had got mixed up with a pack of gangsters. She said it was a hell of a note when a guy can't be honest and keep his solemn promise without getting killed for it. You know how a gal runs on when she's bawling. When I left, Olga was wailing to Georgie: "He's so proud of keeping his promise to Mr. Clarty. Now, I got to make him break it. Oh, Chris . . . poor Chris. . . ."

It looked all set, didn't it?

Sure it did. And it looked even better the next day. Klaus gave us a ring at the Shack about noon.

"He's gone!" he yells in the phone. "Him and the Severson flossie left just now. They said they was gonna get married."

"Repeat that to the boss," I says, and handed him the phone. Klaus repeated it.

But the boss wasn't satisfied.

"Find 'em and tail 'em," was his order. "I can't believe we're rid of that cluck. It's too good to be true."

As I was leaving, Georgie Hammond come in.

"All right, Boss," she says, "come across with that five grand. Chris will need it to pay down on the farm. He ain't even got railroad fare for two back to Minnesota."

The boss grins, and starts a deep inhale of his cigar. He slips me the jack.

"You give this to Olga when they're on the train," he says. "No . . . wait till the train starts and ride to Delmar station with 'em. They might change their minds."

I AND Georgie saw the newlyweds off. Chris didn't have a word to say but "Yah." He said "Yah" to everything. The cluck looked dazed. Olga was all dolled up in some glad rags Georgie gave her. She seemed awful nervous. She kept looking at Chris like she was afraid he'd bust out with something he hadn't ought to say.

Something was queer. The train had left Union Station and was about halfway to Delmar when I finally made up my mind to ask Chris a question.

"Chris," I says, sudden like, "how did she persuade you to quit that swell job at the warehouse?"

Chris blinks.

"Mister Clarty, he—"

That's as far as he got. Olga busts in right quick with: "Chris thought it would be more healthy for me in the country, didn't you, Chris?"

"Yah," says Chris.

Georgie pulls my arm.

"Are you riding to Minnesota too?" she says. "Here's the Delmar stop."

We told Chris and Olga good-by.

I drove back to the warehouse. I had to get the hose lines set and the pump to working quiet.

Klaus met me on the loading platform.

"Have you heard from the boss?" I says. "When do we start moving the stuff. Tonight?"

He just shakes his head right sad. He grabs my arm and leads me around the corner of the warehouse to the street entrance. There's a big truck at the platform being loaded. The inside of the warehouse was lousy with revenue deputies and United States marshals.

"We ain't moving the stuff at all," says Klaus. "They're moving it. Clarty got back from Europe today. When I come in from lunch he was here raving all over the place. It seems Chris told him we'd been mistreating the warehouse something scandalous. The distillers' lease has run out, so Clarty called the Federal Building, and told 'em he wouldn't renew."

I takes a couple of deep breaths.

"That was right conscientious of Chris, wasn't it?" I says. "Did Clarty explain why Chris was leaving us?"

Klaus nods.

"Yep. He said Chris wanted to stay on the job and make sure the government didn't back its trucks too hard, but Olga thought they'd better go to Minnesota right away."

"Olga's a bright girl, ain't she?" I says, kind of weak.

Hunh? You mean, did the big shot let Chris and Olga get away with it? We-ell, not exactly. He sent a couple of gorillas to Minneapolis to find Chris. They wired that there was four thousand five hundred and sixty-seven Chris Larsens in the state of Minnesota. Personally, I don't think Chris and Olga went to Minnesota.

I've been talking to the boss and I've sort of got him cooled down and resigned to it now. The way I look at it, the whole thing was like one of these acts of God the insurance companies talk about. A guy like Chris just happens every now and then. It's lucky he don't happen too often. Where would the racket be if he did?

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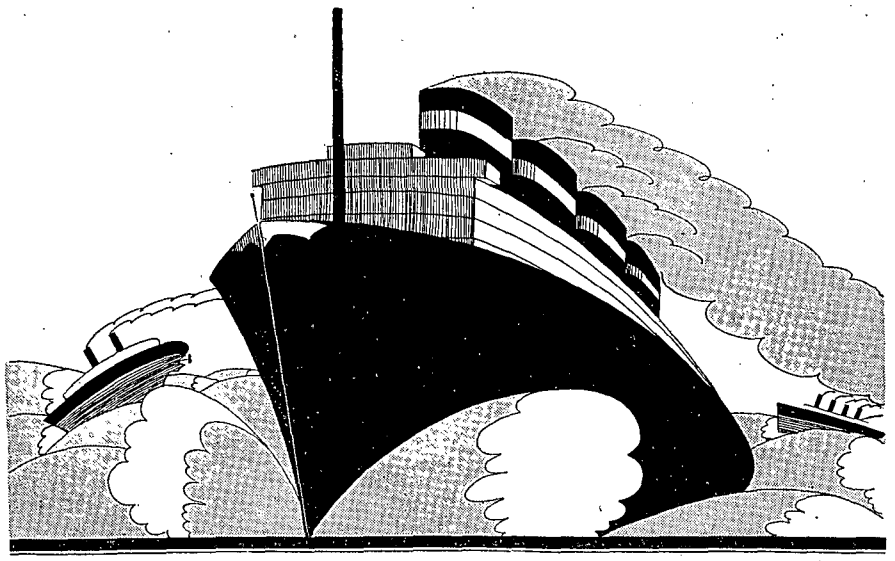


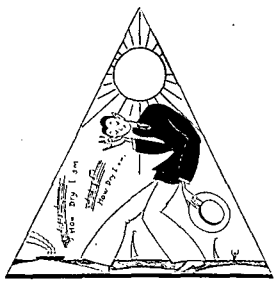
Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The world's largest ship, the new $30,000,000 Cunarder now being built in Scotland, will be equipped with a $1,000,000 gyroscopic device which will help prevent it from rocking and rolling in the roughest weather.

The Vatican, world's largest palace, contains more than 11,000 rooms. —*By Mrs. G. L. Watson, Madison, Conn.*

Jainism, a religion of India, so strongly stresses the doctrine of non-injury of all living things that a devout follower will not kill or even disturb the insects which he finds feeding on his own body.



Certain sands when pressed under foot emit odd sounds, among the more famous being the "singing" sands of America, the "barking" sands of the Philippines, the "rumbling" sands of Chile, and the "moaning" and "laughing" sands of Africa.

The deadliest menace of the African jungles is the swarms of driver ants, flying armies of several million blind black insects about one-half inch long which attack, kill and eat humans, serpents and animals—even elephants.

Japan recently examined 10,000,000 of its primary school children and found that 22% of them were feeble-minded.

The standard suit of clothes is made of approximately 130 pieces of cloth cut from about 20 kinds of fabrics.—*By H. M. Teaf, Jr., Lansdowne, Pa.*

Labor strikes and lockouts are prohibited by law in Italy today.

Legally, no one holds any property rights in a corpse unless the body has been given away through a regular will. —*By George Shakin, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The Khas, a primitive people in French Indo-China, have such strict moral ideals and customs that faithless wives are buried alive while their husbands commit suicide.

Wealthy New Yorkers pay their retail store bills, on the average, about three months after receiving them.

Ten years ago, the total annual income, including gifts, of the average American college and university was $350,000; today it is $500,000, an increase of 43 per cent.

Out of every 100 movie "extras" who work weekly in Hollywood, 68 are men, 30 are women and 2 are children.

There are 27 different poisons which infect industrial workers at the present time, but one of them—lead—accounts for nearly half of the cases.

When a person dies in Biloxi, Mississippi, the death notice and funeral details are printed at once on 6" x 9" handbills which are tacked on telephone poles in the neighborhood.—*By W. E. Mayo, Biloxi, Miss.*

For every physician in the U. S. A., there are 13 people who assist in the care of the sick, such as nurses, orderlies, dietitians, etc.

Although the United States Government maintains offices in 56 foreign countries, 41 of them have ministers—extraordinary and plenipotentiary—and only 15 have ambassadors.

The Smithsonian Institution recently placed on exhibition several cases of fraudulent aboriginal relics in order to impress the public with the prevalence and clever execution of such faked antiques.

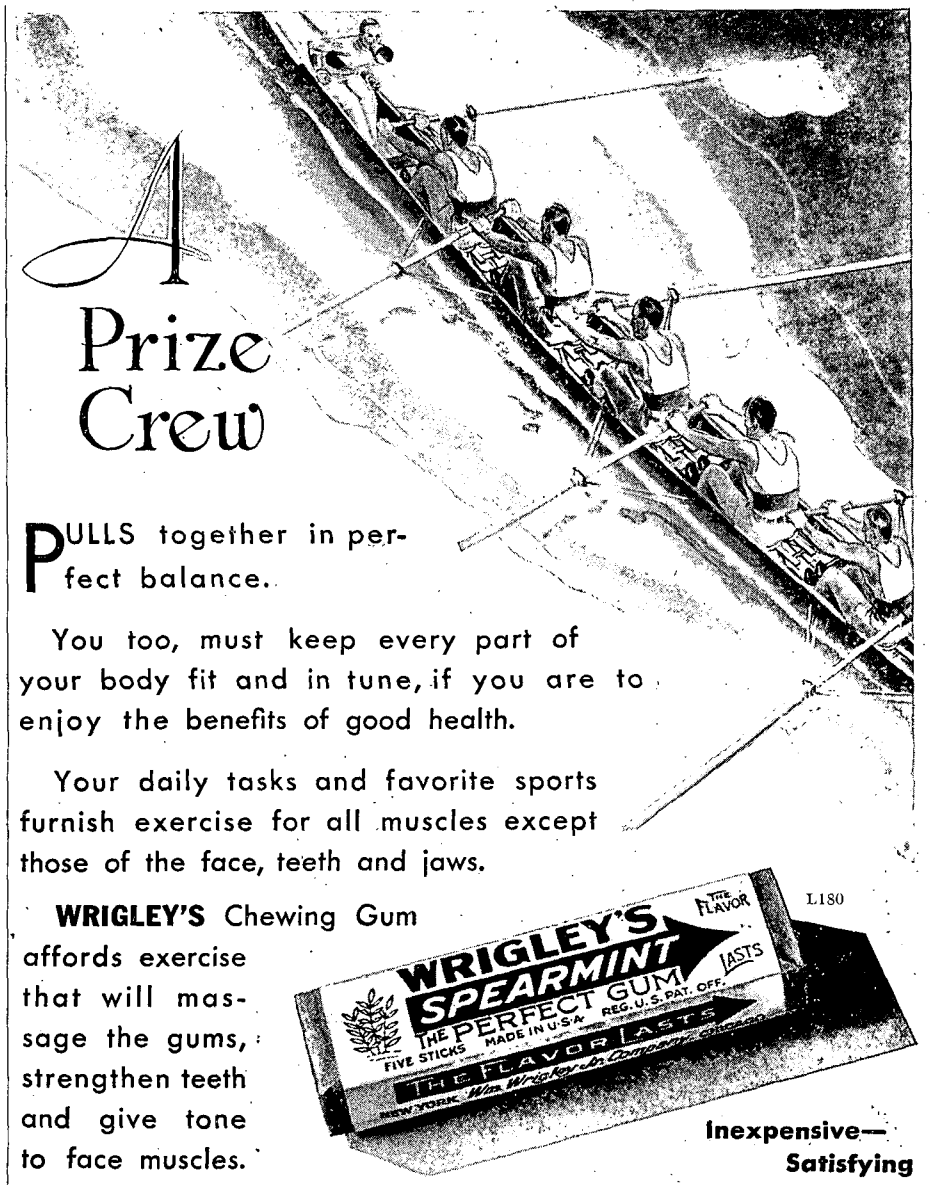
More than half of all the commercial fishermen in the world today are Japanese.—*By C. B. Moseley, Paris, Texas.*

More than 2,000 different kinds of articles are plated today with chromium.

Clean, healthy human skin kills 90% of all disease germs within 10 minutes after they land upon it.

Although the total weight of the average man is only 13% more than that of the average woman, his heart weighs 22% more.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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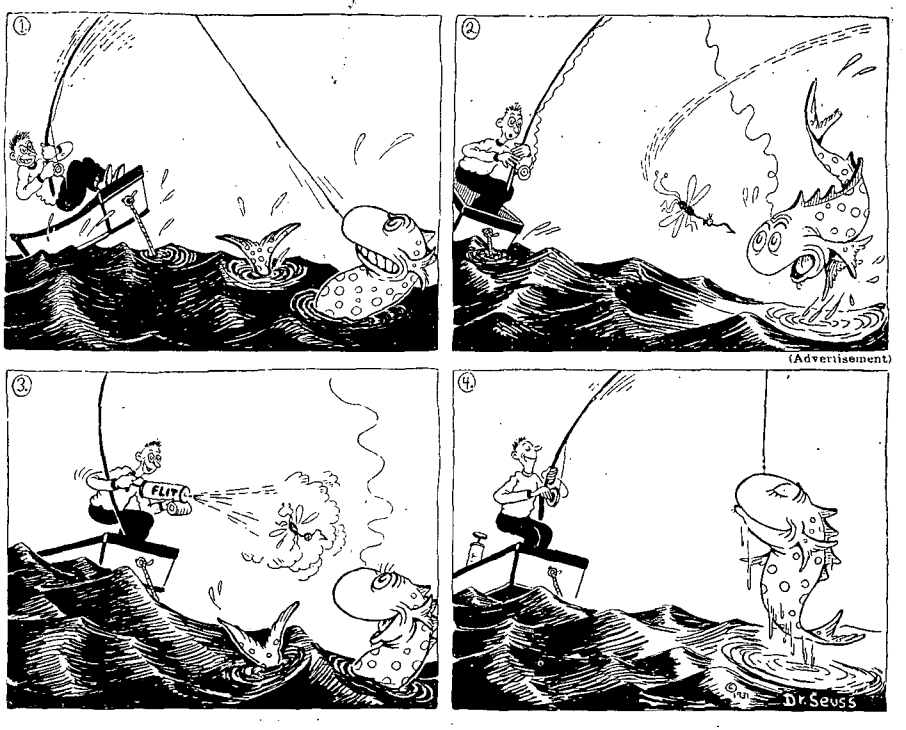

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We Re-enter the World

"WE ARE in it now." Whatever else results from the Hoover moratorium, and all the subsequent conversations and financial arrangements, there is no escaping the fact that once more Europe's business is our business and we are there to stay.

The politics and the policies of the last ten years are being forgotten and reversed. Hoover is carrying on where Wilson was forced to leave off. All of the controversies which grew out of the bitter quarrel between Henry Cabot Lodge and the Senate Irreconcilables are fading into the background.

For ten years under Harding, under Coolidge and even under Hoover, we pretended that we could forever remain aloof, and some said bitterly that Germany, France, England and the whole kit and caboodle of Europe could stew in their own juices so far as we were concerned.

Foreign affairs were to be none of our business. The League of Nations in our eyes was a pesthouse and even to receive a letter from Geneva was to expose ourselves to some kind of dread infection. We would send observers armed with telescopes or equipped with whatever baggage "Peeping Toms" require, but we would do no more than watch and watch suspiciously.

All that is past. Secretary Stimson and Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, went to Europe this summer without wearing false whiskers or detectives' disguises. Our representatives admitted their identities and confessed openly and without embarrassment that they were doing official business for their country. As General Pershing may have said on a memorable occasion, "Lafayette, we are here," but this time von Hindenburg got the message.

We didn't let Europe stew in its own juices because we perceived that our goose would be cooked in the same pot. We are back in Europe officially because our interests drove us there. Politicians and propagandists can say whatever they please but business men know that our selling capacity is inextricably tied up with the buying power of a prosperous Europe.

So we are back and doubtless back this time to stay. We need Europe quite as much as Europe needs us.

Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister, recently referred to the United States as the greatest and the richest nation on earth. Mr. MacDonald was not paying diplomatic compliments. He was discussing obvious realities.

Power and wealth compel us to play a great part in the world. The richest and the strongest nation throughout history has inevitably spread its energies throughout the world. Rome, Spain, the Netherlands, Britain, each in turn flung its people and its wealth about the world. So, too, Americans with their schemes and their dollars are driven by the very exigencies of life to foreign adventure.

We cannot today discover a class of Americans whose incomes and whose prospects are not in some important manner affected by what is going on, or failing to go on, abroad.

We have, through the President, recognized once more that we are vitally concerned in the solvency of the people with whom we do business. So far as the debt arrangements are concerned, Congress will support Mr. Hoover's program. Congress cannot do less. A moratorium, however, is just a delay. Obligations have been postponed. What is not paid is deferred, and not settled. The delay is a breathing space. Its usefulness depends upon what is done before another year is upon us.

What is done by President Hoover and by Congress will be limited by their estimate of public opinion. Just now contrary voices are being heard. The same men demand governmental action to induce foreigners to buy more of our silver and at the same moment ask for an embargo against the importation of foreign oil.

We can't at the same moment travel in opposite directions. More than that, if we want other nations to disarm in the interest of peace and prosperity we shall find it impossible to avoid taking some responsibility for the maintenance of peace. We cannot specifically tell France to disarm and in the same breath say that each nation without help from us must safeguard its own security.

Nor can we go on pretending that debts owed us by European governments have nothing to do with reparations owed by Germany. France hitherto refused to consider readjusting reparations. We refused to admit the connection between reparations and war debts. Both French politicians and American politicians have been more concerned with conciliating prejudiced voters than with working out solutions of practical advantage to their respective countries. This may be politics but it is not statesmanship and what we need now is statesmanship of courage and sober wisdom.

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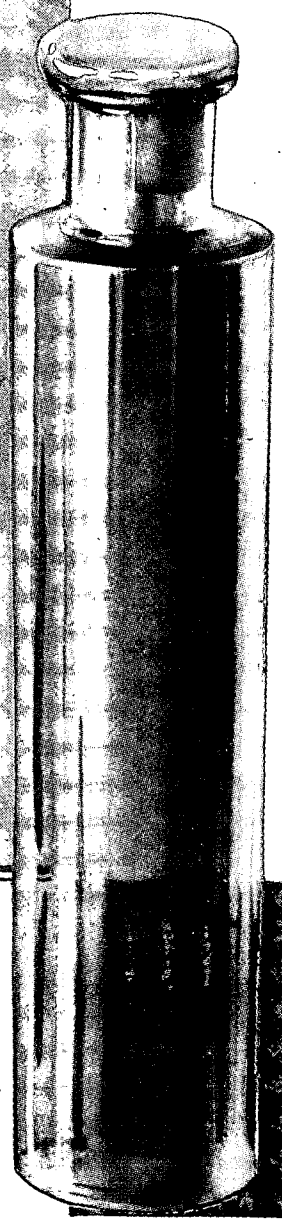

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